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Around the World on \$80

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Around the
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World on \$80
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by ROBERT CHRISTOPHER
as told to Erik James Martin



I L L U S T R A T E D W I T H P H O T O G R A P H S

★ *Henry Holt
and Company
New York*

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*In dedication to my friends around the world
and Adele Van Name Clarke
whose faith and help made this book possible*

It seems quite fitting that the author of this book should share at least one name with Christopher Columbus, for the same adventurous spirit prompted them both to follow their dream beyond the horizon.

After hearing Bob's strange, lonely, and sometimes dangerous adventure, I couldn't help but think how I would rather make Christopher Columbus' trip than Robert Christopher's! At least Columbus had three ships, an abundance of provisions, the promise of wealth, and even more important, he was not alone.

Manhattan is one of the centers of civilization; in the middle of the city there is a beautiful spot called Central Park, and any policeman will tell you that it isn't safe to go there alone after dark. Then what of being alone in Naples, Istanbul, Baghdad, Teheran, Lahore, Calcutta, Hong Kong? What of the people around the world who make no secret of their hatred of Americans?

Imagine, then, a young man of only twenty-six setting off to go completely around the world with only \$80 in his pocket! His fifty-pound cargo in a single knapsack, and a good many of those pounds consisting of his photographic equipment.

Even listening to his tales, so that I might help in some small degree in the writing of this story, has given me some uneasy moments. Though he is safely back amongst his friends, though he has proved that this earth of ours can be circled for the sum of \$80, I for one am not prepared to follow his example.

I suppose that certain people, possessed with a considerable amount of madness, might attempt such a venture. Oddly enough, Bob is about the sanest person I have ever met.

In the best Rover Boys tradition he could easily qualify as a red-blooded American boy. Looking younger than his twenty-six years, he stands a bit over five-feet-ten, has light brown

hair, blue eyes, and cheeks rosy enough to annoy (and charm) the distaff side.

Bob's beginning would have delighted the novelist of the last century; certainly no contemporary writer would be so foolhardy as to give any fictitious character such a corny background.

His life started, as far as the records show, on the porch of the Evanston Orphanage. The traditional note, pinned to his blue blanket, included his name and date of birth (January 1, 1926).

By the time he was fifteen he had managed to cram more travel into his years than most people do in an entire lifetime. With the help of his thumb and Mr. Esso's maps, he made trips to both the New York and San Francisco World's Fairs before he was fourteen. The following summer, having learned the tricks of hitchhiking, he set out with less than \$50 and made a 15,000-mile hitchhiking trip through Canada, Mexico, and the forty-eight states.

At seventeen, he possessed a firsthand knowledge of most of North America, two dozen pairs of ex-foster parents (none of whom could understand his insatiable wanderlust), and a newly acquired career with the United States Navy.

Bob Christopher has a greater faith in mankind than anyone I have ever known. One of the objectives of this round-the-world trip was to prove that his faith was justified. The success of his adventure is the proof of that belief; but more important, it shows that people the world round respond to friendship in very much the same way.

"If you really want travel and adventure, don't wait until you can afford it; that day may never come. Just pack your bag and point your toes toward the horizon—first thing you know you'll be there."

Here is Bob's story to prove that it can be done.

Erik James Martin

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Around the World on \$80

★ *A Matter of Believing* ★ ★ ★

The Wanderlust Blues (Navy)

Ever since I can remember, I have found that if I want to do something badly enough, it somehow or other works out. The process is often strange and devious, but the final result is always pretty close to the one I originally envisioned. This particular unscientific belief burst into full bloom when I enlisted in the Navy during World War II. What happened is a good example of “wanting to do something badly enough,” and as I believe my recent trip around the world was made possible to a great extent by believing, I’d like to mention it briefly.

After graduation from boot camp I was assigned, for some bewildering reason, to an outfit that repaired jeeps for the *Army*. I frankly admit that I don’t have a particularly mechanical mind, and I wasn’t exactly surprised after a couple

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of weeks of camshafts and carburetors to find myself pretty bored by the whole business.

It was only then that I realized, and with somewhat of a shock, that I couldn't "hit the road" whenever the mood came over me. While none of my foster parents had ever been overjoyed by my slipping off to parts unknown, I realized that the Navy took a very dim view of such habits and might get rather ugly about the matter if I surrendered to my roaming instinct.

Repairing Army jeeps is hardly what I had expected when I enlisted in the Navy, so I began inquiring around to find out if there wasn't a more active branch of the service. Once I heard about combat photographers, and that they traveled more extensively than anyone else, I stopped my search. No matter what, that was the job for me!

I didn't know the difference between a Brownie camera and a brownie cookie, so I began bothering every photographer I could lay my hands on. By the time I managed to get assigned to temporary duty in a Navy photo lab in Washington, D.C., I had learned a few of the things I had claimed in my impressive list of qualifications.

The officer who interviewed me when I reported for duty was almost as skeptical of my qualifications as I was. But, at the end of my interview, he said, "With your photographic background, you should bring us back some terrific stuff." He turned to his clerk and told him to check me out with a Graphic.

"I'll look at your pictures first thing in the morning."

With this *order*, he dismissed me.

It was eleven in the morning. I had arrived in Washington two hours before. The heavy Graphic signed out to me was the first one I'd ever had in my hands.

I was seven months short of eighteen and looked, very

much in spite of myself, closer to sixteen. Luckily, for my self-confidence, I didn't realize that the officer was indulging in a huge personal joke. A young "gook" sailor isn't given a camera and told to go out and take pictures, at least not when he checks in for duty. He spends his time in a dark room, developing other people's pictures, and *dreams*.

It took me the rest of the day to find someone who knew how to work the camera and to teach me some of its basic functions. By the time I was ready to go to work, it had started to get dark. I *had* to report with pictures the first thing in the morning, and that meant printed pictures. I could see my dream of becoming a photographer fading into the unphotographable night.

Heaven, or some other such charitable providence, looks out for the young and credulous; *luck* would not be giving fair credit to what happened that evening.

In those days, Franklin Roosevelt was President, and each year his birthday started the March of Dimes Campaign. That night was the big ball at the White House. I didn't have any idea of what kind of pictures my officer had in mind, but I figured he couldn't object to pictures of the President. I went back to the photo lab and signed for a flash gun.

It is not uncommon for high military brass to be accompanied by their personal public relations men, and I suppose keeping in the shadow of an admiral, as he breezed through the heavily guarded gates of the White House that evening, did have something to do with my getting in unchallenged. Once inside, it was assumed that I was one of the official photographers. By the time the President put in his appearance, I had blinded every important naval man in the place. The civilian celebrities smiled whenever I happened to look in their direction, but my film was much too valuable to waste on them. I wanted my photographic career to last more than

twenty-four hours; if they weren't wearing navy blue, they weren't photogenic as far as I was concerned. Admirals are no exception when it comes to getting photographed, and I received more than one beaming smile, as I broke through the ranks of Hollywood lovelies to get at them.

After the excitement of the President's entrance had died down, I got into position with my trusty machine. Then, praying the right gadgets were in the right places, I started making pictures. I suppose the reason I was able to get so close to President Roosevelt was because the civilian news photographers wanted to get a picture of a young gob taking pictures of his commander in chief.

Considering the number of pictures I took, even an idiot would have gotten something, and I am the only one who saw the "decapitated" admirals. The twenty or so prints that waited on the officer's desk the next morning (after a sleepless night) were just passable as pictures go, but *what subjects!*

When one knows people in the right places, it doesn't hurt. The Navy is no exception. It didn't take my Executive Officer long to conclude that I knew some *right* people. When he respectfully inquired how I was able to get into the White House and so close to the President and the big Navy brass, I shrugged my shoulders and gave him my version of a Mona Lisa smile. If he wanted to think that I had some influential friends, that was his business. I certainly wasn't going to shatter any of his fanciful conclusions.

From that moment on, I was a photographer; and not too long afterwards, when I asked for a combat assignment, there was only the minimum of red tape.

During the last two years of the war, I served aboard everything from a Coast Guard transport to an Army tug and became pretty well acquainted with the North Atlantic, Caribbean, and Pacific areas. By the time it was all over, I had been

in twenty-two countries. After finishing my enlistment, a book of my war photos was published under the title *Remember*. The book did little to advance the art of photography, but it did sell out two editions.

Rather than quench my thirst for travel, the nomadic life of a Navy photographer proved to me, once and for all, that the faraway places would always be an essential part of my existence. Life, to me, is the world, and the world has many rooms. America is the room where I was born and where I hope to die. It is the warmest and most comfortable room of all, and I could never be happy out of it for too long a time, but the other rooms! Their closed doors hold such a fascination, I can't resist them, if only to take a quick look inside!

Days into Dollars

It should surprise absolutely no one to learn that Jules Verne's modern classic *Around the World in Eighty Days* is one of my favorite books. When the time arrived that I had definitely decided I must make *my* trip around the world, my bank account was rather embarrassing. In tribute to Mr. Verne's legendary hero, Phineas Fogg, I decided to alter his achievement to fit my own purpose, namely: "Around the World in Eighty Days" to "Around the World on \$80."

Mr. Fogg's trip around the world must have inspired many others to follow in his footsteps; I hope this book will do the same—but *not on \$80!* Counting every penny gets a little tiresome. However, I don't advise traveling first-class either. Most traveling Americans spend so much money that it is impossible for them to see the really important things. A country is its people, and the people neither eat, sleep, drink, nor travel first-class. I have always wondered about people who spend their time and money to get to a foreign land, and

then occupy their time by "sight-seeing" in the most Americanized hotels and restaurants they can find. It doesn't make sense—leastwise not to me.

A Dirty Deal, but Good

As far as I was concerned, just "going around the world" was enough reason in itself. Adding the fact that I wanted to prove it could be done on a very small amount of money (plus a big amount of good will), I was satisfied that the time spent would be well justified. Still, I had the feeling that some people might think it was just a stunt, and that was one thing I didn't want. I tried to figure out something else that I could do; what few ideas I had would neither fit into my budget nor the fast schedule I would have to maintain. Finally I gave up thinking about it—if there were something else I could do, it would reveal itself in due course.

Two friends of mine, Dr. Jack Ferguson and his charming wife, Lisa, were among the first people I told about my proposed journey. Like the others, they, too, gave me a considerable number of excellent reasons why it couldn't be done and I countered with several unconvincing reasons why I was sure it could. Although I didn't convince anyone but myself, Jack said that he was quite sure that his company would like to have some samples of dirt along my proposed route.

Jack is a doctor of biochemistry and works for the Charles Pfizer Laboratories. Having tried to explain a few scientific facts to me in the past, with notable lack of success, he wasn't particularly surprised by my startled look when he mentioned collecting *dirt*.

For a change, his explanation was quite simple: dirt is the source of antibiotic-producing spores. Pfizer's great wonder drug Terramycin had been developed from a bit of dirt found in Indiana. I could understand the company's interest in dirt. No one could say my trip was without a real purpose if

I were prospecting for wonder-drug dirt. Before I left, Jack promised to arrange an appointment for me.

The next afternoon he called me from his laboratory; I had an appointment with Mr. Jasper Kane, one of the directors of the company. A *director*! My respect for dirt was becoming profound!

Two days later I sat on the other side of Mr. Kane's big desk. He explained that the company maintained a large staff of technicians whose entire work is searching for promising, though elusive, earth spores. Finally, after discussing the matter with Drs. Weber and Routien in the mycology* department, they gave me the good news that they would be very interested in testing foreign earth samples, especially from the Asiatic section of my proposed route. When, in a very gentlemanly way, Mr. Kane suggested the matter of payment, I assured him I would be more than happy to do it for science; all they had to do was to give me the soil sample envelopes. After inquiring how much the trip was going to cost, he proposed that the company would be happy to finance the entire expedition. His eyes were smiling when he made the suggestion, but he kept a straight face until I assured him I also saw the humor of the situation. Others may go around the world for less than \$80, but I doubt if there will ever be a cheaper scientific expedition!

20th-century Barter

For a couple of years, I paid my bills and satisfied my itching feet by working as an airline purser. During that time, I also photographed the airline's various overseas services and installations. Some of the pictures were used in publicity, and others for reference. It is a practical idea, and improvements are often made from the study of photos taken thousands of miles away.

* The study of fungi, *i.e.*, molds.

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Once I decided to make the trip, my first problem was to find an airline that needed some new operational photos. By the time I had contacted the seventh company, I was getting a little discouraged; I decided to try the cargo lines. The first company I contacted was flying U.S. Army wives and children to Germany, and they did want some publicity photographs of a particular new service they were inaugurating. They were more than amenable to providing me with transportation if I would provide them with pictures. I could go whenever I was ready. With this impetus, I got all my visas and plans ready in less than two weeks. The ancient barter system can still be used, even in the age of flight.

★ *The First Week*



28,000 Miles Home

One A.M., Thursday, March 13: New York City became a dim reflection in the night sky. The plane's nose pointed to Gander, Newfoundland. I was on my way home, with 28,000 miles to go and \$80 to get me there. With just a little more sense, I'd have been scared, but as it was, only my heart beat a little faster than usual.

From my room in mid-Manhattan to the comfortable chair 5,000 feet in the sky for fifteen cents! I had hoped to save ten cents of that amount, but with a fifty-pound knapsack, the thought of escaping the watchful eye of the subway attendant didn't seem worth the risk.

Dawn was just beginning to flush the sky; inside the plane it was dark. The passengers were asleep, or pretending to be. Below, a great cloud-sea stretched as far as the eye could see.

I went forward. In the business part of the ship the crew were quietly and efficiently studying their instruments.

A G.C.A. landing means "Ground Control Approach." It is done with radar and the captain of the ship is "talked in" by the radar-control man on the ground who, presumably, can see the plane on a radar viewing screen. It's another miracle of the twentieth century, and if you didn't know you were making one, you wouldn't know the difference from a regular landing. If you do know, it's quite a different matter.

A G.C.A. is completely safe and efficient, but, somehow, it makes a crew very serious. It's like going into a dark and unfamiliar room. A person is cautious. The captain was listening to the man on the other side of the clouds. He was down on the ground somewhere; we were up in the sky somewhere. Under such conditions, the forward section of a plane is a little like a hospital operating room. Outsiders don't feel welcome.

I went back to my seat and pulled the safety belt across my legs, a little tighter than necessary. Outside it was almost dark again. Bits of moisture collected against the window, turned into dots of water which the wind pushed back, and streaked the glass. A few more feet down and it started to rain in earnest. The ship felt like it was swimming in a heavy sea.

When you can't see the ground, the sensation of going down is magnified a hundred times. You repeatedly tell yourself it can't possibly go down another inch without hitting something solid. Finally, when you've decided that you must be far over the field, and wondering how cold the ocean is going to be, you hear the whine of the wheels letting down. I defy the most seasoned air traveler to say truthfully that the noise of the wheels dropping into place doesn't give him a momentary chill.

The plane kept dropping. The passengers quietly came to

life. Most of them knew that the sound of the wheels being lowered meant we were coming in for a landing, but not many of them were accustomed to looking out into such "soup."

The stewardess busied herself checking the safety belts and wishing everyone good morning. She smiled, as if five o'clock over Gander's socked-in airport was her idea of having a good time. I felt a little less like a coward when I saw her eyes narrow as she looked out at the gray muck.

The No-Smoking sign flashed on. On her way back to fasten herself in, she gave me a "here we go again" wink. I answered her with a "this is all such a bore" smile; at least, that's what I meant it to look like. Then the bump, a little one; the ship touched the speeding runway, and for the first time, I saw a blur of earth as it sped under us in the half light. Another bump. The silver bird came to roost. Just the way I *knew* it would be, but still . . .

If it hadn't been for transatlantic flight, I'm sure that whoever found Gander would undoubtedly have given it back; that is, if they could have found anyone to give it back to. When I worked as a purser, I had landed there enough times to know how dull and desolate it would be. The biggest percentage of the population are the passengers. They conduct themselves with grim impatience, as if they don't really believe the pilot had to stop there, but only did it out of spite. Gander has two kinds of weather; bad and worse. You know it's the worse kind when the take-off is delayed; the weather is usually worse!

Even before leaving the plane, I could see that Gander wasn't going to let me down. Wind, snow, and ice where the snow had been pushed aside. I adopted two small children for the precarious journey. There was a delay. Our flight made the third load of impatient travelers waiting for that break in the sky. Once up, you have to come down; but once down,

there isn't anything that says you have to go up! A captain wouldn't be a captain very long if he were to take off without sufficient visibility, and of course the tower wouldn't clear his take-off, even if he were so foolhardy.

The man-hours wasted by the world's population while it waits for take-off could build a dozen pyramids a year. In the not too distant future, the problem of weather is going to be solved. Only then will air travel come of age. But for now, we have to sweat it out.

When you travel by air, your fare includes your meals. The arrangement I made with the company was for passage and nothing else.

My fellow passengers went into the restaurant and perched themselves on the uncomfortable stools. My stomach was very much in the mood for breakfast, but for a dollar and a quarter, I couldn't be so foolish; after the paying passengers were fed, and the cook wasn't so busy, that was the time to think about eating.

After they finished their Gander breakfast, the passengers wandered back into the waiting room. Without any apparent source, the usual take-off rumors started making the rounds. After you've traveled via bird-back a while, you learn the take-off happens only when the wheels leave the ground. Until that happy time, you resign yourself to the ground as if you were going to be there for a long time. Sometimes you are.

A person may claim to hate his job, but I've yet to meet the man who doesn't like to be photographed doing it. All the time I was taking pictures in the kitchen, no one got any service; every man and woman connected with the restaurant was smiling with grim happiness into my camera's eye. I'm sure the regular \$1.25 breakfast couldn't have compared with the one my camera earned me. If any of you ever swap pictures for vittles, be sure you send the pictures back as soon as

possible; it's part of the code! What's more, you never know when you might be passing that way again.

The transatlantic flying passenger who can keep from looking anything but "beat" is as rare as a rooster's egg. In spite of the alleged luxury of flight, everyone soon manages to acquire a refugee look. Only the children seem to escape the lethargy, and there is usually ample space in the waiting rooms for their noisy sports. There were a dozen or so kids among the waiting passengers; it was a little like bedlam, but there wasn't much that could be done about it. Outside it was freezing.

I had concluded that it would be impossible to get any Newfoundland earth samples until I spied some flowerpots in the waiting room. It wasn't exactly an exciting way to begin my earth-sampling career, but it was Newfoundland dirt and that was the important thing. It was an occasion (for me), and I took extra care in sealing the cellophane bags and packing them neatly in my knapsack. When I finished, I looked up to see the girl behind the magazine counter staring at me. From her expression, I wouldn't have been surprised if she'd have leaped over the counter and run for safety. It was the first time my scientific labor had cast doubt on my sanity, but it was far from the last!

Two hours after we landed, the sky cleared enough for a take-off. While gaining altitude, I saw a great herd of moose running across Newfoundland's white waste of snow and ice; it was like a scene from some prehistoric time.

I pressed the button on the arm of my seat and pushed it back to sleeping position. There is nothing like the steady drone of airplane motors to lull me to sleep. I remember smiling just before I slipped into unconsciousness.

Flying against the sun we lost five hours; it was midnight when we landed in Ireland. The weather was clear and the captain announced that we'd be grounded just long enough to

eat and refuel. There wasn't time to barter, so I acted like a regular passenger and ordered my dinner. They have very good food in Ireland. I didn't mind paying the \$1.50, especially when I knew the same meal would cost twice that much in New York.

At the Shannon Airport, you can buy American cigarettes tax free, which means \$1.20 a carton. Cigarettes are not as valuable in Europe as they were a few years ago, but they are still a very worthwhile commodity for bartering. I bought four cartons for \$4.80. I knew they would do the work of three or four times their cost.

Vienna À La Russe

We landed at Frankfurt early in the morning. It was clear and cold. After finishing the photographic job, I turned my film over to the captain, and hitched a ride going to the city.

One of the interesting things about hitchhiking is that each hitch might alter your plans. My first auto hitch is an example. The driver was a member of a crew which had just flown in from Vienna. In the course of conversation he told me that his plane (with a fresh crew) was going to go right back to Vienna with a shipment of cargo. I asked if he thought there was any chance of my hitching a ride; when he said it might be possible, I asked him to let me out. I crossed to the other side of the road and in a couple of minutes I was heading back to the airport. I had always wanted to see Vienna, and with the present state of the world, I figured I'd better take advantage of the opportunity, even though it wasn't on my route. During the ride back to the airport, the driver of the car asked if I had any American cigarettes to sell; I let him have a carton for \$3.20.

The captain wasn't exactly enthusiastic about my bumming a ride, but a carton of cigarettes showed him the light. He said they were only going to be there for two hours, but know-

ing airlines, I figured it would be more like four, and that would at least give me a chance to look around and talk to a few people. If the plane took off before I got back, I still had my trusty thumb.

I was anxious to talk with a Russian soldier. Though I've read a thousand times that they won't have anything to do with us filthy, capitalistic war-mongers, I knew that I could manage some sort of communication with them.

At the Vienna Airport I had to surrender my camera.

"There've been too many people disappearing," they patiently explained. "Taking pictures is a good way to help the disappearing act." I am not the Alan Ladd type, so I didn't argue. If I disappeared, it would be for good; nobody would report I was missing because nobody knew I was there.

A jeep hitch took me to the center of the city.

I walked slowly down one of the main streets of the Waltz Capital remembering the stories of music and romance that once made this the gayest city in the world. Lowering clouds were like a shroud. It was quite appropriate. The street seemed too quiet for the amount of traffic it supported. Obviously I had mesmerized myself into a whopping *mood*.

"The Third Man" was one of my favorite motion pictures; being in the city reminded me of its wonderful musical score, and I had the sudden urge to hear some zither music. I went in the first record store I saw and asked them to play a zither record. They seemed a little surprised when I didn't care which one it was, but they obliged. I enjoyed it, but I did feel a little foolish.

As I was leaving the shop, I bumped into an American GI and engaged him in conversation. It was his day off; when he heard I was only in the city for a couple of hours, he offered to drive me through the five zones.

Not having eaten anything since Ireland, I asked him if I could take him to lunch. Happily, he'd just finished eating,

but he took me to a nice little restaurant and sat with me while I ate. It was an excellent meal, and, even with a bottle of Austrian white wine, it cost only fifty cents!

My friend liked Vienna; he liked the cooking and he liked the people. He was still amazed at how well the Viennese had adjusted themselves to the intolerable conditions of having their city divided into five sections.

Vienna obviously liked him, too, for he claimed to have six girl friends; he admitted that he was one of the few soldiers who had a car, and that was probably the reason he was so lucky—that is, if you consider *six* girl friends lucky. Personally, I think it's overdoing a good thing.

There were about as many MPs in the American section as there are policemen in a typical American city. In the Russian zone, the Red soldier population was about equal with the civilian. Their faces had the same businesslike look as the Tommy guns slung over their shoulders. The Viennese seemed to take little notice of them. Everywhere there were great banners with Stalin's picture. I felt really sad that I didn't have my camera but my friend took some of the sting out of my frustration.

"If you had a camera, you wouldn't be riding in my car—not in the Russian zone anyhow."

We came to a small square where there was a big statue of Lenin. I wasn't particularly anxious to inspect the monument, but there were two Russian soldiers guarding it. They seemed the most likely ones to have a talk with. After admiring the figure for an appropriate length of time, I asked if either of them spoke English. The older of the two, a boy of about twenty-five, admitted to speaking a little. I expressed my admiration on the workmanship on Mr. Lenin. It didn't produce any reaction.

"Was it made in the Soviet Union?" I asked with the friendliest voice I could manage.

"Yes."

I would have understood *da* just as well. I looked back at the statue again. I knew my soldier friend waiting in the car was amused at my predicament; he'd told me what would happen.

"Care for a cigarette?" I said, offering the pack.

"No."

Before I could think up another opening gambit, the Russian advised me to move on.

"Quite a conversation you had," greeted me as I got back in the car.

"Yeah, he about talked my arm off."

I like people. I hate the Soviet form of government as much as the Red soldier hates the American, but still, we should be able to talk to one another.

"They're not all so unfriendly, are they?" I asked hopefully.

"I'm afraid so."

He explained that the Americans got along all right with the Reds, but they keep to themselves, and do not fraternize with the soldiers of the other three occupying powers.

I suppose it is wrong to be affected by such a singular meeting, but my few minutes of trying to communicate with those Russian soldiers had more effect on me than all the anti-Communist literature I had ever read. It seems to me that when human beings are trained to have individual Iron Curtains, they are no more than robots. Don't the Soviet rulers realize that robots can't dream, and a country is only as great as the dreams of its people? It seems to me the most effective weapon to use against the Soviet Union is for the free world to isolate them as efficiently as they are trying to isolate themselves.

The car turned a corner and my friend, with a sweep of his hand, introduced me to the Danube.

It is a dirty brown. Not blue.

"Let's go back to the American zone. I'll buy you a beer," I said.

The plane was delayed as I thought it would be. Six hours after first landing in Frankfurt, I landed again.

Vienna—I sort of wish I hadn't gone.

MP Uber Alles

As it had taken a good part of the day to visit Vienna, I decided not to go into the city. I hitched a ride at the airport and got out at a bridge that crossed the main *Autobahn* running north and south. I climbed down the hill and took my position on the west side of the road. There was a lot of traffic. I was content that a good lift was in the making. After you've hitched awhile, you learn to ask where the car is going before you get in; if you don't you might find yourself stuck in some isolated spot where it's impossible to get another ride. Patience in thumbing, as in everything else, pays off in the end.

I hadn't been there more than two or three minutes before a jeep with two MPs pulled off the road. One of them called in basic German for me to come to the car. As I crossed to them, I smiled, thinking how surprised they'd be when they discovered I was a fellow American. If they were surprised, they didn't show it. They demanded my passport and German visa. I gave them the papers which were, of course, in perfect order. They were so completely lacking in humor and so aggressively unpleasant that when they asked me why I was hitchhiking, I quickly decided that the truth would not be the most politic thing to tell them. I lied that I had missed my train and was trying to get to Lucerne in time to catch my plane. They asked me if I realized how it would look to the Krauts to see an American bumming a ride. I had *several* answers for that one, but I could see the good fellows had revised Hitler's "Aryan supremacy" line to read

"American supremacy," so I decided to keep my thoughts to myself.

They told me to get in the jeep; they were taking me in for investigation. I informed them that they would have to arrest me first, and if they did, I would call my senator in New York as soon as I arrived at headquarters.

It was obvious they had developed acute egomania from pushing our conquered enemies around, but for once, they had their bluff called! They threw my passport back at me.

"Don't be here when we get back!" one of them blustered as they drove away.

I shuddered to think of the impression the Germans must have of America from those two.

A couple of hours before, I was worrying about the Russian police; now it was the American. Obviously, those two MPs are stupid, have a low IQ and little education. I know they are not representative of Americans in Germany or anywhere else. But, as an American, it greatly concerns me to see my country represented by such idiots. One such person can, through personal contact, wipe out the good of millions of dollars' worth of foreign aid! The best possible investment we could make would be to give special training to every soldier who is sent abroad for occupation duty.

I took the first car that stopped. I didn't ask where he was going; just away from that place was enough.

The driver didn't talk much, which was just as well; I was too concerned with quieting my emotions of fear and fury to concentrate on my ten-word German vocabulary.

It took four rides to get to Esslingen. The four drivers had all been in the German Army. With a combination of German, French, English, and hands, we were able to carry on a conversation. Their opinions were almost identical. They did not like the occupation troops, which wasn't surprising, and the Russians and Americans they disliked the most. The

French, in spite of their ancient animosity, they liked the best.

My last lift went several blocks out of his way and he left me at the door of the local youth hostel. It was after closing time. I woke the warden (as they are called in Germany), a considerate fellow who let me check in, and then out again so I could get something to eat.

Nearby I found a picturesque little place with beer steins lining the walls. The customers were all American soldiers. A juke box was blaring an American hillbilly song.

I was in the middle of eating Wiener Schnitzel when an MP captain and a corporal came in. Everyone jumped to attention, except me and the juke box. I went on eating. The box went on singing "Take Me on That Train to Tennessee" until someone pulled out the plug. The captain checked everyone's ID card and my passport. They didn't notice the two GIs who slipped out the back way. I couldn't help but think of my earlier set-to with the military police, and I breathed a little more freely when they finally left.

The Esslingen Youth Hostel is an old thirteenth-century castle. If any ghosts clanked their armor that night, I didn't hear them; I was asleep almost before I pulled up the zipper of my sleeping bag.

South to Switzerland

A long time ago, when I first started hitchhiking, I hit on the idea of carrying a sign advertising that I was in the market for a lift. On the sign I wrote, not where I was actually going, but the name of the nearest town.

A lot of drivers are hesitant about picking up people because they might turn out to be disagreeable and they wouldn't want to be stuck with them, or be embarrassed by asking them to get out. Reading a sign advertising the next town, the driver is assured that his generosity won't backfire

on him. Once in the car, it's up to the hiker to so ingratiate himself that when he confesses he is actually going farther, the driver will invite him to go along.

Hitchhiking can be very interesting. While Emily Post does not cover it in her book of etiquette, there is one point that should be emphasized: the hiker's verbal contribution to the conversation should be kept to the minimum. You are picked up to *listen*—not to talk! At least ninety per cent of drivers pick up passengers for one reason: so they can have someone to talk to, or *at*, which is usually the case. Sometimes it is a high price to pay for a ride; on the other hand it can be quite a liberal education. I've heard as much wisdom coming from behind steering wheels as I have from behind college lecterns.

Around the world my sign worked even better than it does in the States. Considering the names of some of the towns I went through, it was really a lifesaver. Igoumenitsa is a lot easier to copy from a map than it is to pronounce, at least for me.

While I was lettering "Freiberg" on my sign, a group of kids gathered around to examine the strange American who traveled by auto-stop, as they call it in Germany.

I put them to work collecting dirt samples. They didn't know why I wanted the little cellophane bags filled with dirt, but being kids, it didn't matter. Kids love to help you when you treat them like equals. They were all for filling my entire supply of bags.

When you take earth samples, you take several of them over an area of a hundred feet or so, and a teaspoonful is plenty. The smallest kid of the bunch got a big paper bag and presented me with a couple of pounds of Esslingen's finest dirt. I didn't throw it away until my next lift got me out of sight. The driver looked surprised but I didn't try to explain.

Scooping up a teaspoonful of dirt seems a simple enough thing to do. However, I don't advise it unless you want everyone to think you are slightly out of your mind.

This driver was once a captain in the German Army, and he spoke fairly good English. He had fought in Russia and is terrified of them.

"When the war comes" (he spoke as if it were inevitable), "they will be at the Rhine in two days and they will stay for a long, long time."

Then, smiling, he added, "When that happens, I go to Switzerland!" In spite of his pessimism, he had a good sense of humor, and sang American and German songs almost constantly. That is one of the striking things I noticed during my journey; the people are always singing. Lord knows, we Americans have a lot to sing about, but strangely enough we have given that pleasure to our radios.

In Freiberg, the kids were the same as before, first staying at a distance, until a smile; then my attempt at German sent them into gales of laughter. Though kids are usually shy at first, they give you credit for being a good guy until you prove otherwise. We seem to be born with trusting souls and then are educated in suspicion and prejudice. They helped me with my new sign, collected dirt, and when a car finally stopped, they carried my stuff and helped me in. Their wild cheers of farewell might have been for a favorite brother.

Every German I met was pleasant and friendly, but I still felt their humiliation at being a defeated nation. Nobody likes to lose a fight. If only someone could figure out a way for both sides to *win*, another war might be worth the effort.

After getting out of the Navy, I studied French under the GI Bill; though no one would ever mistake me for a Frenchman, I manage to get along fairly well. The last hundred miles I traveled through Germany were in the French zone, and I had a good chance to brush up a little.

While I waited at the border station for a car into Switzerland, the French border guard explained in great detail why I should have gone by way of Stuttgart. After this rather pointless conversation, he explained in even greater detail why he mistrusted the Germans. He was convinced German-inspired wars would be inevitable until they ruled Europe. His arguments were so convincing that the only logical conclusion seemed simply to give Europe to Germany and save a lot of time and trouble. Having more than a little respect for the French temperament, I kept my logical conclusions to myself.

It was getting dark when I arrived in Basel, Switzerland. I checked in at the hostel and joined some of the other hikers for dinner. It was a very friendly group of Swedes, Italians, Germans, French, and Greeks; our stew of languages was well seasoned with laughter. What a knowledge of Europe these young people have! They have lived in youth hostels in castles, châteaux, villas, and barns; they have talked and rubbed elbows with every class of society. It was hard to believe that their countries had so recently been at each other's throats.

During the evening, I contributed nothing profound about my country. I only said what I liked about it, and what things I hoped some day would be better. Nevertheless, before I left, about half of them told me they understood America better, and that they weren't quite so worried about our *world ambitions*.

If Americans only knew the impression we have given these European countries, they wouldn't be quite so puzzled at their seeming ingratitude. Considering what great salesmen we are, we have done a miserable job of selling America to the rest of the world.

Some of the money we spend on foreign aid could profitably be used to send young Americans to Europe so that they could get to know the young people of Europe. It is the youth who have to fight the wars; it seems only fair they should have

a chance to demonstrate our country's love of liberty and peace.

A Reverend and Some Camels

The next morning the Greek contingent (three boys and the sister of one of them) offered me a lift in their tiny car. Before heading south, we took a quick tour of Basel. The somber, red sandstone cathedral, built on a hill overlooking the city, is said to have been built in the eleventh century. Considering the frantic energy with which we tear down our buildings, it seems unlikely that our country will ever know the quiet dignity such a place can reflect upon a countryside.

Before heading south we stopped at the local money exchange office. Switzerland has the best exchange in the world, and for just about any kind of money you want to buy. To facilitate matters, I bought \$2 worth of money for each of the countries I would be traveling through (except for Syria and India, which they didn't have). Not only did I get a good buy, but it saved me the trouble of having to change money at each border.

From Basel south for a hundred miles, Switzerland is not what it should be. It is completely *flat*, not even one small hill. I suppose my feeling was akin to the foreigner in America looking for Indians.

Cute is the only word to describe Biel. Rev. Fred Stettler of the Moody Bible Institute was the local who took me under his wing. He invited me home for lunch and I met his German wife, Martha, and their six children. The Stettlers had lived in Chicago for six years, and spoke very good English. It gave my brain and hands a welcome rest.

They had left Germany when Hitler came to power, and found peace and contentment in the quiet little village. The Reverend was not happy about conditions in Germany. He was certain that unless things got much better, another Hitler

would take over. He said the Germans are an insecure people and feel a strong need for a final and absolute voice to settle their problems. According to him, the American type of democracy is only for countries rich enough to afford it.

After lunch, as he was driving me back to the highway, he spied a car with license plates he recognized as coming from the south of Switzerland. He stepped on the gas, and after much honking, the car pulled over. After explaining what I wanted, the obviously impatient man said I could go with him, but I'd have to hurry; he was going to a funeral in Thun, and didn't want to be late.

I doubt if I shall ever see the Stettler family again, but for the brief time our lives touched, it was good.

There was very little said on the ride to Thun. The gentleman, in his mad dash to the funeral, was doing his best to bring about another, and a double one at that.

It is true that America's tempo is faster than Europe's, but with one notable exception. When it comes to driving automobiles, Europeans are all daredevils. If they put as much speed and energy into their work as they do into their driving, Europe would be outproducing America in a week!

Thun is a small, picturesque town built on the edge of a lake. I didn't get more than a glance at it, for I was offered a lift almost immediately.

The miniature Swiss village of Frutigen is too small to be on most maps but I won't soon forget the two hours I spent there. It was like stepping into a fairy tale. Five minutes after I arrived, I had at least a hundred children tagging after me. Feeling like none other than the Pied Piper himself, I took out my harmonica and started to play. The kids were delighted. When I noticed a couple of women peering out of their windows, I got the foolish feeling they thought I was trying to re-enact the ancient legend.

Fourteen thousand feet of mountains separate Switzerland

from Italy. Scaling the Alps was not in my plans; there was nothing to do but take the train. The full fare through the Simplon Tunnel into Italy was \$5 which certainly would eat into my meager bank roll. Once aboard, I took the conductor aside and had a heart-to-heart talk with him. Hannibal crossed the Alps on elephants; I went *under* the Alps on camels—four packs to be exact!

La Bella Italia

Domodossola is the northernmost town in Italy; from its picturesque perch high in the Alps to Milan, it is all downhill. The truck driver who provided my ride had the mistaken idea that his truck was a roller coaster; by the time we got into Milan I was quite willing to call it a day.

Italians are wonderful people. Even in the north, which is under considerable Communist influence, I was received like the prodigal son. Any American, if he would care to mingle with the people, would get the same reception. Their expansive attitude is somewhat explained when you realize that most Italian families have at least one relative living in America. And they give us most of the credit for running the Germans out of their country. They are definitely on their feet again; you can feel it in the air. Everyone I spoke to was quite willing to admit that American aid had a great deal to do with it.

The next day I was a tourist. The bright Italian sun made the city so beautiful that I had to stay and look around. The great cathedral of Milan, La Scala Opera, the Brera Palace went to my head, and I spent money like a drunken sailor. By the time I caught a bus to the south side of town, I had reduced my bank roll by \$1.80.

At the end of the bus line I found a likely place to wait; I lettered my sign to read "New York a Roma." Before it got me a ride, a group of workers came walking down the

road on their way home. There were at least fifty men in the group. It seemed as if they all saw my sign at the same moment. Like a wave about to break, they paused, then surrounded me like water running onto a beach. The sight of an American hitchhiker sitting by the side of their familiar road, displaying a sign "New York to Rome" seemed to puzzle them. They insisted on knowing how in the world I got there.

Not knowing enough of the language to give them a detailed account, I simply said, "*Con aeroplano.*"

That seemed to satisfy them, but thinking it over later, that particular explanation didn't make much sense, unless they thought I meant a plane had landed on the highway and I had gotten out to await a car heading south.

I was hoping to get a lift in a truck. Trucks are good for night travel, for there is usually room to stretch out and sleep. One of the men explained, with great sympathy, that in Italy trucks were not allowed to pick up riders. Then, as if the whole thing had been planned, a trailer truck came to a thundering halt right in front of us. I thought the men were all going to fall on the ground with laughter; even my informant seemed pleased with the coincidence. Through the uproar, one of the men yelled the joke up to the truck driver. Before I had a chance to ask where the truck was going, I was lifted into it, handed my knapsack, and received a full chorus of Italian good-bys and good lucks.

The truck was going to Pisa. Though I couldn't afford the time and money, I had always wanted to see the Leaning Tower; as there was very little traffic on the road and it was getting dark, I decided to stick with the truck.

The driver was a happy fellow, spoke GI English and sang almost constantly. Like most Italians, his repertory consisted mainly of operatic arias. It isn't until you've been in Italy for a while that you realize opera is not the highbrow thing most

people think. Opera arias are as popular there as our "popular" songs are in the States. I don't know if I'd like to hear them year after year, but it was certainly a happy change.

The driver had an assistant. He paid him 50,000 lire a month which is \$75, not too bad a wage in Italy. There was only one thing wrong with the assistant driver—he didn't know how to drive. He just sat, suggesting every time we got to a place where the highway was straight that the boss give him the wheel. In a couple of places they did change seats; the helper aimed the truck down the road until there was a turn, then they would change places again and off we'd go. Whatever possessed whoever hired him, was, and still is, quite beyond me. Unless of course he made the boss driver feel better about singing—the helper's voice was terrible!

About ten o'clock that night we stopped at a truck-line café. Although my driver and his assistant were without any particular political convictions, the café was filled with Italian Communists. They soon learned about my method of travel and assumed I was a poor downtrodden American (poor perhaps, but "trodden"—never!). Almost with glee, they launched into a discussion of Wall Street and Stalin. From what I could understand, plus the driver's translation, they seemed convinced that the USA consisted of one wide street called "Wall" and that most of the population crouched in the gutters waiting for a crust of bread.

I gave them a little more accurate description of it, but as it wasn't what they wanted to hear, they didn't pay much attention.

The man who was my waiter was the most outspoken in his praise of Stalin. Not having sufficient Italian at my command to argue with him, I tried a bit of Yankee stratagem. My bill was 200 lire (thirty cents). I gave him a 100-lire tip (fifteen cents). My little blow for democracy worked wonders; he

immediately forgot politics and became all smiles. He even walked me to the truck and waved a "happy journey" as we took off into the night. I questioned the driver about the men at the café and how strongly they believed in communism. "They like to hear themselves talk." Then, after a moment, he added, "They'd be better off if they sang instead of talked!" As if to prove he lived by his noble philosophy, he burst into "La Donn' E Mobile."

They let me off in front of the Pisa railroad station. It was 4 A.M. and a cold wet drizzle hung in the air, but inside the station it was warm. I checked my knapsack for 50 lire (eight cents), found a couch, and curled up for a few hours' sleep.

At eight o'clock, I opened my eyes; I was the center of interest for a station full of travelers. Sheepishly and sleepily, I got my bags and went to a hotel to wash and shave. Six pictures of the Leaning Tower were in my camera and I was on the road to Rome by ten o'clock.

Logic and my map told me to go directly east to Florence and then down to Rome, but a native who seemed to know what he was talking about, insisted that the route via Leghorn was the better one. Perhaps he thought I wanted to see some fellow Americans; if such was the case, his information couldn't have been better. Leghorn is the big US Army and Navy base. There were as many Americans on the streets as there were Italians.

Outside of Leghorn, I waited for three hours. Most of the traffic was American, but it was an Italian who finally stopped for me. I was the third in his collection of hitchhikers. Sitting next to him in the front seat were two young ladies: Lotte from Germany, and Kare, from Norway. Both were students in the same medical school, and they were on a two-week hitch-vacation. I crawled into the back seat with the luggage.

The day was clear and warm; ancient cypress trees punctuated the green fields, and the smell of earth breaking with spring filled the air.

The idyl ended with a crash and a sickness of turns.

As we raced down the highway a truck had backed out of a field and onto the road; our car swerved and went into a shallow ditch alongside the highway. We were going so fast that the sudden drop turned us over four times before we stopped. Fortunately, I had been watching the road and saw what was going to happen. I was on the floor before we hit the ditch. Aside from getting banged a little by the luggage I wasn't scratched. The others weren't so lucky. The driver had a bad gash in his forehead; Kare had her arm broken, and Lotte had both an arm and leg fractured.

It was very strange, for there was very little traffic on the road and we were traveling through farm country, but even before we got out of the car, there were a dozen people to help us. By the time someone went to the nearest town to get an ambulance, the crowd had grown to over fifty.

The better part of the afternoon was taken up with the accident. In all my years of hitchhiking, it was the first time I ever thanked a driver lying on a hospital cot. The girls, with three plaster casts between them, weren't in any mood for hitching, so I put them on the train to Rome and went back to the highway.

By the time I arrived in the Eternal City it was too late for the *Alberghi per la Gioventu* (Youth Hostel), so I went to an inexpensive pension.

It's difficult to bargain with a person who knows you need the thing he has to sell. At midnight, when you're inquiring about a place to sleep, it's hard to act as if you didn't really care—especially after having slept only four hours the night before. The manager of the pension had the upper hand and

we both knew it; when he came down from 800 to 670 lire (\$1), I took the room.

Rome

Rome, the splendid city of mixed centuries. As an airline purser, I had lived there altogether about four months, a day or two on each flight into the city. Sometimes when there was mechanical trouble or bad flying weather, I stayed in the city as much as ten days at a stretch. As tired as I was, I couldn't help but be excited with the realization that I was back in my favorite city again.

I had promised to meet Lotte and Kare at the hostel and take them sight-seeing, but first I had to walk alone down some favorite streets. Rome held memories even for me.

I suppose there have been more books written about Rome than any other city; once you have been there you can understand why. It is a place of priests and nuns, of garish places, hidden places. It has rich cars and neon lights, a generous share of ragged beggars, old and young. There is the quiet view of the Colosseum, and the broken Forum street. There are audaciously new, streamlined, chromium-plated coffee shops. There are frayed electric wires crudely nailed to buildings built for torch and candlelight. Occasionally, you see a freshly painted door or window ledge; fresh paint seems ridiculous in Rome, like lipstick on a very old woman. It is a madness of locomotion, bicycles, carriages, wagons, automobiles, motorcycles, motor scooters, busses, streetcars—everything that has wheels, all moving with incredible speed. Only feet move leisurely in Rome. Rome is the imagination of many men in many centuries; it holds a timeless mystery, even under the dazzling brightness of her special sun. It is a way of life, the good way, the bad way, and all ways between. You cannot know Rome easily, for her personality changes

with every turn in her confusion of streets. Rome—queen of the world! Give yourself to her for even one day, and she will impress herself in the remembering part of you, whether you are with her or across the world.

Though bruised and aching, the girls were all set to see the sights. We were a sad-looking little group of sight-seers, but they were in fine spirits and used their awkward casts to sympathetic advantage in the busy Roman traffic.

The second time I took a picture of them, something went wrong with my camera; as nothing could have been more serious, I left them long enough to take it to the nearest camera store. The repair man promised it would be ready by four o'clock. After impressing him with the fact that I couldn't pay more than 500 lire, I hurried back to the girls.

By lunchtime, they unanimously voted me the most uninformed guide they had ever known. But I rose above their criticism and graciously invited them to have lunch with me—Dutch. When they began to protest in earnest, I promptly explained the American slang, Dutch treat. When traveling, it is wise to leave slang at home; it doesn't always mean what it does down at the corner drugstore.

The girls introduced me to the *Mensa Economica*; strangely enough I had never heard of them before. The Mensas are very inexpensive restaurants. They were established by the Vatican before the war, and they are in all the larger cities. In the last few years, they have become privately owned, but they are still reasonable enough to be patronized by the very poor Italians. While it isn't the best food to be found in Italy, I recommend trying it at least once just to see how the other half lives. Our lunch, which consisted of *fettuccini* (noodles with meat sauce), cheese, bread, wine, and fruit for dessert, cost only 200 lire each (thirty cents).

Contrary to popular belief, Italians are not garlic eaters. I have heard that Sicilians use it quite abundantly, but the av-

erage Italian cook uses it more sparingly than we do in America.

After lunch, I tried to get the girls to go to see the new railroad station. Even though I explained that it was built with American aid, and as an American, I wanted to see part of my taxes, it was of no avail. They insisted that they would rather visit some of the places that were ancient even before Columbus met the Queen. With a fond farewell, something like *good luck*, we parted.

I shall probably never see them again, but for a few Italian hours, a Norwegian, a German, and an American found it easy and pleasant to be friends.

I must say I was impressed with the taxes that went into the new station. It is the most beautiful one I have ever seen. That is the way it should be, of course, but I must admit I wondered why we couldn't have one as nice in America.

I returned to the camera store exactly at four o'clock; I was anxious to get back on the road again. I should have known better than to think the camera would be ready, but I'd forgotten the Italian temperament. Once I had come right out and asked the man for it, I knew I had done the wrong thing. What I should have done was to talk about things in general for a while, and then sort of hint something about it. But no, I came right out and asked for it. Pretending not to have heard me, he saved the day, and gave me another chance.

After talking about the weather and how it wasn't as nice as yesterday, and where I was from, and did I know his uncle who worked in a restaurant in Wheeling, West Virginia, I did manage to get the conversation around to cameras in general, and then to my camera in particular.

After I hinted that I was interested in its present state of repair, he hinted that it was the very next camera he was going to work on. To have reminded him that he'd promised it by four o'clock wouldn't have accomplished anything. In-

stead, I politely asked if I might watch him while he worked on it. Even more politely, he said he'd be very happy to have my company. After finding the trouble, he shook his head soberly; sensing my anxiety, he quickly assured me that, while he didn't have the necessary new part, he was sure his friend had one at his shop; he'd pick it up on his way to work in the morning. I volunteered to go and get the part for him, but he wouldn't hear of it. Instead, he invited me to the neighborhood coffee shop for a *caffè latte*.

"When in Rome . . ." We went for coffee. Italy is a fine place, especially when you aren't in a hurry.

Before I left the camera man, he agreed to make the repair for two packs of cigarettes. What would have been a \$2- or \$3-job actually only cost me twenty-four cents.

At the end of my first week out of New York, I had spent \$12.32, leaving a balance of \$67.68. My average was \$1.76 a day, which was far too much. I was going to have to watch my pennies much closer.

★ The Second Week



Warm Hearts and a Dead-end Street

Next morning, it seemed as if night had not left the city. The Roman sky was consumed with black clouds; the sun had taken a holiday.

After the customary Italian wake-up food of coffee and a sweet roll, I hurried to the camera shop. The repair man was as good as his word and had picked up the new part; my camera would be ready by noon. I was only a few steps from the hostel when the clouds let loose their cold weight. It was definitely not hitchhiking weather. The rest of the day the city resigned itself to snow and hail, and I to writing letters home.

I awoke to find Rome beaming with sunshine; the only reminder of the previous day was the freshly washed streets. I hurried to the shop, picked up my camera, and took the bus to the southern edge of town.

My hitch from Rome was in an Alfa Romeo, one of the most beautiful automobiles in the world. It was noon when the Alfa Romeo let me off in the little village of Albano; after waving good-by, I went into a store and bought a loaf of bread, some cheese, and a small bottle of wine. Some of the townspeople had seen me get out of the expensive car and they were more than a little curious when I sat down under a tree in their village square and proceeded to eat my lunch. One man's curiosity got the better of him and he started a conversation; as soon as he discovered I was an American, he sent out the word. By the time I had half finished my lunch, a good-sized audience had gathered to watch my performance. The women giggled; the children pushed each other to within arm's length of me, then ran screaming back to their mothers; the older men sucked at their pipes and studied me philosophically. The circus had come to town and I was it.

No one spoke English which was just as well, for my basic Italian delighted them immensely. One middle-aged woman carried her little granddaughter up to me, then pointing at me and then to the little blond-haired girl, she said, "American—poppa." This really set the crowd into a gale of laughter; the woman was obviously pleased with her contribution to the festivities, for she laughed louder than anyone. I deduced that the beautiful little girl had been some transient GI's wartime gift to one of the local girls.

As usual I had put up my sign, this time advertising *Napoli*. When a truck came into the village with the prefix "NA" (for Naples) on its license plates, the kids ran screaming into the street and waved the truck to a stop. It was very funny. When the truck driver found out what was going on, he, too, got caught up in the spirit, and took my hand to help me into the cab next to him. About a dozen too many kids helped put my bag aboard. As we drove off, I received an ovation that would have pleased Mr. de Gasperi himself. The Ital-

ians take life as it comes along and make the best of it. When something is sad it is very sad; when something is fun, it's loads of fun. They don't beat around the bush with their emotions; I'm sure they must be the least neurotic people in the world.

It was late afternoon when I checked in at the Naples Youth Hostel. After cleaning up, I got the directions to the *Mensa Economica*.

Naples is built on hills; a good part of the city is a puzzle of twisting streets and sidewalks of stairs. Before long, I was lost. While trying to figure where I'd made a wrong turn, I was approached by a young fellow of about eighteen. He addressed me with the customary "Joe" and immediately began suggesting several things he could get for me "plenty cheap." If nothing else, his English was direct and to the point. I explained that I was only interested in finding the *Mensa Economica*; he said that he would show me the way. I told him I was sure I could get there if he would just give me the directions. No, he was going in that direction anyway, and he didn't expect anything, unless, of course, I wanted to give him a cigarette. This arrangement seemed reasonable, so off we went.

As we walked along, I explained a little of what I was doing, and how I was traveling with very little money. The part about the money obviously didn't figure in the scope of his belief. He'd known too many Americans. He just smiled.

Once, during our conversation, he asked me the time. After seeing my watch, he commented that it must be a very expensive one. I explained that it was only gold-plated.

After walking for about fifteen minutes, I had a feeling someone was following us; I looked around. About a hundred feet back were two men, walking at the same pace we were. It troubled me a little, but my guide seemed like a nice fellow, and I dismissed the thought. A few minutes later we

turned into another street. I turned to see if the two in back of us would follow. I really got a start; not only did the two come into the narrow street, but they had been joined by two more! Obviously, my "guide" had given some signal to his associates as we walked along. While I was frantically wondering what to do next, I saw we were coming to the end of the street—it was a dead end! I could hear the four coming up quickly behind me. I obeyed my first instinct! Whirling around, I leaped forward and started running as fast as I could. One of them caught hold of my watch, and for a moment, I thought I had lost it. Fortunately, the band didn't break. With my fright and original momentum, I was able to outdistance them. Not until I saw a policeman did I slow down. By then my would-be attackers had vanished. After I had explained what happened, the policeman, with a shake of his head, acknowledged that once in a while such things were known to happen in Naples. I made him explain in detail how I could get to the restaurant via wide and well-traveled streets. I had had my exercise for the day; I was in no condition for any more.

At the *Mensa Economica* I sat at a table with two Italians; both were nineteen years old, both had been mascots with the Fifth Army, and they both spoke English. There the similarity ended. One of them was studying radio repairing, and his dream was to go to America, where, as he said, "I can make a good life and live in peace." The other wanted to be another Lucky Luciano! He admitted that he wasn't nearly as smart as Lucky, but he was studying, and one day he hoped to go to America and become a big shot. The two boys were friends. They had the same kind of family and background, but you couldn't have found two such different people if you went out and looked for them. The Luciano admirer was a guide, but I think his tours were of a questionable nature. After dinner, the two took me to a nearby bowling alley.

There Lucky's admirer proudly pointed out his hero. Apparently, Luciano has been added to Vesuvius as one of the attractions currently to be seen in Naples.

From Naples east to the Adriatic, the country is much poorer than in the north, but I found that the poorer the people, the more friendly they were. In each town where my ride ended, the local cop could stop all east-bound trucks until he found one going toward Brindisi. Then, with a salute, he would send me forward again.

The Italian peasants I talked to from Naples to Brindisi knew little, if anything, about our American aid. I thought it interesting that communism which usually breeds best in poorer areas was very unpopular. The southern Italians put the Russians down at the bottom of their list, along with the Germans. It was afternoon when I arrived in the tiny town of Nola; I asked one of the local men where I could get something to eat. The town had a restaurant, but it was past the meal hour. He urged me to come to his house; his wife would fix something for me. The obliging woman had just finished preparing some coffee and eggs when a big truck pulled up in front of their little house. The driver got out and came in.

"Are you the one that wants a ride to Brindisi?" he asked me in Italian.

The local cop had been on the lookout and when he found a truck that was going all the way, he told them where I was. I started to get up from the food that had just been put in front of me; the driver told me to eat and take my time about it. The truck would wait. He went out and yelled something to the truck. Five more men got out; the six of them waited until I had finished and was ready to go.

I naturally thought that the Italian who had invited me to his house had the idea of making a few extra lire, which would have been only right, but when I tried to pay him, he wouldn't accept it—I was his guest. He wouldn't even take

the cigarettes I offered him, so I left them on the table.

All six men in the truck were part of the crew, which is sort of funny when you remember that's the same number in a four-engine Constellation. By the time we got to Brindisi, I had heard six hours of Italian opera and the crew had enjoyed two packs of American cigarettes. Everyone was happy with the exchange. It was in the early hours of the morning; I went to the police station and they provided me with a little cot in the back room.

After a couple of hours' sleep I went down to the docks and tried to find a fishing boat that might be going to Greece. Unfortunately, such trips are very infrequent, and no one knew when there would be another. I had to do business with the only company that had a service between the two countries. The regular fare was \$11, but, as they had a monopoly, I could only get them down to \$8. It was a shattering blow to my money belt; my fortune plunged to \$56.92.

Through the Back Door

The overnight trip across the Strait of Otranto was unpleasant in more ways than one. First, the sea was very rough, and for a while, I was sure the small vessel was going to give up its struggle to stay afloat. Second, the comfort of the passengers had never been taken very seriously. What little sleep I managed to get was on a very hard and narrow wooden bench. But that wasn't all. Somehow, the passengers found out that I was getting off at Corfu. Everyone on board took time out to study the crazy American. A few of them found enough English to express themselves: "But nobody ever gets off at Corfu, not even the Greeks! It's only a cargo stop!"

The fact that it was the first land point and the cheapest place to get to didn't satisfy them in the least. It was too much for them that an American was going to such a desolate part of Greece; I'm sure they all thought I was some sort of spy.

It was Greek Independence Day when I got off at Corfu, which may account for the strange and pathetic scene I witnessed. The northern part of the island curves quite close to the Albanian coast; on the shore the ancient Greek chorus had been reborn. A great crowd of people were screaming over at Albania. The air was filled with oaths, profanities, and maledictions. Mostly the cry, "Kidnapers, give us back our children!" saddened the air.

Because Greece and Albania are practically in a state of war, you have to get a special permit to travel through the border area before leaving the island. Once the police had checked my dozens of visas and permits to travel through the Middle East and Asia, they were satisfied that I wasn't trying to escape into Communist Albania. I haven't the slightest notion why they thought I would do such a thing.

I hitched a ride to the mainland in a small fishing boat.

It seemed that every other man in Igoumenitsa was a plain-clothes man; I was constantly being asked for my identification. Finally, I pinned an American flag on my knapsack and showed my passport and police permit *at* anybody who even looked like stopping me. Though I was as innocent as a bird, I couldn't shake the feeling that I had done something wrong. I gave silent thanks that I was an American!

I soon learned there weren't going to be any cars or trucks leaving Igoumenitsa for several days. The only way to move was to take a bus. It was a little less than 100 miles to Ioannina, and the fare was the frightening sum of 15,000 drachmas! I breathed a little easier when I saw the exchange was 16,000 drachmas to one American dollar.

I was warned that the road was not very good to Ioannina, but once there (with the exception of "one little bad place"), the highway east to Turkey was very good. I hope I shall never see a worse road; seldom did the bus go over ten miles an hour. It took the entire day to make the trip.

How the driver was able to distinguish the road from the fields is a mystery. The countryside was a monotony of gray and brown; the ground supported nothing but stones, millions of them. Infrequent herds of sheep grazed listlessly at the sparse grass. Some of the sheepherders seemed young enough to be in their cradles; others old enough to be in their graves.

I saw farmers tilling their small fields with wooden plows weighted down with stones. I had heard of such primitive ways of life existing in the backward places of Asia, but it was hard to believe that such things existed in a country whose ancient culture still shines in the tapestry of history.

Men and women, young and old, all wear dark clothes; the people, as well as the country, seemed to be in mourning. At every village the children would gather around the bus and beg for food and cigarettes. The poorest American is prosperous compared to those wretched people. The most incredible thing to me was that they didn't seem unhappy; I saw smiles more often than not, and singing is a part of their very being. I couldn't help but wonder if, in spite of their poverty, they weren't more conscious of the goodness of being alive than we are in America, even with all our benefits and securities.

It was just getting dark when the bus bounced into Ioannina. I met a Greek soldier and we waved our arms at each other until I conveyed to him that I wanted to continue east as soon as possible. He returned the information that there wouldn't be any transportation leaving in that direction for at least a week. Deep snow in the mountains ahead made travel impossible.

The "one little bad place" I had been told about was the 8,000-foot Pindus Range of the Greek Alps!

The soldier invited me to have dinner with his outfit. Though I couldn't understand a word they said, by the time

we had finished eating I had deduced that an Army truck was going to try to make the trip across the mountains the next day. I asked where I could find their commanding officer.

Major Dimopoulos was in charge of the area; fortunately, he spoke some English. Yes, a snowplow and a squad of soldiers were going to try and make it across, but he was not at all in favor of my going along. He had some men doing guard duty in the mountains and they had to be relieved; otherwise he wouldn't be risking the dangerous trip. It was all right for soldiers, but it would be too difficult for a civilian, and, certainly, an American civilian. I explained that I had been a soldier (US Navy, please forgive), and if any trouble developed, I would be more than willing to do my share. The Greeks like the Americans even more than the Italians, which is saying a good deal; so when he saw he couldn't talk me out of the idea, he gave in.

The next morning, the sun was bright; the day promised to be warm. The distant mountains looked anything but hazardous.

The major sat up front with the driver, and I climbed in back with the squad.

It is impossible to describe, much less believe, the kind of weather that raged in those mountains: snow, hail, rain, wind, mud, and sleet, and all at the same time! If hell weren't so well known for its heat, I would have thought we had somehow driven into it.

In the more peaceful places, the snow was only 15 feet deep, but most of the drifts were 30 to 40 feet. Catara is the highest and most dangerous mountain in the range; we stopped there to let off two of the men. In a few seconds they had disappeared into the churning snow and ice. It was the way I had always visualized the entrance into Shangri-La. The mountain came by its name in an appropriate way. Many years ago, an archbishop froze to death while attempting the

journey and his congregation condemned the mountain and put a curse on it. In Greek, *catara* means "condemned."

We waited until the soldiers who had been relieved joined us in the truck; then we continued the twisting, sliding journey. Four different times, the snowplow and the truck had to be lashed together to get through the drifts. It was in this same area that the Greeks so valiantly fought the Italians and Germans in the last world war, and where for so long the Communist guerrillas entrenched themselves.

In one particularly perilous place the truck started sliding sideways. The sickening movement stopped abruptly when a rock got in the way. We looked out of the side of the truck and down a sheer drop of 1,000 feet! The rock had stopped us not more than a foot from the edge. I got out and walked until the truck was a little more comfortably situated.

After eight hours of nerves, we started down out of the mountains. The snow began to melt, brooks appeared, and flowers awakened into color. The sun we had left on the other side of the range reappeared and soon we were all perspiring. It was the fastest change of weather I had ever witnessed.

The last few miles into Trikkala, the road was hardtop. Compared with what we had been over, it was like a dream highway. In America, it would have been a third-class road.

As the crow flies, it is only 40 miles from Ioannina to Trikkala. It seemed like 400! Why guards had to be stationed in those mountains is more than I will ever be able to fathom.

There is no such thing as hitchhiking in Greece, and when it is done by an American, it causes quite a stir. In every town the news traveled like the wind and I was forever finding myself the center of attraction—an interesting situation, but very disconcerting. It was in Elasson where an old man came hurrying down the street on crutches; he was calling to me in English. The old fellow was ninety if he was a day; he had lived in New York City for many years and had come

back to his homeland to die. With tears in his eyes he begged me to sit and have coffee with him. I listened to him talk of America, and to him it was only slightly less than heaven. He cursed the day he had left. His only wish was to return.

The second English-speaking Greek I met had a happier story. It was in Thessalonika. I had just left a truck that had come to the end of its run. As I was looking around for an inexpensive place to spend the night, a young boy recognized me as an American by the flag on my pack; without a word he took my hand and led me to an automobile spare-parts store.

Not in any desperate need for spare parts, I was reassured to discover that the store was run by George Ramoglou, a former resident of Allentown, Pa. As soon as he found out that I was American, it was settled that I was to be his guest. George had run a restaurant in Allentown for twenty years, saved his money, and returned home to start his automobile store. His childhood sweetheart had waited those twenty years for him! They didn't have any children, but both their mothers lived with them. It was a very happy family; apparently, two mothers-in-law cancel out one another.

After a fine dinner, and in spite of the overwhelming Ramoglou hospitality, my eyelids would not stay up. It was the end of my second week and I was almost sick with fatigue; even my bones felt tired. I am sure George would have continued reminiscing about America, even if I'd gone completely to sleep, but his wife, conscious of my state, insisted that he let me go to bed.

In my second week I had spent \$12.56; considering that \$8 of that had been for the boat, I had cut my spending considerably. But no matter how the money had been spent, my balance was down to \$55.12, making my daily average \$1.78. I remember saying a silent prayer that things in Asia would be as cheap as I had heard!

★ *The Third Week*



My First Arrest

After breakfasting on goat's milk, eggs, and bread, I said good-by to Mrs. Ramoglou and the two mothers. George drove me to the east side of town and let me out at the police control station. After promising to give the Statue of Liberty his best wishes, I waved farewell.

There was an old, dilapidated truck outside, and the driver was just coming out of the station. I explained to him that I would like a ride to Kavalla, and he nodded his approval. After my travel permit had been checked, I left the station and was getting into the truck when the officer came out after me; he shook his head, and pulled me down from the truck. He waved the truck to go on and then indicated that I was to go back into the station—I was under arrest! Considering the treatment I had received so far, I was more disappointed than angry, but as neither of us spoke a word of the other's

language, there wasn't much point in trying to discuss the matter.

After waiting for almost three hours, and watching two more trucks go through, a bus came into the station. Another policeman got off and took charge of the station. My guard ordered me into the bus, and got in after me. He said something to the driver and then sat next to me. I knew that once we got to Kavalla and I could talk to somebody, everything would be all right; so I wasn't really worried. When we arrived in the city, he got off and ordered me to follow him. As soon as the bus had pulled off, he smiled like a kid who had been in the cookie jar, patted me on the back, took both my hands and shook them. Then, with a salute, he turned and walked away. It had been his way of giving me a comfortable ride. As his prisoner, the bus had to carry me for nothing. Considering the things I had been thinking about him, it took me a while to readjust my feelings.

Having noticed that there was very little traffic on the road I decided to continue by bus. I hurried to the station and found that the bus I had just been riding in was getting ready to continue to Xanthi. I found the manager and proposed exchanging a color picture of his bus for a ride to Alexandroupolis. He was very agreeable; he had never had a color picture taken of his bus.

Of all the many times I offered photographs in exchange for various services, I was never once turned down. This is rather amazing when you consider that they all had to take my word that I would actually send them the pictures.

A few of the passengers who had been on the bus while I was under arrest were still aboard. When they saw me again they seemed a little nervous; certainly there hadn't been enough time for me to have gone to the police station and been released. I'm sure they thought I had escaped, but luckily no one sounded the alarm.

The bus got to Xanthi at seven that evening. Traffic is not allowed at night in northern Greece (it is a military zone because of the Albanian border). I was trapped until the next morning.

Whether it was because they wore US Army uniforms, or because I had crossed the mountain with them, I felt a certain camaraderie with the Greek Army. After getting off the bus, I looked around for a soldier; the first one I saw was an MP. After we exchanged greetings, I conveyed my desire to find an inexpensive place to eat and sleep. He took me under his wing, and in a few minutes I was having dinner with him at his army mess. Having neglected my stomach since breakfast, the split-pea soup, black bread, cheese, and coffee seemed like the best food I had ever eaten. After we finished, my new friend had to go back on duty, but first he took me to a hotel. The manager was a friend of his—I had a room for the night courtesy of the management. Strangely enough the manager had a brother living in Brooklyn; I promised to call him when I got back home and give him a firsthand account of things in Xanthi.

There is no language more Greek to me than Greek. The six days I was in the country I talked with only three Greeks who spoke English well, another two or three who spoke only a few words, but I got along just as well with those who didn't know a word. While it is nice to know the tongue of the country you are in, it is far from essential. Pantomime, smiles, and stick drawings are all universal ways of communicating; if you have the desire, these things work wonderfully well—sometimes, even better than having a fluency of words.

The bus arrived in Alexandroupolis at eleven o'clock the next morning; it was right on time. It was also exactly one hour too late to make the train connection to Istanbul. The train only went through once a day; the one-hour difference

meant a twenty-three-hour wait. It was the craziest scheduling I've ever heard of.

I was very much in need of a bath and shave, and my shirts, socks, and underwear badly wanted washing. As I was standing by the side of the main street wondering in which direction I should go, an American car drove by. I smiled and waved. It skidded to a stop and backed up.

"You an American?" the driver called to me.

"Sure am—how'd you guess?"

"Saw your flag on the pack. Where you headin'?"

"Haven't the slightest idea." He reached over and opened the door.

"Get in. I'll take you there."

Dick was one of eight Americans working in Alexandroupolis for the Harza Engineering Company of Chicago. Six of them were from my home town, and I had been in both Berkeley and Seattle where the other two came from; it was old-home week. For the first time I felt a pang of homesickness. I was their guest for the rest of the day and night.

The Littlest Railroad Company

After a real honest-to-goodness American breakfast, Dick and Bill drove me to the railroad station. From Alexandroupolis to the Turkish border the fare was 42,000 drachmas. After figuring this would come to \$2.50, I decided it was worth a trip to the president's office. In exchange for a pass, I promised to take some pictures of the company's one and only train—a one-car train at that. As I got aboard, Dick and Bill presented me with a big box lunch and a bottle of wine. Nice people, the eight engineers of the Alexandroupolis branch of the Harza Engineering Company of Chicago, Illinois.

On my map I saw that when the train first goes over the

Turkish border it has to make a wide detour around a river; at the far side of the curve the train is conveniently close to the main highway to Istanbul. I decided that would be a good place to get back to my hitchhiking. Unfortunately there is no station at that particular spot. I took the map to the conductor and, pointing to the place, I told him that was where I wanted to take the train's picture.

The passengers seemed surprised at the unscheduled stop in the middle of nowhere, and amazed when I got off and started taking pictures. I don't know what they thought when I waved good-bye and started off toward the highway.

As dirt roads go, it wasn't too bad. The only thing wrong was nobody was using it. I sat for two hours in the hot sun without seeing one sign of a car.

The night before, my engineer friends had told me that the Turks, more than any other nation, hate the Communists, and they are extremely proud of the fact that their soldiers are fighting in Korea. They said if I would learn to say "*Türk askerleri Kore, de menkibeler yaratıyor*" ("The Turkish soldiers are doing a great job in Korea"), I would make a big hit with them. They had written the sentence out for me and while I was waiting I studied it until I could say it without even thinking.

When an approaching cloud of dust turned out to be a donkey cart, I hailed it. After making motions signifying my wish to ride with him, the bewildered man motioned me to climb on.

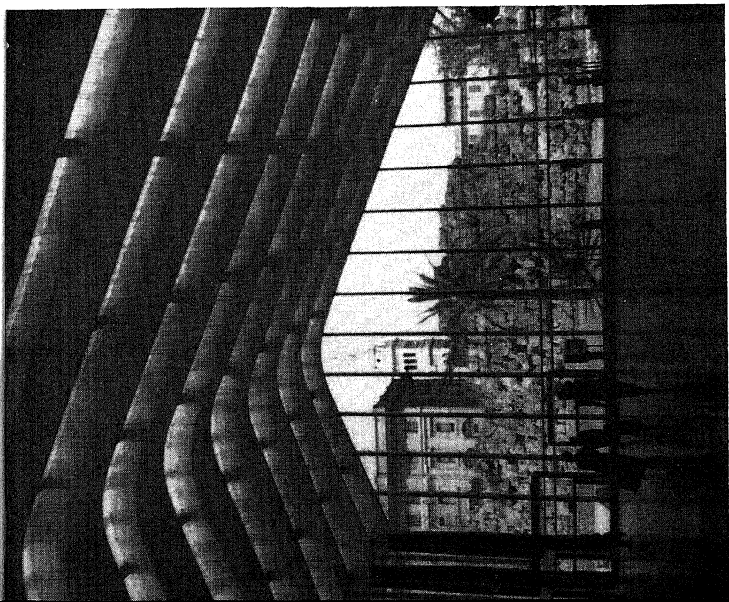
Though the driver soon found out that I couldn't understand a word he was saying, it didn't stop him from talking. In the hour it took to get into the town of Edirne, I'm sure he must have told me the entire history of Turkey, or perhaps it was about his family troubles. At any rate, he would pause from time to time and look at me as if he were expecting some sage remark; quite a difficult situation when you don't



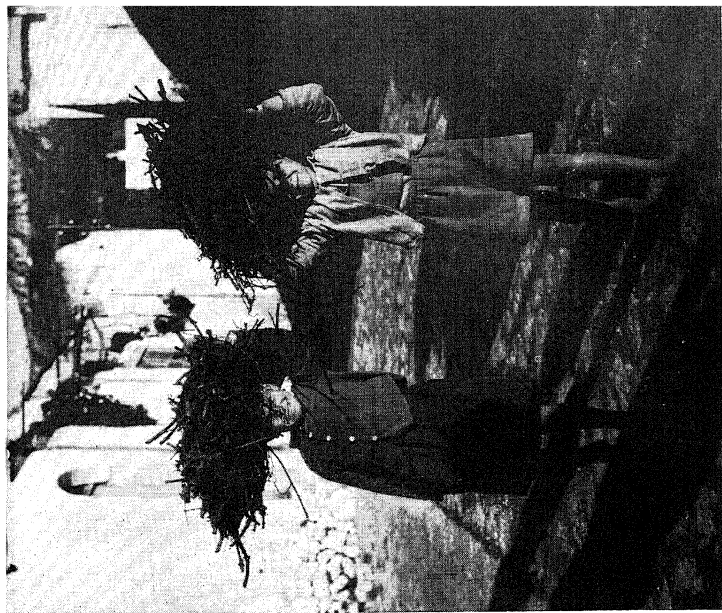
The assistant driver on my first truck lift (Germany) looked enough like me to have been my brother. He was the first person of my own age I met on the trip.

I had to go all the way to Italy for my first automobile accident. Out of nowhere, a big crowd gathered.

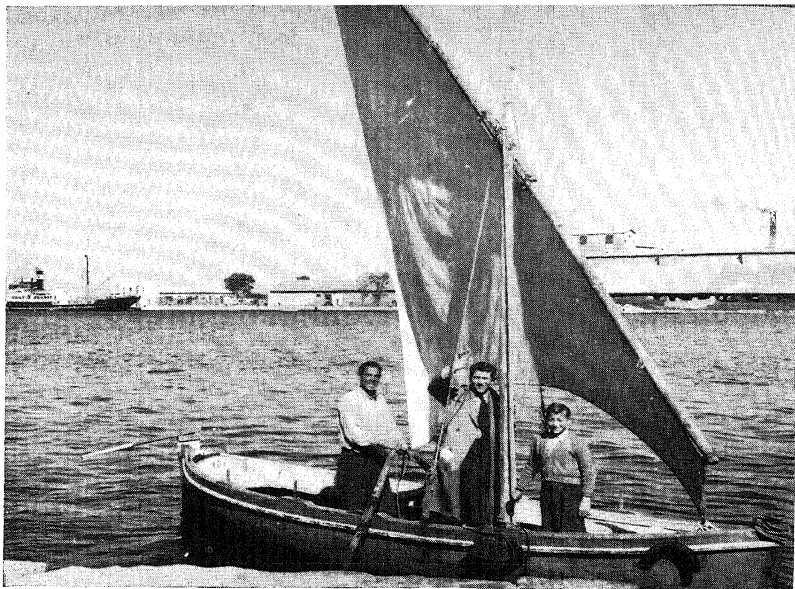




The new railroad station in Rome is one of the most beautiful in the world. I have never seen one in America that is half so modern, or as efficient.



In Italy, the farther south I went the poorer the fields became—and the people reflected their land. But their smiles were always in full bloom.



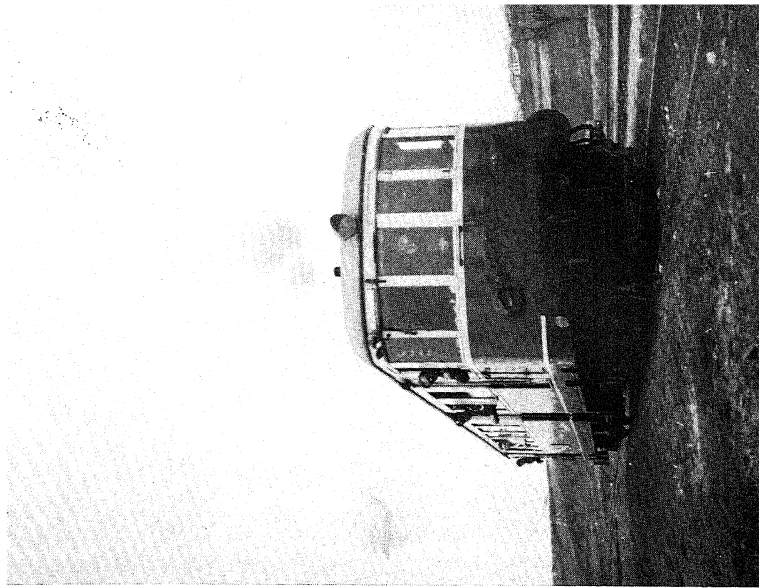
The wind and a friendly Greek fisherman (and son) took me from the island of Corfu to the mainland.

It was Greek Independence Day and these young men were making the best of it.

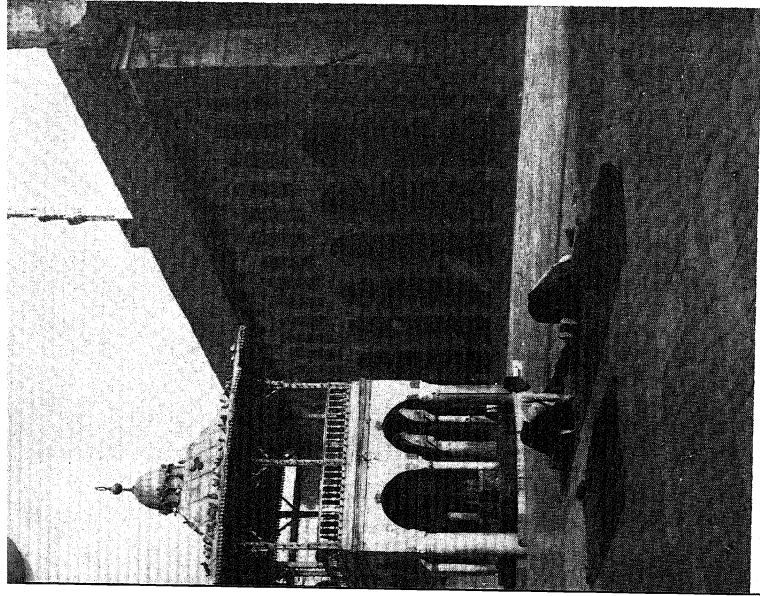




The next day I made friends with some Greek soldiers with whom I crossed the treacherous Greek Alps.



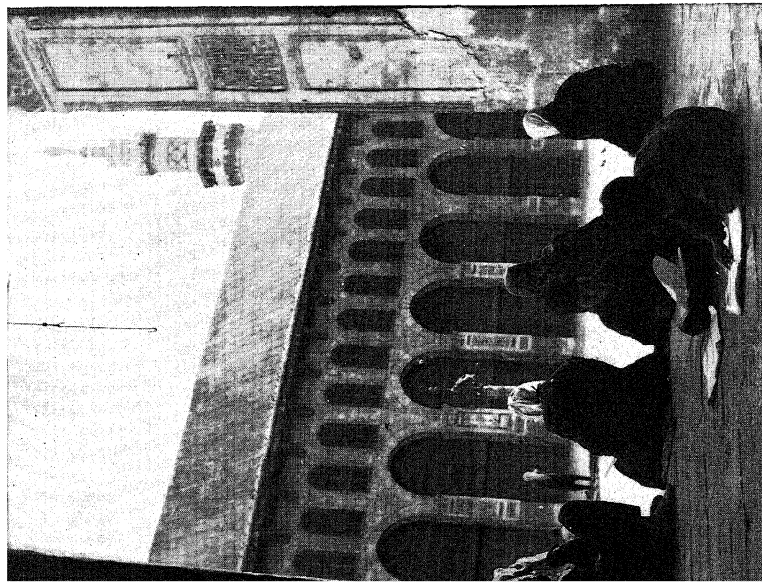
In exchange for a picture of this one-car railroad, the company took me across the Turkish border.



They pray differently than we do.



The architecture in Istanbul is wonderful and exotic.



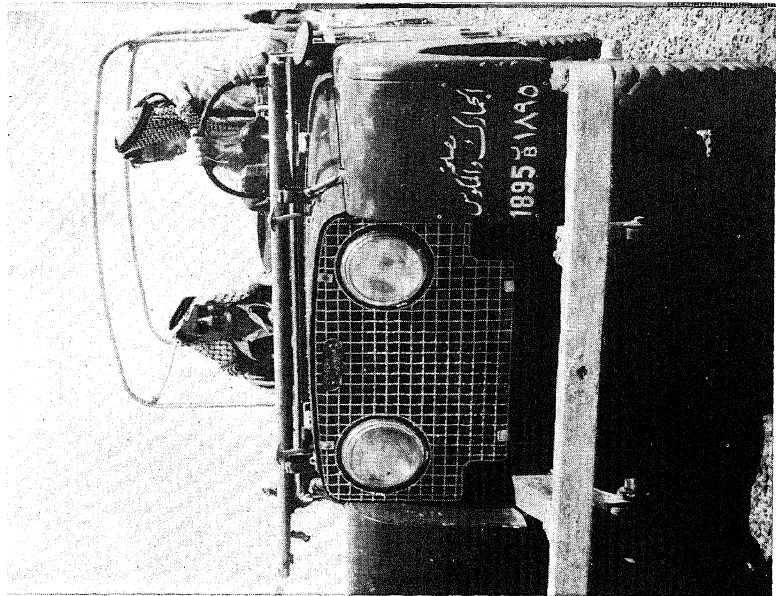
The old women sit quietly with their thoughts while the grandchildren chatter over their school books.



Considering his business was selling the *leftover* parts of sheep, this young Turk seemed (to me) unreasonably happy.



After my first formal introduction to a camel—



I felt more at home behind the wheel of a jeep.

even know whether to shake your head "yes" or "no." Apparently I didn't do anything wrong, for when I got down from his cart he shook my hand as if we were old friends.

"Turk askerleri Kore, de menkibeler yaratiyor," I said gravely.

A startled Turk looks just like a startled American; I turned and walked down the street.

I'm not quite sure whether I was arrested in Edirne or not. It happened something like this: by drawing a picture of a truck and pointing to Istanbul on the map, I had asked several people where I could get a ride—at least that was my intention. In each case, they would shake their heads; that is, all except the last person I asked. He called a cop. After the cooperative Greek police, I took this to be a step in the right direction, and after going through the same routine with him, he nodded as if he understood and told me to follow him. I soon found myself in the police station and in the care of an extremely pleasant chief of police. I sat for a full half-hour watching the chief try to put through a telephone call. I was still holding the constructive thought that he was trying to arrange a truck ride for me, but as it was already late in the afternoon, I decided to leave and try my luck with the highway again. I picked up my pack, said good-by in English and "The Turkish soldiers are doing a great job in Korea" in Turkish and started for the door. Before I got through it the chief was blocking the way; he was being as nice and friendly as possible, but his purpose was abundantly clear. I sat down again and he went back to the uncooperative telephone.

At last he managed to get his call through and we sat and smiled at each other for about ten minutes until another official-looking man came into the office. He, too, was extremely friendly. All three of us knew that I wanted a truck ride to Istanbul; two of us knew some reason why I *wasn't* going there by truck. They tried their best to explain it to

me—in both quiet and loud Turkish. It was very much like a crazy though not unpleasant nightmare.

Finally, the second man took some Turkish money out of his pocket, and pointing to it, and then at me, asked if I had any. I took out the \$2 worth I had bought in Switzerland. He took \$1.25 worth, and left the office. As he was a police official, I was fairly certain he wasn't robbing me, nor could I believe that I was being fined. There was nothing to do but wait and see what would happen next. The chief and I went back to smiling at each other.

In five minutes the man came back and handed me a third-class ticket to Istanbul, taking care to point out the fare marked on it, the same amount he had taken. Then, he picked up my bag, motioned for me to follow him, and left the office. The train depot was about 200 yards from the station. It had started to rain and the two of us ran down the cobblestone street, darting between the horse carts.

The train wasn't due for about a half-hour. When I found out that it was the famous Orient Express I didn't feel so badly about the \$1.25. I took the two oranges that were left from my box lunch and offered one to the policeman; he accepted it and then left me long enough to buy us both some tea, and black-bread cheese sandwiches. We passed the time eating and watching the station activities. I managed to slip "*Türk askerleri Kore, de menkibeler yaratıyor*" into the proceedings two different times and he enjoyed it equally on both occasions.

When the train pulled in, he helped me into the least decrepit-looking car and we parted with a warm handshake. I still don't know if they were just being awfully nice, or whether I had been under arrest, and they were getting me out of town as fast as possible—or both!

The Orient Express makes its run once a week; apparently

it is a popular train for it was packed, but I managed to find a seat in one of the compartments. I had been inspiring a certain amount of curiosity along the way, but judging by the stares I received from the other passengers, I was the strangest-looking character they had ever seen.

All the women passengers were veiled and the men didn't take shaving too seriously. From time to time people would unroll their prayer rugs, and kneeling on them, face Mecca and say their prayers; that is, I suppose they faced Mecca, but on a moving train who can tell?

It was an express in name only, for it stopped at every town and village. More people got off than on, and gradually the train became less crowded.

At one of the stops, a young French-speaking Turk boarded the train and took a place opposite me in the compartment. He was a student on his way home for a holiday and took a great interest in my journey.

Night fell. As there were no lights on the train, darkness and fatigue soon made it difficult for me to keep my eyes open. By eleven o'clock, the young Turk and I were the only two left in our compartment. I fought to stay awake; all I could think of was how interested he had been in my Rollei-flex and how he had insisted I lie down and get some sleep. Promising myself that I would only relax, I rolled the camera in my jacket, and using it as a pillow, stretched out on the seat.

Dawn was lighting the compartment when I opened my eyes—the young Turk was gone! My head was no longer on my improvised pillow. I must have lain there almost a minute before I had the courage to sit up. My jacket was still there as I had arranged it. With infinite relief, I picked it up; underneath, on the seat, were some Turkish coins and a note in French: "I wish I could contribute more to your

great journey; I am only a poor student. May Allah watch over you. Your Turkish Friend." I felt small and humble; I shall always treasure those coins of friendship.

The City of Two Continents

In the morning when I arrived in Istanbul, I had added something to my possessions—a cold.

I got to the American Consulate just as the doors were being opened for the day's business. For the first hour, nobody did any work—they were all asking me questions. I had offers of meals and places to sleep from everyone in the office. They were very interested in my soil-collecting activities, and arranged to send back the two hundred and fifty samples I had collected so far. A teaspoonful of dirt isn't much, but a couple hundred of them takes up quite a bit of room. Before I left, they put their heads together and made up a list of everyone they knew from Istanbul to India, and told me that I would be doing them a favor if I would use their friends in case I ever got into any difficulty. Needless to say, I left the office with a very warm feeling.

From the consulate I went to the home of my old friend, Hakki.

The year before, I had been a ship's photographer aboard the S.S. *Independence* while it made a Mediterranean cruise, and Istanbul was one of the ports of call. It was then that I became friends with Hakki. He was at work, but his two sisters were at home. The girls spoke only Turkish so I left a note saying I would meet him on the bridge next to the Thomas Cook office at noon.

While Istanbul is the official name for the city, most of the inhabitants still call it Constantinople. Though the city boasts the most famous mosque in the world, I had never heard of it until my visit the previous year. It is the Saint Sophia Mosque, and certainly one of the architectural wonders of the world.

It looks as if it would fall apart without much trouble, such is its fragile beauty, but it has stood intact against sixteen centuries of wars and weather. Istanbul is the largest city in Turkey and one of the most international cities in the world. Divided by the Bosphorus Strait, its western half is in Europe and the eastern in Asia. It is a wonderful architectural example of East meeting West—the sharp corners of the modern buildings in odd mixture with the round-topped mosques and the thin minarets, like fingers pointing the way to heaven.

I became so engrossed just wandering through the narrow streets that I forgot about the time; when I remembered to look at my watch it was twenty minutes to twelve. I ran back to the main street and jumped aboard a streetcar heading in the direction of the bridge. I handed the conductor the smallest Turkish bill I had; he surprised me by not accepting it. Streetcars and busses are very cheap in that part of the world, and the bill I had offered him was equivalent to about ten cents. I dug in my pocket and gave him a larger bill; he took it and dropped it on the floor. After spitting some very sharp-sounding words at me, he moved to another part of the car. I noticed that some of the other passengers were glaring at me, too. Sometimes a brick wall has to fall on me—of course he wasn't the conductor at all. After I realized my mistake, I noted his insignia and later, when I explained it to Hakki, he rather paled and explained that I had grossly insulted a general of the Turkish Army! Fortunately I had left my pack, with its telltale American flag, at Thomas Cook's. I knew that unless I said something, no one would know that I was an American; nothing could have induced me to open my mouth.

I was back on the bridge five minutes before a station wagon screeched to a stop in front of me; the door opened and my friend Hakki fell on me with a great bear hug and a

kiss on both cheeks. Greetings between men in Europe and Asia differ from those in America. There, friends walk arm in arm, and when they meet, they kiss each other on the cheek. It is a nice custom, for it shows the warmth of friendship, but I fear my adjustment to the custom got no farther than a self-conscious pat on the shoulder. After our short wrestling match, we went to lunch. Even before I had finished explaining what I was trying to do, he shook his head and proceeded to explain why it was impossible.

"Hakki, do you think it's possible to go from New York to Istanbul for \$30?" I asked him.

"No, no, but of course not," he answered, "but why are you saying that to me?"

"That's how much I've spent so far," I was pleased to answer him. He put his finger next to his nose and looked heavenward.

"I have always been thinking Americans are crazy; now I am sure for a fact!"

He practically pleaded with me to turn around and go back.

As long as I had gotten there for \$30, I might have a chance of getting back on my remaining \$50, but across the rest of his country, then Iraq, Iran, and India—never!

"It is complete crazy; you *must* turn around!"

At first, I thought his wild protestations were meant in complimentary fun, but he was absolutely serious. He patiently explained that so far there had always been Americans somewhere in the vicinity, but after I left Ankara, my next stop, I would see no Americans for a long time to come. He didn't exactly scare me, but I did have a couple minutes of sober reflection. Having given me his "pep talk," he dashed off to work, but only after I promised to give it a great deal of thought, and to meet him at his home later in the afternoon for dinner and a good night's rest.

Of course, I wouldn't have turned back for all the *halava* in Turkey, but I did have to do some "positive thinking" before I got *his* doubts out of my mind.

For the rest of the afternoon I wandered through the bazaars. For centuries, Istanbul has had the biggest bazaars in the world. It is a wonderland of every conceivable kind of merchandise. Perhaps every big city offers as many things for sale, but certainly not in such profusion, and not all in one area. It is a paradise for window-shoppers and bargain-hunters. The person who pays the asking price is not playing the game, for bargaining is as much a part of the transaction as the final sale. Thoroughly frustrated, with only \$50 in my pocket, I went back to Hakki's house.

While Hakki translated my stories for his sisters, I had plenty of time to enjoy the wonderful dinner the girls had prepared for me. For every minute I talked, he took five minutes to translate; when I asked him "How come?," he neatly explained, "Girls are stupid—my sisters are special girls."

Traveling, even under ideal conditions can be tiring. Traveling the way I did was completely exhausting. As soon as it started to get dark, I would feel my eyes drooping, my body begging to lie down. Shortly after dinner, I asked to be excused, and for the first time in two days I enjoyed a decent night's sleep.

At six o'clock in the morning Hakki drove me to where the ferry boat crosses the Bosphorus. He was still trying to get me to turn back, but when it was time for the boat to cross, we embraced good-by. "I will see you at my house for dinner tonight, Chris," he said.

"No, we won't see each other for a long time, Hakki. Thanks again for your kind hospitality."

The last words he said were, "You are welcome to stay with us as long as you may wish." He watched the boat pull away, confident that he would see me again before the sun set.

Turkey with American Dressing

I put up my sign. On it Hakki had written, "American traveling to Ankara" in Turkish. In English I wrote, "American hitchhiking around the world." It was the English version that got me my lift this time, and it was within a half-hour after I had stepped off the ferry onto Asia.

Four Americans working in Ankara had come up to Istanbul to pick up their car that had just arrived from America. They were all from Texas, which seemed odd, for the Turkish countryside looked very much like their home state. It is just a little over 300 miles to Ankara, the capital, but it took us fourteen hours of hard driving to make the trip. Unlike the countryside, the roads are very different from those of the Lone-Star State.

On the list of names I had acquired in Istanbul was Alan Lukens, stationed in Ankara with the US Information Center. I went to the American Consulate to find out where his office was. There were six Americans working in the office, and they were very surprised to hear English with an American accent, coming from such a dirty face. I told them briefly how and why I was there. It wasn't until I had Mr. Lukens on the phone and was explaining my desire to find a place to put my sleeping bag for the night, that they realized that I wasn't pulling their leg. When they discovered from my phone conversation that I didn't know Lukens, but was only a "friend of a friend," they interrupted me with a barrage of invitations.

"Come and stay at my house for the night!"

"I'll guarantee you a good dinner and a comfortable bed!"

"I have a shower with hot water!"

It sounded like an auction, and I was up for sale. I turned back to the phone and explained the situation had changed;

instead of having the problem of a place to put my sleeping bag, I now had the problem of choosing between an office full of invitations.

Lukens insisted that *he* had first choice, and made me promise to wait for him. While I waited, I gave the people in the office a brief summary of my journey. A couple of fellows had been saving their money so that they could send home for their wives.

"I've been figuring on at least \$1,000 to get my wife over," one of them said. "Now I'm going to send her 50 bucks and tell her to get started!" For his wife's sake, I hope he was kidding.

"Of course, I don't believe you got here from the States for \$30," was the first thing Alan said, as we shook hands, "but tell me about it anyway."

We drove to his very American-looking house in his very American car; for a moment I had the queer feeling I was home, and the trip was really a dream. His wife wasn't feeling well, so I helped Alan fix dinner.

There I was, back in America; the kitchen was equipped with all the things we take for granted. A gleaming stove, a refrigerator, a toaster, everything else that allows electricity to make our lives easier. Traveling is fun and exciting; every country has its own charm and wonder, but sitting there in "America," yet so far from America, I knew that I could never really be content living anywhere else. We are a rich country, rich in industry and invention. The work-saving conveniences we take for granted are things we can easily own if we work for them. The average American has more servants, mechanically speaking, than the richest people on the other side of the world. You can't appreciate the telephone or that handy cube of ice until you discover how rare such things are, once you are out of the USA.

I had only been on the road for nineteen days, but they had all been active and some of them a little hectic; I was feeling pretty "beat" and having a cold didn't help matters any. In such a condition I knew I was especially prone to picking up one of the dozens of Asiatic germs that plague us Westerners. I resolved to be even more careful of everything I ate and drank. Of one thing I was certain: my "second wind" was long overdue.

In the morning, over a good solid American breakfast, Alan suggested I take a plane for the next leg of my journey. The trip south, he warned me, wouldn't be easy. There was very little traffic in that section. I didn't like the idea of flying; not only did I want to see the country, but I wanted to get some earth samples of the area. But, because of the way I was feeling, I decided to play it safe, and told him I would fly if I could get a free lift.

He called a friend of his in the local US company of Engineers, and they said they would be glad to take me to Adana on the next morning's flight. I convinced myself that it wouldn't be too bad missing that particular bit of land, and I could afford to take the whole day to rest, and get rid of my cold.

There are about three thousand Americans living in Ankara. To accommodate this population, there is a large American PX. I went and stocked up on cigarettes, canned meat, and fruit juice. Oftentimes when I wasn't certain of the native food, I had a few canned things to tide me over. The prices in the PX were very cheap, but by the time I finished shopping, I had recklessly reduced my bank account by \$3.50. But I didn't go around the world every day, and after all, what is money for?

Turkey had a rebirth after the first world war, and they built a new capital in Ankara, so there are two cities in one—the very old, and the very new. The new section is not unlike a Swiss city in that it is spotlessly clean and has electric

busses. It is strange going from the new section into the old, like stepping back through the centuries.

Whenever I visit a foreign city, I spend as much time "window-shopping" as I do visiting historic places. Shop windows give as good an insight into the ways of the living as the museums do into the lives of the ancients. I was studying a window of household items when a strange voice addressed me.

"Bob Christopher?" I looked up.

"Yes, I'm Christopher." His face was as strange to me as his voice. He smiled and held out his hand.

"But how do you know who I am?"

"I doubt if there are many Americans in Ankara who haven't heard of you by now. Man, you're famous around here."

With that one sentence, Mr. Wheelless made a friend for life.

Our conversation turned out to be more than idle talk, for he was well acquainted with the section of country I was to tackle next. He invited me to a sidewalk café for something cool to drink.

The sun was sitting on the horizon before we realized how long we had been talking. He suggested, without the slightest objection from me, that I join him for dinner with his wife and daughter, take in a movie, and then spend the night.

After a good American dinner (with Turkish overtones), we went to the movies. It was the first picture I'd seen since leaving home, and it did little to minimize the healthy case of homesickness I'd developed after being with my countrymen for the past day and a half.

Clipped Wings and a Runaway Mule

The next morning I got up at five and went to the consulate to meet the crew I was to fly south with. There was a

note stuck on the door; the load was heavier than they expected, and it would be impossible to take me. With the note, there was a bus ticket to Adana, paid in full! They asked me to accept it as a token of their good will and faith in my "incredible adventure." I had lost a day by waiting for the plane; if I had lost a week, their gesture of good fellowship would have made up for it. It may be a crazy world but there are a lot of wonderful people in it.

The rattletrap bus was supposed to leave at 6:30 A.M. It left at seven-thirty. It was supposed to arrive in Adana at four that afternoon. At exactly four, the driver and his thirty passengers were running around a field in the Turkish mountains, trying to catch a runaway mule! The driver had been a farmer in his youth, so when his bus frightened the mule into bolting from its master, he figured it was right that we should all help catch it. I thought the heat would get me before we got the stubborn animal. Knowing the absolute minimum about mules, I fear my presence did very little to aid in its capture, but I tried.

Both before and after the "incident mule" our kind-hearted driver stopped to give a push to every stalled vehicle on the road. Because of the frequent stops, the Pfizer Company will have a very complete collection of earth between Ankara and Adana. It would be strange indeed if a new antibiotic were discovered because of a runaway mule.

We didn't arrive at our destination until eleven at night. Seven hours behind schedule—but none of the passengers seemed especially perturbed, so I concluded that such service is not uncommon.

As miserable as the bus was, I congratulated myself on having the good fortune to have been aboard; hitchhiking conditions on that road were far from favorable.

There was no place to eat at such an hour, so I concocted a meal from my Ankara supplies. Even before I finished eat-

ing, the ten million bumps of the day's ride suddenly caught up with me; I unrolled my sleeping bag under the nearest palm tree, and "died" for a while.

Balance, end of the third week: \$47.20. Daily average down to \$1.56.

★ *The Fourth Week*



Taxis and Cigarettes

After five-and-a-half hours' sleep the town started making noise. I awoke. My palm tree, which had seemed so private in the dark of night, was more than a little public—not that I minded being stared at by the various citizens on their way to work, but I was a little startled to find that my palm tree was on the property of a very modern gasoline service station! Though it was completely out of keeping with its surroundings it met my needs of the moment, and after using the rest room to clean up, I got a ride with the first customer heading south.

Three rides and six hours later I was at the Turkish-Syrian border. The last two hours had been in a taxi; the three Syrian passengers were homeward-bound and it was taking them as far as the border. The owner-driver had stopped for

me in hopes of increasing his revenue, but when he saw I was bumming he took me anyway. He had the odd notion that he spoke English, and our "Me Tarzan—you Jane" conversation was pretty weird. When he let us off at the customs station I gave him four cigarettes which seemed to please him. He probably kept them as souvenirs for the Turks don't like American tobacco; I might add that they were the only ones on the entire trip who didn't.

The Syrian customs men passed me through first and while the three Syrians were being checked, I went out and had a heart-to-heart talk with the waiting taxi driver. With the exception of the cab I had just been riding in, I had not seen another vehicle for over two hours; I was quite sure that if I didn't go into Aleppo in that taxi, I might have to stay there all night.

In Switzerland, Syria had been one of the places for which I couldn't buy any money, but that didn't bother the driver; he was quite willing to take my American money—\$4 worth of it in fact. Without understanding a word of what the other said, we managed quite a conversation. I explained I wasn't a millionaire and couldn't possibly spend so much money. He in turn explained that he wasn't driving the taxi for his health. He lowered the price to \$3.

I walked away as if further discussion was useless. He, too, pretended he didn't care, but I noticed that he was keeping his eye on the progress of the three men inside the customs; as soon as they were ready he would have to start for town, and he didn't want to lose me if he could help it. He came down to \$2.50 with the stipulation that I wasn't to mention the ridiculously low price to the other passengers (a very old trick in bargaining). I brought up the matter of cigarettes; he was interested—for ten packs! I offered one pack, trying to act as if I wouldn't mind being stuck in that desolate place. He came down to nine; I went up to two.

Eight—three; seven—four; six—I stopped at four. The men had finished with the customs and they were coming out to the taxi. The driver took my bag and put it in the back.

I had paid \$1 for a carton back at the Ankara PX, so the two-hour ride to Aleppo cost me forty cents. Much better than \$4.

I stayed in Aleppo only long enough to change \$1 into Syrian money, and then buy some bread and tea for thirty piasters (ten cents), and a bag of figs for six piasters (two cents).

I knew that photographs were not allowed in Syria, but I didn't have any trouble. The secret seemed to be to take them openly as if I had permission. As a matter of fact, when I got to the edge of town, on the road south to Damascus, I took aside one of the policemen who was stationed there, and told him I would send him a copy of his picture if he would help me get a ride. He was very happy with the prospect, and stopped the first Damascus-bound bus, and *ordered* the driver to take me along.

South to Damascus

The bus was impossibly old and full of rattles, but I couldn't help notice that the paint job was in perfect condition; there wasn't a scratch or dent anywhere. Before long, I discovered the reason why.

As in Greece and Turkey, humans aren't the only living things that travel by bus. Two sheep occupied the aisle. They were both young, but old enough to have their own distinctive odor. I stepped over them and found a seat next to the back door. I always tried to get a seat near the door so I could jump out whenever the bus stopped, and scoop up some dirt. Very soon, I discovered that I was going to get lots of samples. The reason for the exterior of the bus being in such fine condition was simple; every time the driver saw a car ap-

proaching, he would pull to the side of the highway and stop. Only after the car had passed did he start again.

I had long since given up trying to explain my soil-collecting activities. Letters of explanation (I had them in the language of almost every country) were of little help when the majority of the people couldn't read. Considering my limited knowledge of antibiotics, I'm not sure that I could give a satisfactory explanation even in English.

After a few hours of stops and starts, a man sitting near the driver got off. I went forward and took his place. No sooner had I seated myself, and complimented the driver on his fine driving, when he asked me for my bus fare; it came as quite a shock. Though I had become quite a pantomime-linguist, my gymnastics didn't move him.

I appealed to the passengers in every language I could muster, but produced no results. Even "*Türk askerleri Kore, de menkibeler yaratıyor*" didn't impress them. They had seen me putting spoonfuls of dirt in the little bags. With my frantic barrage of sounds and gestures, there must have been no doubt in their minds that I was completely mad.

I had resigned myself to the sad fact that I'd have to dip into my precious store of cigarettes when a young Syrian soldier came forward. He was self-conscious, but finally he managed, "Me little English talk." He didn't understate his knowledge of the language. He spoke about a hundred words, but it was enough to get me out of my current predicament. At long last, he understood my story; he turned on the driver and "told him off," or whatever Syrians do in such circumstances. I wouldn't have to pay anything after all.

I didn't want to take advantage of him, but if the policeman hadn't told me it was all right, I wouldn't have gotten in his bus in the first place.

The driver, who just a short time before had been such a happy fellow, was completely dejected. I gave him a cigarette

and lighted it for him, but it wasn't enough to establish amenable relations. I dug into my pocket and took out my harmonica and started to play. The passengers were delighted; even the driver urged me to keep playing. "Way Down Upon the Swanee River" is the only number I know from start to finish, and sometimes even that gets mixed up with "Massa's in De Cold Cold Ground." The rapt attention given me during my half-hour concert almost convinced me I'd chosen the wrong profession. In the spirit of camaraderie, a couple of the passengers sang some of their native songs; such queer music I had never heard! It explained why they had liked my playing. I made a mental note to get rid of my harmonica as soon as I got back home. But "they loved me in Syria," no one can take that away from me!

During my concert, the Syrian soldier changed places with the man next to me. For the rest of the journey we were traveling companions. After six months of desert duty, he was going home on leave. In every village along the way he bought me something to eat or drink. After being on the desert for such a long time I suppose that even a bus full of civilians seemed wonderful. He obviously enjoyed every minute of it.

We arrived in Damascus at two in the morning.

The driver had consumed almost a pack of my cigarettes, and our little misunderstanding had long since been forgotten. He shook my hand warmly, and put me under the care of Allah.

Although my Syrian soldier hadn't seen his family for six months, he insisted on showing me to a clean and inexpensive hotel. He had already apologized a dozen times for not inviting me to his home because it was too small. He called a porter to carry our bags. The porter was a giant of a man, and picked up my fifty-pound knapsack as if it were a paper bag. The hotel was a fifteen-minute walk from the station;

the fee for carrying the heavy bag was five piasters (less than two cents).

The desert soldier said good-by as if we were lifelong friends; I watched him walk down the silent moonlit street, the giant walking at a respectful distance behind him. I thought of the many good people fate had allowed me to touch, if only for a moment, on my strange journey.

Border Trouble

It was late in the morning when I finally awakened. I went to the police station to get my visa stamped and to check on the road I was planning to take to Baghdad. By then it was noon and I went searching for a restaurant that would be safe to eat in. I found a very respectable-looking place where lunch cost sixty cents. The waiter put a great quantity of smörgåsbord-type food in front of me. Much to his surprise, I ate everything. Then much to *my* surprise he brought me the entree, a breaded veal cutlet. I waited until no one was looking, surrounded the chop with bread, and stuck it in my pocket. After stuffing an apple and an orange into my other pocket, and filling my canteen with fresh water, I left the restaurant, content that I had gotten my money's worth.

Back at the hotel, I bargained with the clerk until he was satisfied with two packs of cigarettes for my night's lodging. I got another giant porter and headed for the bus station.

It took an hour before I could make them understand that I only wanted a ticket to take me out to the highway. I had sixty piasters left and that was how far I wanted to go. They were accustomed to people buying tickets to "somewhere"—not just out on the highway! If I was going to Baghdad, why not buy a ticket that would take me there? Finally, I got what I wanted. I left the bus at the check station on the edge of town. The police helped me get a ride with a truck carrying empty boxes to Amman, the capital of Jordan.

We reached the Syrian border at eight-fifteen only to be told that trucks were not allowed through after eight o'clock at night. I wasn't able to accept the sad news quite as philosophically as the truckman, but there wasn't much that could be done about it. I took out my veal cutlet sandwich and had my supper.

I wasn't praying at the time, but if I had, my prayers would have been answered. A brand-new Ford sedan came speeding up to the border station. Hopefully, I ran to the car and asked if anyone spoke English.

"Well, old man, I should hope to say we do," was the welcome sound that came from the back seat. The owner of the English voice was the tutor of the young boy who sat next to him. The boy's father, who was driving the car, spoke a little. I explained that I was going to Baghdad and I wanted to get to Mafraq (the western end of the highway, which crosses the Syrian desert). He said he would be pleased to have me along. After settling down to the maximum speed the road would allow, we discussed the state of the world. Mr. Naamer was formerly of Israel. As an Arab, he had left the Jewish state because he feared for the safety of his family. Now, he and his wife and two children lived in the new Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan where they were safe and happy.

He was the manager of an oil company, and apparently a "wheel" in Jordan. He claimed that the new little country had a great future, and as soon as their new refinery and pipeline was in operation, everyone would be rich. For his countrymen's sake, I hope he was right—they have a long way to go!

Before leaving home I had been told that I wouldn't need a Jordan visa; I could get a transit permit at the border. The border captain assured me that I certainly did need a visa, and Beirut was the nearest place I could get it. I had

no intention of going back to Beirut; traveling was difficult enough without backtracking two days.

I tried flattery: everyone had told me how nice the Jordan customs men were. This only prompted him to point out how nice he had been to the others who *had* their visas, and he promised to be just as nice to me as soon as I acquired one. I told him that I had been in fifty-four countries, and Jordan was the first one that had refused to let me in; I asked him how he thought that would sound to my fellow Americans. This seemed to worry him. Like most countries, they, too, want the good opinion of America.

He backed down a little and explained that he was afraid I might be either a Jew or a Communist. He would take my word that I wasn't a Communist and if I had papers to prove I was a Christian, he would issue me a special permit to travel as far as Mafrag. I explained that in America we do not have to prove our faith, and don't carry religious documents around with us. At last he decided that if I were to allow him to seize my passport, he would allow me to proceed to the capital for higher questioning. Naturally, I agreed. He wrote a report, then sealed it and my passport in an envelope, and gave it to Mr. Naamer to deliver to the immigration officials in Amman.

The two-hour ride was rather quiet. I could see my host was nervous at the very thought of transporting an enemy of the state. I'm sure that was the reason he did not ask me to be a guest in his home. At that hour of the night, and without a passport, I couldn't get any place to sleep, so he said I could sleep in his garage.

I was sorry to have caused him any anxiety, and apologized as best I could. I went into exile for the night, curled up in the biggest of his three cars, and went to sleep.

An Amman Sunday

I got up (out of the car) early, washed, shaved, and caught a ride into the center of the whitewashed capital. It was Sunday and Amman was bustling with activity. (Friday is the Moslem day of rest.)

I was so hungry that I had started to get a headache. Unfortunately, I didn't have a single Jordanite coin. There wasn't a bank in sight, but a nice little restaurant was right across the street. I went in and showing the proprietor a one-dollar bill, indicated I would like to do business with him. He wasn't in the least bit interested. There were only three tables occupied; I addressed them, asking if anyone spoke English. One of the men looked up in surprise.

"Are you an American?" he answered me. I went over to his table. He was an engineer and had worked with many of the American engineers who had been imported into Jordan. He was definitely pro-US, and had the greatest respect for our industry.

"If all you Americans work as hard as your engineers did here, you must have quite a country." I admitted we did.

He had just ordered his breakfast and asked me to join him. I confessed my money predicament.

"I meant for you to be my guest!" That's what I had thought, but I wanted to make sure.

By the time I got back to the house, Mr. Naamer was awake and worried by my disappearance. He was relieved to see me and immediately instructed one of his men to take me and my sealed passport to the Immigration Department.

After a great many questions, the immigration men decided I was neither a Jew nor a Communist. I could have a visa. As a transit visa could only be obtained outside of the country, I would have to buy a regular one for \$10! I said I didn't have \$10, so naturally, I couldn't buy one. We had

come to an impasse. They made some phone calls, took away all my papers, and told me to wait. Eventually I was ushered into the office of Mr. Rifaf Mufty, chief of the department. He apologized profusely for the questioning to which I had been subjected, and explained that they had to be very careful of spies and smugglers, and it *was* a little odd to be carrying only one piece of luggage, and *that* partly filled with little envelopes of dirt. My papers were all neatly laid out in front of him. Happily, he had read and understood the letter which Pfizer's had given me for just such an emergency. He gave me a visa as a gift of the country, wished me a pleasant stay, and good fortune on my journey. Then he went back to what I hope were more important matters of state.

After hearing of the outcome of my interrogation, Mr. Naamer was much relaxed, and offered to help me in any way he could. He even called the king of Jordan, and tried to arrange an audience for me. Unfortunately, the king was asleep, but his chamberlain said I could have an appointment at eight o'clock the next morning. It was then one-thirty in the afternoon, and I was anxious to get about my business, so I turned down the invitation to meet the king.

One of Mr. Naamer's oil trucks was going back to the crossroads; I hopped aboard.

There is an R.A.F. base at Mafraq; just as the truck was approaching the base, I saw a plane take off and head east. I hiked over to the base to ask if there were any more flights going out that day. From Mafraq to Baghdad there is nothing but desert; I figured I wouldn't miss much if I flew over it.

The British boys were a little astonished to have one of their American cousins walk in on them; especially when they learned the circumstances of my being there. The plane that had just taken off was half empty; if I'd been there ten minutes earlier I could have had a free ride. By air it was only two

hours to Baghdad, but there wasn't going to be another flight for at least three or four days.

The boys enjoyed themselves by bending my ear with their gripes about being stationed in such a "bloody" place. While I was in the service I had never done anything half so rigorous as my self-imposed, round-the-world job, but I couldn't help being awfully glad that I wasn't wearing a uniform and could come and go *pretty much* as I pleased.

By the time I left I had picked up an English accent and the boys had loaded me down with sandwiches, candy, and cigarettes. The CO let a couple of the enlisted men use his car to drive me back to the highway. I am sure the time I spent with the R.A.F. was more enjoyable than an audience with the king would have been.

A half-hour later a big diesel truck came down the highway. The driver said he would be glad to have me along, but warned it would take two days by truck. The boys claimed that I was lucky to get a ride so quickly and they advised me to take it. Some days not one car or truck would go through. I climbed aboard. At least I would be moving.

As the truck took off, the English boys yelled their "cheerios." It had been two hours since I had seen the plane take to the sky. It was landing in Baghdad, and I was just starting a two-day trip across the boiling Syrian desert. The way things worked out, missing the plane was one of the best things that happened to me.

Beau Geste Revisited

After dragging along for thirty miles, we came to an army control station. There was a barrier across the road and six guards armed with machine guns. They wore bright red robes, white turbans, and in their belts they carried silver knives. Across their chests ammunition belts hung heavy with steel. It was a scene right out of "Beau Geste."

Nothing could have been any worse than traveling in that hot slow-motion truck, and certainly it would be an interesting place to wait until a better ride came along. They were quite surprised by my request to stay with them, but they made obvious signs of welcome. Without the least misgiving I waved farewell to the oil truck.

What an atmosphere! I shall never forget it as long as I live. The horizon had just started to swallow the fiery sun. Red, orange, and yellow jumbled in the heat waves and streaked across the darkening sand. As far as the eye could see, only the flat, hot sand of the desert, a few scattered rocks making it look more like a surrealist painting than anything of nature.

The crimson soldiers of the Jordan Army lay idly on their thick straw mats. Some chanted strange songs; others smoked and studied the unbroken distance. One, separated from the group, knelt in prayer. An oasis of tiny sounds in a land of silence.

They invited me to share their evening meal; I looked into the kitchen tent to see if the food would be safe for my Western stomach. So as not to offend, I would have eaten with them no matter what they served, but seeing that it was being boiled, I could relax and enjoy it. In spite of the way the food looked, it was quite good. As far as I know, it was tomatoes, boiled in goat's milk. The whole meal was in one big bowl, and everyone sat in a circle and scooped it up with long pieces of native bread (*khubuz*). There were no knives or forks. In fact, the only eating implement was a spoon which they used to stir their very hot tea.

By eight o'clock it was dark. I unrolled my sleeping bag near their mats and started to get ready for bed. Then, far off on the horizon, I saw a light.

Before long the single light became two headlights. It was coming on so fast that I knew it was an automobile. It had

to stop at the control station; I rolled up my sleeping bag and got my stuff over to the road barrier. On the Syrian desert transportation isn't the easiest thing to come by, and a car is a lot faster and more comfortable than a truck.

As soon as it pulled up (it was another Ford), I stuck my head in and asked if anyone spoke English or French. I got answers in both, plus Italian, German, Turkish, and Arabic! They were certainly a linguistic bunch.

The car was going to Baghdad, but there were already five in the car; they were on a hunting trip and had all their equipment tied to the top of the car; furthermore, all four tires were down to the fabric. They apologized that it would be impossible to take me. They didn't have to explain; I could see for myself, but it didn't lessen my disappointment at missing a fast ride. I was starting to unroll my sleeping bag again when the driver called me back. He and his friends had talked it over and if I'd like, they would take me to "H-5."

There are five pumping stations between Mafraq and Baghdad. Three of them are on the highway; H-5, H-4, and H-3. (H stands for Haifa.) H-5 and H-4 are in Jordan, and H-3 is in Iraq. He explained that inspection crews went by the pumps every day, and I'd be able to get a ride more easily. It was 75 miles closer to Baghdad; I very happily accepted their offer. I said farewell to the glamor boys, piled my bag on top of the car, and squeezed in.

All five of them were government employees in their native Lebanon. They were off on a holiday to hunt gazelles.

They claimed to like America and Americans with the exception of the Jews, which unfortunately, was all too prevalent throughout the Arabic countries. By sticking to American sports (which greatly interested them), I was able to keep off the recognition of Israel, *etc. etc.* It wasn't hard to see that their prejudice was strong enough to last a lifetime.

We arrived at H-5 at about ten o'clock. The captain in

charge of the station there was very curious as to what an American was doing out in the middle of his desert. Apparently it had never happened before, and he was at a loss to know what procedure to follow. The Lebanese had invited me to continue with them (putting the bad tires in the hands of Allah), but the captain had to have some time to study the situation—I would have to stay behind. The guards were especially accommodating and fixed me a bed in the guard-house. They assured me that as soon as my papers were examined I would be free to go; that is, when and if another car came through. That night I slept, not under the stars, but under a rather fragrant sheepskin blanket.

My Favorite Arrest

In the morning everyone greeted me with a smile. My papers were in perfect order. As none of them could read English I don't know how they worked it out, but I didn't argue. They fed me figs, oranges, and tea for breakfast, and not too long afterward, a pickup truck came through. It took me another 70 miles to H-4.

Amazement—suspicion—arrest. It was getting to be an old story. The captain at H-4 spoke perfect English and consequently had a larger vocabulary to be suspicious with. I have never seen anyone quite so worried as that captain. People just did not get off a pickup truck in the middle of the desert!

It was the last control station in Jordan. Once I left there, I would be in Iraq. Before I left his area of command, the captain was going to make sure I wasn't a spy, a Jew, or both. He beat around the bush for almost four hours, asking all sorts of strange questions. Everything I wore and carried was minutely inspected.

Once I almost made a slip. He pretended that the questioning was over, and cordially offered me something to eat. Almost before I could accept, a plate of meat was put before

me. It was pork! I was about to politely refuse, when I realized that it was another question: whether or not I would eat pork. It was either trichinosis, or a bullet through my head. I decided to take my chances with the germs. I ate the meat with greater relish than it deserved. I am not familiar with the behavior of Jewish spies, but I doubt if any of them would be foolish enough to refuse pork under the same circumstances.

The pork incident closed the interrogation; the captain had decided my travel through Jordan was legitimate. Immediately everyone was extremely friendly, and begged me to make their headquarters my own. I am certain that if they had found the least evidence that I was a spy, or a Jew, they would have "liquidated" me without a moment's hesitation.

If anyone of the Jewish faith wanted to commit suicide, I can think of no more novel way of doing it than to travel through that particular part of the world.

What was left of the morning I spent collecting soil samples.

After having lunch with the guards, one of them invited me to go gazelle-hunting. We went in a jeep, and saw several of them, but couldn't even get close. They can run 50 to 60 miles an hour. Fortunately for the gazelle, jeeps have to slow down for bumps. It isn't considered sporting to shoot a gazelle if it can outrun your car, unless they should run into the hills; then it is all right to use a gun. On the flat sands, you chase them until they fall from exhaustion, at which point, you are supposed to jump from the car and kill the animal with a knife.

The guard told me that there is nothing more pitiful than a fallen gazelle, for it cries huge tears as if pleading for its life. Many hunters cannot approach the animal for the kill; they leave that sad business for their gun-bearer. After I

heard this story, I lost all my interest in the hunt. Shooting with a camera is enough sport for me.

On the way back from the hunt I spied a three-camel caravan; the driver went over so I could have a closer look. The Nomads were hardly what could be called "romantic-looking"; they seemed only slightly less moth-eaten than their camels.

Back at the station I took advantage of the hot sun and washed everything I owned.

Late in the afternoon, a bus came through the station. It would take twenty-four hours to get to Baghdad, and cost \$2.50. Having lost a full day, I was tempted to take it, but I had a strong hunch that a car would be coming through. I decided to hold out; a car would make the trip in half the time—but more important, \$2.50 cheaper!

I was sitting in the guardhouse writing a letter home. Only half of the sun was left between day and night. One of the guards came running in and excitedly motioned for me to follow him. On the horizon, I saw not one, but fourteen cars racing toward us at what seemed an incredible speed. What a sight it was after not seeing even one car in fifteen hours!

All the guards came out to take care of such a big caravan. Then, as the cars came into the station, the guards suddenly drew themselves to attention.

It was the convoy of the prince of Iraq. My education in royal protocol is sadly wanting, but knowing that princes are human beings, too, I figured I couldn't go far wrong if I treated him like one. I started toward his car but was immediately intercepted by one of his entourage. I explained that I wished to ask His Highness for a ride to Baghdad. The prince, seeing my foreign face, asked his aide what I wanted. After some conversation in Arabic (I think) I was informed that His Highness had graciously consented to my request. All the

cars were air-conditioned and I got in one that had an empty back seat.

Within two or three minutes the convoy started again. I was only able to wave my thanks to my Jordan friends. Of course, the prince of Iraq should have had a caravan of camels and striped silk tents. I was just as happy to be disillusioned. American Cadillacs are pretty glamorous, too, and they make much better time.

I would be in Baghdad in ten hours, instead of twenty-four by bus, or thirty to thirty-five by truck. The day I had lost would be made up in one ride. I felt much better.

The prince was a very distinguished, black-bearded man, completely dressed in black; his wealth obviously matched his title. One of the men in the front seat spoke French, and he informed me that His Highness had been vacationing in Beirut and was now returning to his domain in the south of Iraq.

It was very exciting to go roaring across the desert. The caravan stopped at every station, sometimes long enough for a cup of tea, which was served to everyone (including me) with great deference. I amused myself by pretending that it was really *my* caravan and the prince was just a "front" to keep me from being bothered.

At the Iraq frontier everyone's passport was checked (except the prince's). There had been a mistake made on the Iraq visa I had gotten in New York—it had expired. As it was written in Arabic I didn't know the difference. As a member of the prince's party, they wrote me a special permit to enter. Had I been with anyone else I undoubtedly would have been held at the border until the State Department of Iraq had issued me another visa.

Before we left the frontier, I saw the five men from Lebanon who had given me the ride between H-4 and H-5. Their fear of having a blowout had been well founded. All

four of the tires had blown, and the men were sick with fatigue. The car was on the back of a truck and it was taking them into Baghdad. Fate, in the guise of a suspicious army captain had saved me, and I would be at my destination a long time before these men who had left a whole day ahead of me.

You Wouldn't Believe Baghdad

The caravan raced into Baghdad early in the morning. At an oasis on the outskirts of the city we were joined by a police escort. The city stopped as we whizzed through. In the center of town, the car I was in pulled over to the curb. I jumped out. Before I could request that my grateful thanks be given to the prince, the car dashed off after the rest of the caravan. In all my twenty-six years, it was the high spot of my hitchhiking career; I have little doubt that it will always keep that dubious distinction.

In spite of its Arabian Nights fame, Baghdad doesn't add up to much. Obviously it has changed a lot since its days of glory. It is surprisingly modern and quite clean. With a very few changes it could pass for a Midwestern city in the US.

The donkey is an important item in Iraq and when farmers bring their produce into town, they walk their animals on the sidewalk; in the street an automobile might hit them. A very sensible idea.

In the middle of the city there is a large department store. I didn't like the idea of such an establishment in Aladdin's City but it came in handy—I needed a refill for my ball-point pen. In New York it would have cost twenty-five cents, but there it cost sixty. For once, something cost more than at home.

The American Consulate building is new and quite beautiful, but its Southern-plantation architecture did seem a little odd there. As always the people at the consulate treated me

wonderfully well; I was offered both a ride in the next diplomatic car to Teheran and a place to stay. The car wasn't going for several days, so I declined that offer; but I was amenable to accepting a night's lodging. After I hinted that my soil samples and a stack of letters were beginning to take up a lot of room, they very kindly offered to send them back for me. I went to the Embassy Guard's house, where I was to stay, got cleaned up, and slept for a couple of hours. I had to go to the police station to get my exit visa to leave the country. While I was getting my papers together I remembered that I had put my Syrian desert earth samples in the side pocket of my knapsack. I found an old shoe box in the closet and put the samples in it, intending to drop them off at the consulate before I went to the police station. On the way, one of my shoelaces broke. As it was about the sixth time, I decided to invest in a new pair. Nearby there was a sidewalk shoe-repair shop; I made my purchase and sat down on the curb to change them. Just as I had finished taking my old laces out, I felt that there was someone in back of me. I looked up just in time to see a shabbily dressed man about ten feet away. When he saw me look around, he started running down the street as fast as his legs would carry him. I was puzzled until I looked down and saw that my box of dirt was gone. I was furious at that time, but I can't help but laugh every time I imagine that man's consternation when he opened the box.

The police were very curious about my odd traveling status. They asked me a great many questions, but with the greatest courtesy, and they even treated me to two Coca-Colas during the interview.

I had heard stories about how dangerous and foolhardy it was for English and Americans to go into Iran. The police of Baghdad did little to quiet my growing fears. As far as taking pictures was concerned, that would be impossible. The customs sealed all cameras and film that entered the country

and if the seals weren't in order when leaving, the camera and film would be confiscated.

Detouring the country would take me a long way out of the way and undoubtedly defeat my whole project. So far the citizens of every country had treated me with great kindness; I decided that the Persians couldn't be very different, and until such time that events proved otherwise, I would follow my original route.

Trying to hitchhike across the border might be asking for trouble, so I made the rounds of the bus companies. In exchange for a ticket to Teheran, I took some pictures of the president, surrounded by his business associates.

It was the next noon when I left Baghdad. The bus arrived at the border at eight, where it stayed for the night. The bus company president had thoughtfully called their representative and told him to take care of me. They had been very pleasant while I had taken their picture, but I never expected such courtesy. I highly recommend the Iraq Express Transportation Company! The representative was a sweet, roly-poly fellow of about three hundred pounds. He spoke English fairly well and scolded me for not getting enough rest and enough to eat. He tried to remedy the situation by feeding me a huge dinner and then sending me to bed with the instructions to have a good night's rest.

At 5:30 A.M. the local Iraqi roosters sounded a lot more cheerful than I felt. But the bus was leaving at six-thirty and my host insisted that I have a good breakfast, which I did. Had I stayed there for just a few more meals I'm sure he would have put back all my lost weight.

Picnic in Iran

The bus left almost on time—eight o'clock. But it gave me time to collect some dirt, and to try and repay my host, and the company, with pictures of both him and the bus.

Bus business in Asia is quite different than in the States. There, a bus usually has a crew of three: a driver, a mechanic in case the bus breaks down (they often did), and a man to keep the driver awake and collect fares from passengers picked up en route. They are supposed to have fixed rates, but I never saw anyone pay the asking price; that is only where the bargaining starts. Sometimes, there is a fourth man in the crew. He is the owner, and goes along to make sure the other three are not cheating him out of his fares. You would think that as long as they had three or four men in the crew, at least two of them would take turns driving. I never knew it to happen. When the driver got too tired to drive, he would pull to the side of the road and the passengers would just have to wait until he was ready to go again.

As the bus crossed into Iran, I took a deep breath and kept repeating to myself, "Project friendship and friendship will be returned!"

At Khosroul we all got out of the bus and filed into the Iranian customs. In Jordan, I hadn't been happy listening to things said about Jewish people, and I was just as sad to hear the bitterness against the English. Under the circumstances, I hardly had the time to wage a one-man campaign against such deep-rooted prejudices. In Baghdad, on good advice, I learned one Persian sentence: "*Men Englisha nestern.*" ("I am not English.") I was soon to learn these three Persian words were going to do me more good than I imagined. It was a sort of open sesame; coming from the mouth of a person who obviously knew no Persian, it brought forth great guffaws, and once a person laughed, it was hard for them to be difficult about the fact that I was an American. How many prejudices can a person confess? I knew that anything I could do to make someone laugh or smile was to my advantage.

After finding who the most important customs man was, I went to him and inquired if he spoke French; fortunately, he

did. Abundant with smiles and pats on the back, I presented my papers to him. I quickly steered the conversation to the terrible stories I had been hearing about the country of Iran. I asked him if it were really true that I was in danger of being robbed, beaten, or even killed in his country. He replied that he bet the blank-blank English had told me those stories.

"Oh, no, I've heard it from everyone," I assured him with innocent truth. He was furious, as I thought he might be, and called the other customs guards over and repeated, I suppose, all the things I had told him. From then on, they bent over backwards to disprove the uncomplimentary stories. He assured me that it wouldn't even be necessary to open my knapsack; consequently, I got my camera into the country without having it sealed. He didn't ask me if I had one, and I saw no reason to volunteer the information. No matter what might happen to me once inside Iran, I certainly couldn't complain about my entrance. It was the friendliest customs I had ever gone through.

As the passengers were getting back on the bus, the French-speaking Persian* promised me that I would be as safe in Iran as I would be in New York City. I can't say *that* reassured me very much.

Just as I was stepping aboard, a brand new Chevrolet pulled into the station. I stepped down from the bus. There was a going-to-Teheran look about it which needed investigation. I knew a car could make the trip in one day, whereas the bus would take two. There were two very attractive women in the car, and the man who was driving spoke perfect English. As a colonel in the Iranian Army, he had trained at Fort Leavenworth during the war. I told him that I was on my way to Teheran, and that busses were not my favorite mode of transportation. I showed him my international driver's license and offered to share the driving.

* Persia and Iran are used in the same way we use USA and America.

Figuring that such a circumstance might arise, I had obtained an international driver's license from the AAA before I left the States. It is a license which permits the owner to drive a car legally through some sixty-odd countries. It is a wonderful thing to have, for it does away with the necessity of getting a new permit for each country.

As it was a long pull to Teheran (and neither of the women could drive), the colonel was delighted with the prospect.

By that time, the bus crew was screaming at me to get on the bus. They were waiting to take off. For the first and last time on my journey, a bus crew actually seemed in a hurry.

I retrieved my bag and got in with the colonel and his two ladies. One was his wife and the other her sister. Both the women had a background of schools in France, so we had no trouble with language.

The first 300 miles, including some bad mountain roads, we covered in seven hours, which is considered fast. During this leg of the trip, we stopped and ate a picnic lunch. Picture the scene: on green grass, under shade trees and next to a cool bubbling brook—it would have fit into any American photo album. The car and portable radio were both made in the US and we had cold, fried chicken and Coca-Cola from a thermos. It was a striking example of how our way of life has affected lives on the other side of the world. If we could somehow put such working examples of our peaceful efforts into the lives of the poorer people, we would have a lot less trouble in winning the hearts of Asia.

After washing in the brook, we were on our way again. We passed what few trucks and busses there were with ease. It wasn't difficult, for they were only averaging about twenty-five miles an hour while we were doing better than fifty.

Until we arrived in Hamadan that evening the colonel discussed the British; to say he was bitter against them would be a monumental understatement. As an educated man, in an

almost illiterate country, his views probably carried a good deal of weight. As the new leading nation of the world, we might well learn how Britain made its blunders, and with knowledge, steer another course. If nothing else, history should instruct us, if not against all mistakes, at least against the same ones! According to the colonel we are apt students in making those same mistakes.

We checked into the town's one and only hotel. I kept myself busy and away from the desk until the others had registered and gone to their rooms. Then I bargained with the clerk until I got the best rate I could for the cheapest room. We had eaten so much for lunch that we only had a light supper of rice with butter sauce, fruit, and, of course, cups of the inevitable tea.

The colonel had found my driving satisfactory and I had been behind the wheel most of the day; I was glad to get to bed early.

I had four weeks behind me; the fourth was the best by far—I had spent only \$2.90, which brought my average down to \$1.27 a day. My balance was \$44.30.

★ *The Fifth Week*



Teheran

The colonel insisted on paying my bill, so the bargaining of the previous evening was wasted. When the clerk saw the colonel was paying, he put the room back to its original price.

The traffic to the capital was a little heavier than the day before, but still we passed less than a dozen cars. They drove me to the American Consulate where we said our good-bys. In spite of their disquieting conversation about our British allies, they were very pleasant traveling companions. I was grateful for the kindness they had shown me.

It was half-past twelve. The vice consul told me that the government offices were closing at two o'clock. If I was going to get my permit to travel through the country I would have to rush. He assigned one of the native office workers to be my guide and we practically ran to the permit office. In Asia

no one is in any particular hurry; if I could get my permit in an hour and a half, I could consider myself lucky. I thought it might be a good time to try a bit of exaggeration.

I told the man in charge that I had already fallen in love with Persia and was amazed at the efficiency of its people. As long as the Iranian horror stories had worked so well at the customs, I tried them, too. He was a little startled at the barrage of information, but he, like the customs men, was on his mettle. As soon as he had sent someone out to get us tea and cookies, he immediately started making out the necessary forms. They were completed in ten minutes. That was the fastest I had ever had *anything* done before.

My Persian guide was the most surprised boy you could possibly imagine. Afterwards, while we were having the tea and cookies, I made a big point about how impressed I was with the speed in which he had made out the permits. This time I wasn't exaggerating.

My guide's name was Hooshang. He was an admirable young man of eighteen and he knew just the right places to get the best money rate. I left my knapsack at his father's candy store, and he led me through some narrow winding streets until we were in the seamier part of the city. Persian money is in rials; in Switzerland I had gotten 60 of them for \$1; in Teheran the legal rate was 40, the black market 80. I knew that I would be spending at least \$10, so I bought 800 of them. I took Hooshang to lunch in what would be comparable to a nice delicatessen at home. The bill was 80 rials for the two of us.

I had promised the efficient travel permit man that I would visit the National Museum, which he had highly recommended. After lunch I kept my promise. Knowing that people are fundamentally the same the world over, I wasn't surprised to learn that Hooshang had never been inside the place. It is an especially interesting museum; many of the

objects dated back to the most ancient Egyptian civilizations. The Persian rugs on display were, without doubt, the most beautiful I had ever seen. Museums certainly have their place, and I don't underestimate the education and enjoyment that can be found in their quiet rooms, but to me, visiting a country is seeing its people, hearing their sounds, touching, smelling, tasting. After a quick tour, we went back to the living city.

Teheran is quite clean, and boasts many new buildings. It was by far the nicest-looking city I had seen since Ankara, Turkey. They should encourage the taking of photographs, rather than prohibit them. I was taking a picture of a very innocent-looking government building when Hooshang saw a policeman about half a block away. He had seen what I was doing and had started running toward us. A taxi was coming down the street. I ran out in front of it and it skidded to a stop. We jumped in and made our getaway around the first corner. I looked back and saw the cop writing down the license number. I didn't quite see how that was going to do any good.

Teheran was under martial law; soldiers with rifles and machine guns were everywhere. Although many people had looked at me with suspicion, and in spite of the tension that hung in the air, by nightfall, I had lost most of the fear and trepidation I had brought with me into the country.

Hooshang left me to go back to the consul for night duty.

My cold had finally left me. Being in good spirits, I decided to indulge in some Persian entertainment. The first show I saw gave me a very bad impression of the Persian theater. As far as I could make out, it was a sort of musical. The manager had given me a seat in the first row, and I felt I had to stay for the complete two hours of singing, dancing, and "jokes." After that was over, it was still early enough to go to another show. At the second theater, they were present-

ing a classic Persian play. I promised myself that I would walk out if it wasn't better than the first one. Once again, when I told the manager my circumstances, I landed in the first row. This time I didn't mind. It was completely fascinating.

I am sure that I saw the worst, and best, shows in Iran; it made for a very interesting evening.

The play finished a few minutes before eleven. I had just enough time to meet Hooshang after he finished work. He took me to his family's house to spend the night. By the time we arrived, they had already retired. The entire family slept together in one big sleeping room. It was a large family, and each one lay on an individual rug. The fire in the center of the room was like the hub of a wheel, and they all lay with their feet toward the fire, and their heads away from it, like spokes in a wheel. As it was such an intimate arrangement, I didn't feel I should become a spoke, especially when I hadn't even met them. I used my sleeping bag and slept in a corner.

Hooshang woke me the next morning, and we left the house before anyone was awake. Though I had slept with them, I never had the pleasure of meeting them.

I had planned to get on the road early, but by the time I had shopped for a few supplies (food) and explored a few interesting shops, it was two in the afternoon. I found an English-speaking taxi driver and bargained with him to drive me to the edge of town for twenty-five cents.

Just after the cab left the center of town, the streets became more and more crowded with people; they were acting very strangely, as if they were going to a fire or something. Before long, it was quite obvious what was going on—a riot was in the making.

My first impulse was to get my camera set and jump out into the middle of it. I didn't have to warm up many of my brain cells to know that this was a sure way to self-destruction.

When the cab driver started to detour the trouble area, I didn't argue with him. He told me there had been so many riots in recent months that no one bothered to count them any more. In this same section, only the week before, there had been twelve men killed and two hundred fifty wounded. The cabbie volunteered his opinion that most of the riots were inspired by the Communists. Before we got out of the area, truckloads of soldiers went racing past us into the local battle. I never heard whether it developed into a major riot, but I saw enough to know it wasn't going to be a picnic.

The Easy Hitch to Veramin

I hadn't been waiting long before a little English Hillman Minx came along and picked me up. It was the first car that had come by since I had left the taxi; I considered myself very lucky.

There were four men in the car. They were plasterers on their way home from work, and they were covered with the evidence of their trade. After crossing a small desert, we arrived in Veramin, the little town where they lived. I got out, and as I was thanking them for the ride, a policeman came up and arrested me. As I started away with him, the driver of the car started crying for his 50 rials. I was shocked at being asked to pay for the lift. I later learned there is no such thing as a hitch for free in Iran. There are pretty well-established rates depending on the distance. Apparently the distance I had traveled with the plasterers was 50 rials. We settled the fare with a pack of cigarettes.

I was getting quite used to being arrested; I was curious to see how my first Persian arrest would compare with the others. It compared quite well—the chief intended to keep me overnight. My Teheran permit was in perfect order; I couldn't possibly see any reason for my detention.

Remembering that I was an unofficial ambassador, I con-

trolled myself. Smiling, I went through my stack of papers again. I knew he couldn't read them; but I thought the impressive-looking letterheads might eventually get through to him. At last, the chief was impressed enough to remember that there was a young boy in town who spoke a little French; he sent for him.

The boy's French was adequate enough to discuss the situation. I had been told by many people, including the Persians themselves, that one thing they cannot tolerate is criticism. Their philosophy is, if you can't say something good, don't say anything. As I was taking a long time getting nowhere, I decided to see if this information might do some good. Shaking my head, and feigning sympathy, I explained to the interpreter that I would have to send a very bad report to the police headquarters in the capital. They would be very interested to hear how their official permit had not been honored. The man in charge appeared not to have heard the boy when he translated my threat. He asked to see my passport again. After examining it with efficiency and wisdom, he O.K.'d it so I could continue. He handed the passport back as if our lengthy discussion had never happened.

With his arm around my shoulder, he walked me to the door and shook my hand. I smiled, but I must confess I wasn't smiling *with* him.

The entire village was waiting outside the police station; news of my arrival had traveled fast. I searched the sea of silent faces trying to decide their mood; they only stared, enigmatically. The village boasted of only a half-dozen buildings, one of which looked as if it might be a sort of hotel. I lifted my knapsack to my shoulders and started toward it. The crowd separated just enough to permit me to pass. Not until I was inside the building did they make a sound; then it seemed that they all started talking at once.

Although it was still light outside, inside the building it

was practically black. The proprietor approached me cautiously; I shook my head and he retreated back into the darkness. I took a place next to a window and watched the road, hoping some kind of transportation would appear before nightfall.

It was almost dark outside when I saw a truck coming. I waited until it was almost up to the hotel before I ran out. Planting myself in the middle of the highway, I waved the truck to a stop before most of the mob knew I had left my hiding place. Not until the truck started moving did I realize that the villagers meant me no harm. They shouted and waved good-by. Had I known their interest was only curiosity, my stay in Veramin would have been a happier one.

After five hours (a fast 120 miles), the truck stopped and the driver indicated that he was going to turn off the highway. After saying something in Persian, he pointed to a light in the distance; I assumed he was telling me that there was a town up ahead. We settled the fare for 25 rials and one pack of cigarettes. I got down from the truck and started for the light.

It turned out to be a fire burning next to the road. Four men crouched around it; they looked as if they would cut your throat just for the fun of it. But, in answer to my smile, they revealed their black, opium-stained teeth. Somewhat reassured, I sat down. One of them graciously offered me the opium pipe they were sharing. I was flattered, of course, but it did give me quite a turn. I refused, and pantomimed that I was very tired and wished to find a place to sleep. They nodded their understanding and pointed into the darkness.

After stumbling down the "road" a hundred feet or so, I saw a tiny light, and presently found myself in another "hotel"—it would have made an American flophouse seem luxurious. The only illumination was a small open fire burning in the middle of the public room. The area around the fire was

crowded with wooden sleeping platforms, most of which were occupied with ragged Persians. The establishment also had a few single rooms for the more affluent guests, and as they were only 30 rials (twenty-five cents), I decided to splurge. The manager brought me a mattress (a threadbare Persian rug). I rolled out my sleeping bag and crawled in.

I was just about unconscious when a small sound opened my eyes. Outside, the moon had broken through the clouds; silhouetted in the window were two men looking in at me! I let out a yell and they disappeared. I took my stuff back to the public room, got a refund, and found a place (ten cents) amongst the snoring citizens of Iran. The air was foul, but at least I felt relatively safe.

Death and Russia—Almost

At five-thirty in the morning, I awakened with the worst stomach ache I had ever known.

I had been fanatically careful about everything I had eaten and drunk. But I had slipped up somewhere. I went outside and was very sick. I was sure I was dying, and wished desperately to be home. I cursed the day I had thought of going around the world on \$80!

Two hours later a fairly recent Ford came down the highway. I was still at death's door, but I would rather die in an American automobile than in that desolate village. I managed enough strength to flag him. He was going 125 miles and wanted 180 rials. For once, I didn't bargain. Why worry about money—I would be dead before the day was over.

The car stopped many times to pick up and discharge passengers. It wasn't too often for me. Every time the car stopped, I allowed my stomach to take charge. It was funny, but every time I got out of the car, sick as I was, I always picked up a bit of dirt. Collecting samples had become second nature.

By the end of that lift, a faint glimmer of hope had returned to my aching body; I might possibly live after all. I still might have need for what remained of my fortune, so I settled the account for two packs of cigarettes, instead of 180 rials.

Ten hours, three arrests, \$1's worth of rials and twenty-seven cigarettes later, I arrived in Meshed. I had eaten nothing all day but tea and some oranges; besides feeling a little weak, I was all right again.

The last ride had been in a jeep. The driver was an engineer and spoke some English; he was going on to the village of Sarakhs. When I discovered it was on the Russian border, I begged the man to take me with him. I had a telephoto lens with me, and thought I might be able to get some pictures of the Russian border guards. He said I could go along. It was seven-thirty in the evening when we arrived in Meshed and we took off immediately for the border.

The main occupation of Persia seems to be drinking *chia* (tea), and we stopped at practically every house along the way. He was going to stay overnight in Sarakhs with friends, and was sure that I could stay there, too. It was working out perfectly; I would be able to take my pictures early in the morning, and be back in Meshed before noon. We were traveling through a restricted area, but everyone knew him, and the jeep wasn't stopped once.

In Sarakhs, we checked in at the local police station. I got the surprise of my life—they were *expecting me!*

As far as I knew, the driver and I were the only ones who knew about my little side trip, but the Sarakhs police had a telegraph message from across the Tedzhen River on the Russian side of the border. The Russian border guards wanted to know what an American was doing there! The Persian police asked me for my special permit to be in the territory. Of course, I had none. My friend explained that I had only come

for the ride, and would be returning to Meshed the first thing in the morning. The officer called Meshed, and was instructed that I must return at once! How the Reds got this information, I'll never know. The only thing I could figure out was that a Communist agent had been in one of the places where we stopped for tea, and he had radioed them the information. Although my friend had a permit to be in the area, the order from Meshed rather frightened him. He drove me all the way back. The Meshed police took my passport and travel permits and told me to report back in the morning.

There is an American hospital in Meshed, and I got permission from the Persian night supervisor to stay there.

Men Englisha Nestern

After six hours' sleep, I went back to the police station. I wanted to get my current entanglement settled as quickly as possible. The police were very sorry to inconvenience me, but they had to ask me some questions. This bit of information came as no surprise whatsoever. During the night they had somehow come to the conclusion I was trying to escape into Russia. After I pointed out my visas to Pakistan and India, they changed their minds. After all my experiences, the dozens of routine questions were a cinch. They returned my papers and suggested it would be a fine idea if I stayed away from the Russian border. I agreed that their suggestion was an excellent one.

Back at the hospital I met Dr. Cohran and his fine wife. The doctor was the son of the first American doctor to practice in Meshed. He was born there, and is more Persian than American.

Mrs. Cohran took me to their home on the hospital grounds and fixed my breakfast. If it's true that cooks like to see people eat, I made Mrs. Cohran a very happy woman! Both she

and the doctor asked me to stay a few days with them. I would have liked nothing better than to rest for a while, but already I was a week behind my schedule and if I lost much more time I would be in danger of getting caught in India during the monsoon season. Not wanting to swim across India, I declined the offer.

Traffic between Meshed and Zahidan is practically nonexistent; I went to see about a bus. The weekly should have left the day before, but they were waiting until enough passengers had signed up to make the trip profitable. They figured it would leave late that afternoon, or early the next morning.

After lunch with the Cohrans, I went out to have a look at the city. The bazaar was very colorful. I started taking pictures of the various craftsmen at their work. I had taken one roll and had just started on my second when I felt a hand on my shoulder. Before the policeman got me out of the bazaar, a crowd had gathered, and some of them started shouting "*Englisha!*" at which I shouted back, "*Men Englisha nestern!*" ("I am not English!") There was quite a commotion! Half-way to the police station, my heart sank. I didn't have my passport with me. The day had been very warm, and it was at the hospital in my jacket.

Fortunately, the station I was taken to was different from the one I had visited that morning. After relieving me of my camera, the captain put me in the care of a two-guard escort, and I was driven back to the hospital. The guards didn't take their eyes off me for a second. In my pocket was the roll of exposed film and I didn't want to lose it.

In my room, I dropped a box of matches on a table across from the guards. Then I offered them a cigarette. As I went to get my passport, I pointed to the matches. One of them went for the matches. I tossed my passport to the other. My aim was unforgivably bad. When he turned to pick it up, I

slipped the film out of my pocket and dropped it into my open knapsack. We returned to the police station.

It was fortunate that my little cloak-and-dagger routine worked, for once back at the station, they gave me a thorough search. I lied that the only exposed film was in the camera. I removed the roll and gave it to them. After being warned not to take any more pictures, I was released from my second Meshed police station.

By the time I got back to the hospital, it was a little after five. A man was there to tell me that the bus was waiting for me. I grabbed my stuff and threw it in the waiting taxi. The doctor was working and his wife was out shopping. I was only able to scribble a quick note to thank them for their hospitality.

Down the Old Silk Road

The highway south to Zahidan is the "Old Silk Road." It is the same route that Marco Polo took on his trips to China. For Mr. Polo's sake, I hope the road was better then than it is now. It is probably the most dangerous stretch of country in the world (even the Persians admitted it!). From the days of Genghis Khan the desolate area has been a haunt for bandits; the only difference being they now use rifles and machine guns. Only two weeks before, a bus had been robbed and everyone killed. Any highwayman who is unlucky enough to be caught, can look forward to a most unique way of dying. He is locked in a steel cage which is neither wide enough to sit down in, nor high enough to stand up. The caged man is then left out in the boiling sun without food or water. His dying screams are supposed to be a warning to his fellow bandits to change their profession. One would think this would be a very effective way of dealing with the problem; apparently the brigands are a stubborn lot, for it's been going on for a good many centuries.

The ancient bus had four passengers and a crew of three. At least we had the crew outnumbered. There was plenty of room, and every inch of it was uncomfortable. I managed to sleep; fortunately, the nightmares I had weren't as bad as the actual ride.

The town of Birjand is the halfway point; it was supposed to take fourteen hours to get there. Thirty-two hours later, and still 60 miles to go, the bus stopped in the tiny village of Qain. The bus crew was tired, and transferred the four of us to a smaller bus. I traveled in a lot of dirty busses on the trip, but that one was absolutely in a class by itself. Part of it was loaded with grain; the rest, with the exception of eight seats for the human passengers, was filled with ducks, chickens, pigs, and even a goat. The smell I refused to believe!

While we were in Qain, I saw one of the strangest things of the whole trip. A man was lying prostrate, and from where I was standing he seemed to be kissing the ground; I walked over to investigate. He was smoking and using the strangest method I had ever seen or heard of. The poor man had fashioned a pipe on the ground, molding some mud into the shape of a pipe and using a piece of string for the stem (pulled out after the sun had baked it). Being made of mud, it would easily break, but as part of the earth it stayed together. Instead of raising the pipe to his mouth he had to lower his mouth to the pipe. It was hard to believe that any human could be so poor.

Even at four o'clock in the morning, the Birjand police were on hand to look at my passport and travel permits, but for a change, I wasn't escorted to the station. I went to the local hotel and engaged a spot in the main sleeping room, climbed into my sack, and slept until ten o'clock.

Dr. Cohran had promised to give me a note to a doctor friend of his in Birjand; because I had left so abruptly, I was unable to get it. It turned out that I didn't need the note. As

soon as I mentioned Dr. Fakober's name, someone went running to tell him that one of his foreign friends was in town. He arrived in his jeep in ten minutes.

The same dirty bus was getting ready to continue to Zahidan, but the doctor wouldn't hear of my going in it. I must visit his family for at least a day. He would arrange a truck ride for me; he was sure one would be coming through the next day. It was already quite hot; the thought of getting back in that bus made me sick to my stomach. I gladly accepted his kind invitation.

The Fakober family is German, and besides their own tongue, they also spoke Persian and English. They lived about two miles out of town in a strange-looking place that was once a landlord's castle. It had about thirty rooms. Each room was shaped like an Eskimo's igloo. The reason for its odd construction was that it had been built before they knew about beamed ceilings. It had been constructed of mud in much the same way that Eskimos use snow.

As they fed me, I told the doctor, his wife, and small son some of my adventures. Like everyone else I had talked with, they were flattering in their interest. The doctor went back to his patients and his wife took me on a tour around the estate. She recounted how difficult life had been for them in Germany during and after the war. The doctor had suffered imprisonment in a Communist concentration camp; when they had a chance to go to Iran, they had taken it. There, in that faraway place they had found peace and were happy. The doctor returned later in the afternoon, and said he had arranged with the police to stop the first truck that came through.

After a wonderful German dinner, the doctor invited me to go with him while he visited a few more patients; I might find it interesting. The first was a woman, dying of cancer of the stomach. She was a terrible sight, and obviously had very little time left to live. Afterwards, the doctor explained that

he had told the husband everything was going to be all right. In Iran, it is not the custom to tell people bad news. The next case was a six-year-old boy with tuberculosis; death was very close for him, too. The doctor told the parents the child would soon be well. While he was treating the boy, I saw the mother quiet her crying baby by blowing opium smoke in its face; it was very effective. The doctor had long since given up trying to stop this quaint practice. It would continue until a better and easier method of quieting babies came along.

It was wonderful to see him as he went among the people. They were like his children. He knew them all by name, and they all seemed to worship him.

There is an interesting institution in Iran called the "time marriage," whereby a man can be married for any length of time he desires, even for as short a time as ten minutes. When the marriage has expired, the man simply says good-bye and it is all over. Needless to say, social diseases are rampant. About fifty per cent of the babies die before the age of one. Sometimes the mother drowns them; if it happens to be a girl, no one bothers very much. All we have heard and read about women being less than animals is quite true, at least among the poor people.

Detour

Whenever possible, I always washed out my clothes. I wore nylon shirts so I didn't have to worry about ironing them. Technically speaking, I was usually pretty clean, but as my laundry facilities weren't always the best, I arrived in Birjand with everything a sort of grayish brown. When I awoke the next morning, that situation had been remedied. Mrs. Fakober had the servants wash and iron everything; they looked practically new.

It wasn't until mid-afternoon that a truck came through.

The police sent word out to the house and the doctor rushed me into town.

The truck carried a crew of four Persians and was on its way to Zahidan with a load of grain. Dr. Fakober translated my desire to go with them; their enthusiasm was sadly lacking. In fact, the doctor had to enlist the aid of the local policeman to "persuade" them to take me. Before long, I was to learn that they had good reason for not wanting me along.

Late that night, with over half of the trip behind us, the truck suddenly turned off the highway and headed east across the desert.

At first, I thought they were taking a short cut, but after consulting my map, I saw that nothing could be more direct than the road we had been on. In pantomime, I asked where we were going. One of the crew pointed on the map to the country bordering Iran—*Afghanistan!* Visas into that practically forbidden land are issued only by the king, and you have to have a very good reason before he'll give you one. Under the circumstances, I certainly wasn't happy about the unexpected change of route.

About an hour later, the truck came to a stop. The crew motioned for me to get out. I was terrified, thinking they intended leaving me out in the middle of the desert. No one would have been the wiser, and they would have been richer by an expensive camera, as well as my other belongings.

Happily, they only meant for me to get on the back of the truck; they didn't start again until I yelled that I was O.K.

Another hour passed. One of the crew climbed up and joined me. He motioned for me to hide myself under the tarpaulin when we came to the Afghanistan border station.

A few minutes later, I saw a light ahead. I got under cover and fixed a little peephole. The truck stopped in front of a

small building made of earth. Standing in the light from the open door were three Afghanistan soldiers.

The crew got out and they all went into the shack together. Ten minutes later, they came out and we started off again.

Dawn was just beginning to show in the east.

With the border a safe distance behind, one of the crew joined me again. With a smile, he said everything was "helly who" (wonderful). Everything might have been "helly who" with him, but it certainly wasn't "helly who" with me!

We were in some mountains. The truck pulled off the road and stopped. It was just light enough to see. We were in front of a sort of house that was partly built into the mountain. Four camels were resting a few yards away. The member of the crew who had climbed up with me motioned for me to stay where I was, and he climbed down off the truck.

Three Mongolians came out to meet the truck. They were very disturbed when they saw me on top. In my state of nerves, I remembered that in Afghanistan, people stick out their tongues and hiss as a sign of friendship. Only after I saw their surprised reaction did I remember correctly—the quaint custom was not native to Afghanistan, but Tibet!

With what sounded like a minor explosion, the Mongolians all started shouting at the truck crew; it was quite obvious that I was the topic of conversation. They were well supplied with knives and guns, and each of them had ammunition belts crossed over their chests. For several minutes, I thought the argument was going to develop into bloodshed—mine! I don't know what my Persian friends said, but eventually, things quieted down, and they all went inside the house.

I wanted to stretch my legs, so I climbed down; I didn't know whether I'd ever get out of the country, but as long as I was there, I might as well get a couple of earth samples. I heard some of the men come out of the house and go to the truck. The truck was between them and me. They didn't no-

tice that I'd gotten off. By the time I came around to their side, they had removed some of the "permanent" boards from the lower part of the truck. At last everything was clear—they were *opium smugglers*!

They stopped when they saw me. The chief Mongolian gave a sharp order, and one of his henchmen grabbed my arm and escorted me to the house. Just as I went inside, I looked back and saw they had pulled three sacks of "grain" through the secret opening.

The inside of the house looked and felt like the inside of a cave. The man let go of me, said something to the Mongolian sitting by the stove, and went out again. The Mongolian pointed for me to sit at the table. He poured a cup of tea, put it in front of me, sat down again, and stared at me. I was far from being relaxed, but I tried to act as if this sort of thing happened every day. I offered him a cigarette; he looked at it for a moment, then slowly reached out and took it. He seemed to be doing everything in slow motion; it didn't help my nerves a bit.

The room must have been very cold; by the time the other six men came in I was starting to shake a little. I emptied my pockets of their store of candy, chewing gum, and cigarettes as my contribution to the tea party. If anyone had walked by and peered through the window, they would certainly have thought these seven men were my closest friends, for I plumbed the depths of my soul for all the good feeling and camaraderie it possessed. I unfolded my map and let them know that tomorrow I was going to be in India, and from there I would be flying to Japan *immediately*! If they had the slightest suspicion I was going to stick around and inform on their activities, I wanted to dispel that idea as quickly as possible.

I took out my harmonica—all I could think of was "Massa's in de Cold Cold Ground," so I just made some wild noises. I

even did a little jig; in short, made a complete fool of myself. Apparently Mongolians don't have much sense of humor; they didn't even smile. Or maybe they just didn't like my brand of comedy—but heaven knows I tried!

Whether they had any idea of disposing of my body in the Afghan desert I don't know, but by the time we left the cave-house, everyone was on fairly good terms.

When we went past the border station, my friends stopped only long enough to yell a few words, and the guard waved us through.

I took off my shirt and, relaxing in the Persian sun and the unbelievable fact that I was still alive, fell asleep.

The fifth week I had spent \$10.55. My balance: \$33.75. I had spent over half my fortune and there was still a long way to go!

★ The Sixth Week



Zahidan, End of the Line

It was late in the morning when we got back on the highway. In another half-hour, we arrived at Tabas, the town I had seen on the map before we made our little detour.

The police gave the truck a thorough inspection. They even cut into several of the bags, to make sure there wasn't any contraband aboard. While this was going on the head man of the crew caught my eye. I gave him a wink, and smiled. He smiled back. The police weren't going to find anything but *wheat* on that truck.

Earlier that morning, between Tabas and Zahidan, there had been a holdup, and two men had been killed. That bit of news did very little to soothe my frayed nerves. After one stop for food, and four stops for tea, we pulled into the outskirts of Zahidan. It was four o'clock in the morning. The

road was closed and the police control station wasn't open. I unrolled my sleeping bag on top of the grain and climbed in. As if the last thirty hours hadn't been enough, I dreamed the whole thing all over again! In the dream, things didn't work out so well.

The Sun and Mohammed Ayub

A policeman pounding on the truck woke me at eight o'clock. After studying my pile of papers for a few minutes, he decided I must be cleared by higher authorities. After shaking hands and thanking the truck crew for a most interesting ride, I got a man to carry my bag and followed the policeman to the station.

By then I felt completely at home in Persian police stations; so, while the captain was making phone calls about me, I brushed my teeth, shaved, and cleaned up as well as I could.

There were a few variations in the ritual of questions, but after a while, they released me. I was feeling a little dizzy, and had to stop twice on the way to the Pakistan Consulate and rest. The day promised to be a scorcher.

At the consulate, I learned that there was only one train a week going to Pakistan. It was Saturday. The weekly departure wasn't until Tuesday. As far as automobiles and trucks were concerned, it was next to impossible. Only one or two a month went through the area. I was feeling worse by the minute. The transportation news did not buck up my flagging spirits.

The day was getting hotter by the minute. As I was wondering what to do next, Mr. Mohammed Ayub, the Pakistan consul came in. He spoke perfect English, and after hearing my story, took me to his lovely home and assigned me to a suite of three rooms.

After I bathed, breakfast was brought to me. All of a sudden, I blacked out and didn't come to until twenty-four hours

later. Mr. Ayub's doctor diagnosed my illness as a slight sunstroke. Then I remembered falling asleep on top of the opium truck. Having survived one danger, I had thoughtlessly given myself to another. If good fortune hadn't put me in the hands of Mr. Ayub, I don't know what would have become of me.

Monday evening I felt well enough to have dinner with my host. The two of us ate alone. His wife and children do not sit at the same table when there is another man present.

Next day I felt practically as good as new. The house bustled with activity. Mr. Ayub was giving a garden party to honor the birthday of Mohammed Iqbal, Pakistan's greatest poet. There were at least two hundred guests, a great quantity of food and drink, and strange native music filled the house and gardens. Several of the great poet's works were read aloud—all in Persian. My personal knowledge of Pakistanian poetry was not very much advanced. Not having the clothes for such a fine affair, I felt a little out of place, but the consul made sure everyone understood my position, so my rather frayed appearance took on a glamour it didn't have before.

Although it would never be possible to repay my host for his great kindness, I took a great many pictures of his party which I hope will pleasantly remind him of his very successful party.

Later that night, Mr. Ayub's chauffeured limousine drove me to the train. Arriving in such style it seemed a little ridiculous when I bought a third-class (the cheapest) ticket. To the border it cost eighty cents; from there to Quetta, Pakistan, another \$4. It was a large sum of money; for once I didn't mind too much. I had had my fill of Iran.

The train wasn't due to leave for two hours but the cars were already practically filled with sleeping passengers. With a couple of cigarettes I made friends with the men who

worked in the mail car. Like most people of Pakistan and India, they spoke English quite well. By the time the train started, they had cleared enough space for my sleeping bag and I managed to get some sleep.

About 5 A.M. the train stopped at the Iranian-Pakistan frontier.

Unfortunately, there was a little matter of a camera and several rolls of film that I had to get through customs. Everyone of my confidants through Iran had warned me that as long as the entrance customs hadn't sealed my camera, I wouldn't have a chance in the world of getting either it or any exposed film out of the country.

Before I had gone to sleep in the mail car, I had emptied the bag in which I carried my toilet articles, and put my camera and film in it. In the morning, while I was getting my things together, I hid the bag between some mail sacks. I went forth to meet the customs—nervous, but with considerably lighter spirits.

In their efforts to disprove the uncomplimentary stories about Iran, the western customs had not only let me enter without sealing my camera, but had also neglected to note on my visa how much money I had brought in, necessary under the law. The chief inspector decided that I would have to wait until the matter was fully investigated!

"Wait!" That would mean a full week before the train came through again, and it also meant I would have to leave my camera where it was, or retrieve it and undoubtedly go to jail.

I frankly admit that the wails and screams with which I protested would have put Mr. Mossadegh to shame. When I explained that I only had \$26.75 in the world, he suggested settling the matter with a \$26 fine. I did everything but froth at the mouth. Was it my fault that their fellow customs men hadn't done their job? What kind of people were

they to take advantage of a poor traveler? How was I to get home to the United States of America on only seventy-five cents? They could throw me in jail for life, but not one penny would they get!

Finally, he reluctantly concluded I was telling the truth; I really *was* a poor American, and he O.K.'d my visa to exit.

I was in the middle of thanking him, when, over his shoulder, I saw one of the most horrifying sights of the trip. One of the mail crew was walking toward us—he was carrying the bag I had put my camera in. Concluding my speech of thanks as quickly as possible, I walked swiftly to my “friend”—he was less than ten feet away by then. I threw my arm around his neck, and turned him away from the inspector. I was sure my odd antics were being watched, so I tried to justify my playful exuberance by relating, very loudly, how wonderful the inspector had been to me.

It all happened in a matter of seconds, but it seemed like years. When I finally managed to get him out of hearing distance of the inspector, I explained that the bag contained a camera and some film which I would certainly need to take pictures in his beautiful country of Pakistan. He still insisted that I must check it through the customs.

We were about halfway between the chief inspector and the mail car when another inspector jumped down out of the mail car and started toward us. I was between the devil and the deep blue sea!

Praying that my companion was a Moslem, I said under my breath, “You see, it is the will of Allah—by bringing my camera to me, the inspector didn’t find it in the mail car.” The customs man walked past us without a glance. My friend looked at me a moment, and then he smiled. Without another word, the two of us climbed back into the train. After he put my camera under the mail sacks again, we both had ourselves an American cigarette.

The Rover Boys of Baluchistan

After four hours, the Quetta mail got under way again. During the long wait, I met a young student from Pakistan named Adnan. He spoke English and as he was also traveling third class, we decided to sit together. We weren't more than a hundred feet from the station, when suddenly, about two dozen men and boys appeared out of nowhere and came running toward the train. One little boy about ten, and a fellow about twenty-five ran alongside our car yelling for us to open the door. I was nearest the door, and as they seemed anxious to join us, I opened it. The train came to a stop. A dozen police came running down the tracks. They went along the entire train, sticking their heads in each compartment, and asking if any of the culprits were aboard. By the time they had looked into our section, our two stowaways had retired to the lavatory. The legitimate passengers in our compartment looked innocent and said nothing.

Within ten minutes they had completed their search and we started forward again. I was puzzled. It was a short train, and it would have been very easy to find all of the twenty-odd stowaways. Though the police had made a lot of noise, they waved us forward without having found even one of them.

Adnan cleared up the mystery. The youthful invaders were smugglers, and they took the Quetta mail every week. There was a very good reason for the inefficiency of the police. A few years back they had made the great mistake of actually jailing a couple of the gang. On the following week's trip, three policemen were killed. The gang warned them that if another of their members was ever jailed again, they would kill *all* of the police. Since then, no one has ever been caught. But each week they stage the same little scene. The gang "hide" as well as they can, and the police "try to catch them" as well as they can.

Once the train was over the Pakistan border, the two smugglers came out and sat with us. Adnan translated. At first they both insisted they were on their way home to see their mothers. Remembering how, when I wasn't much older than the ten-year-old, I used to say the same thing when I ran away to go hitchhiking, I had to smile.

I told them I thought maybe they were smugglers, and if they were, I wouldn't blame them for being stowaways. After all, if you couldn't smuggle yourself, you wouldn't be a very good smuggler. That seemed to amuse them, and considering I had opened the door to let them in, they broke down and "came clean."

They smuggle silks, opium, seasonal fruits, and, occasionally, gold; in fact, anything that will bring a little higher price in the *other* country, whether it be from Pakistan to Iran, or Iran to Pakistan. Most of the gang were in their twenties, but the youngest was only eight. They were members of a tribe of about sixty men who lived in the Baluchistan state of Pakistan.

At the next stop when everyone got out to stretch, I met the rest of the gang, and took some pictures of them. They were certainly a colorful bunch, and most of them were nice-looking, clean-cut boys. They made the trip each week on the Quetta mail, sometimes going through Iran into Afghanistan, and through Pakistan into India. They carry no identification of any kind. When you consider how difficult it is to move in these countries without dozens of permits, it is really quite amazing. They average between 100 and 200 rupees a trip (\$30 to \$60). They all carried knives, guns, or both.

Although I already had my ticket, I asked them how I could travel free. "The same way we do; just don't pay. No one will bother you." As far as they were concerned, no one did bother them. The conductor always managed to look the other way, and he had my complete sympathy.

I asked one of the older fellows if he didn't think what they were doing was dishonest. He was vehement when he answered that it was nothing of the kind! They were all very religious and wouldn't ever do anything that was wrong. As far as killing the policemen was concerned, they all had been very sorry it had to happen, but it was a matter of self-preservation. The ten-year-old had been a smuggler since he was seven; he told me that as long as there was a Quetta train, he'd be on it every week. It was his job. If some miracle could transfer him to a more civilized place, he would undoubtedly grow up to be a good citizen. But miracles don't usually happen, so he will undoubtedly continue to ride the Quetta mail until he is too old to jump aboard.

It Wasn't the Humidity, It Was the Heat

Practically the entire two-day journey was through the desert. It was so hot that I saw people actually cooking their food on sheets of metal that were laid out in the sun.

When I was in high school, I used to work in a bakery after school. I was a "bread-pan boy." When the ovens were opened to shove the bread in, the blast of heat was so great you couldn't get within 5 feet of the open hearth. Traveling on the Quetta mail brought back memories of those days, for it was like constantly standing in the blast of the baking ovens. Even though my canteen was in the shade, the water got so hot, I couldn't hold it in my mouth.

The first day my thoughts were constantly of something cool; it didn't matter if it was a cool breeze, a cool drink, anything, just as long as it would break the endless monotony of everything being hot. There was no respite. Finally I didn't even think anymore, but sat, stupefied, as if drunk on the suffocating heat.

Inside the Pakistan customs building at Nok Kundi, I had proof that the heat wasn't in my imagination. The thermom-



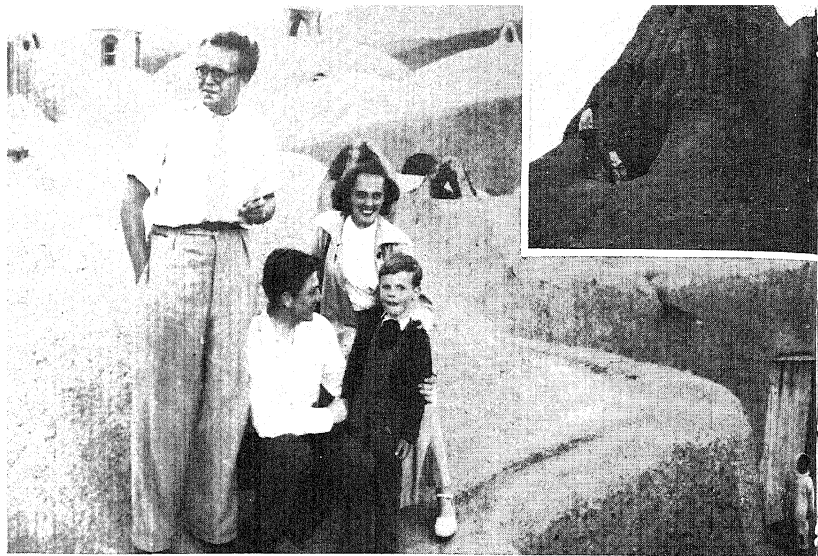
Believe it or not—this is Baghdad! It looks more like a town in our own Middle West.



I earned a ride from Baghdad to Teheran by taking this picture of the president and staff of the Iraq Express Company.



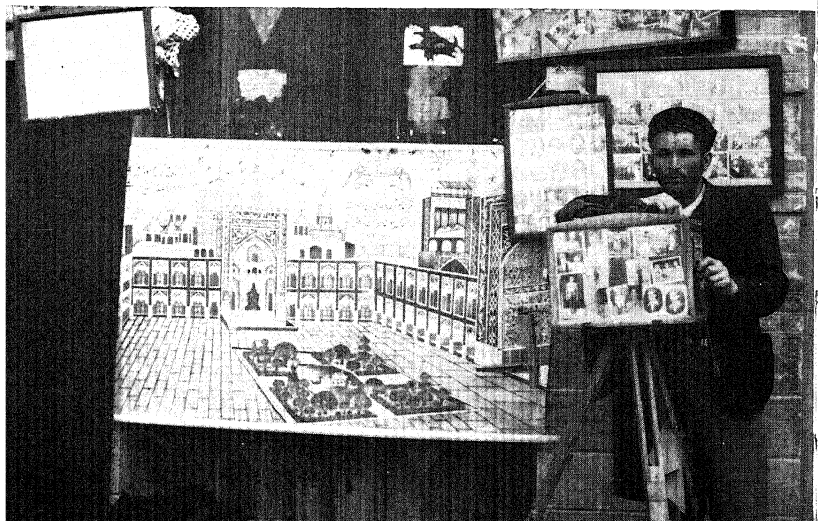
Sometimes I had to stop and wonder about wealth and happiness.



(Inset) Each winter the mounds are filled with ice, brought down from the mountains on sleighs, then packed under straw and sand to insulate it in summer.

Dr. Fakober, his wife and son live in this ancient house. Each of its 36 rooms has a domed roof; a fine place for sun baths, or even a stroll.

Forbidden to take photographs before the Mosque, this photographer painted a picture of it and went into business across the street.





This Persian did not own his own pipe (hookah) but rented it for his daily smoke.



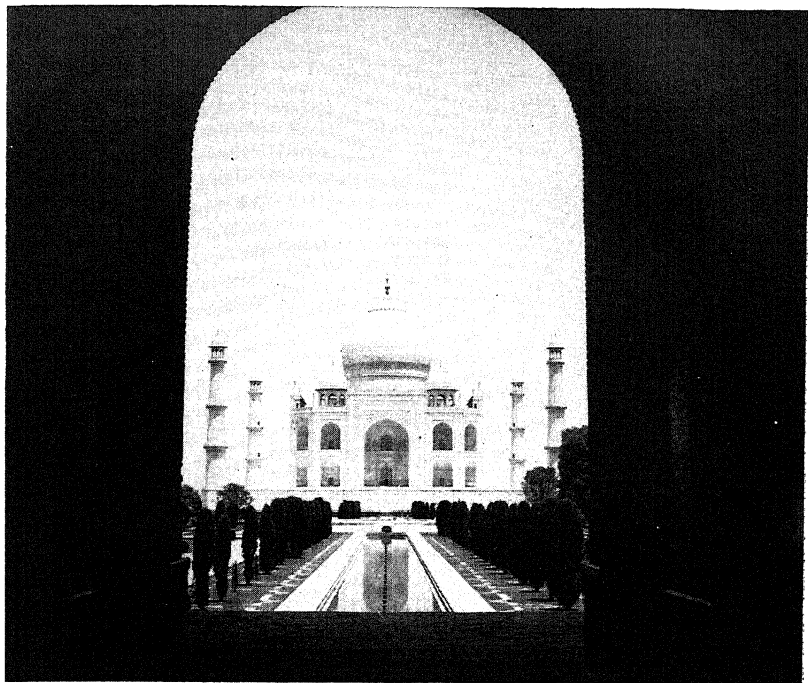
When I used my pressure-can shaving soap, I, too, was a special attraction.



The local men's club practices the ancient sport of *zur khaneh* (house of strength). Only the brave of heart are permitted to join. It is said that no woman has ever witnessed this amazing exercise.

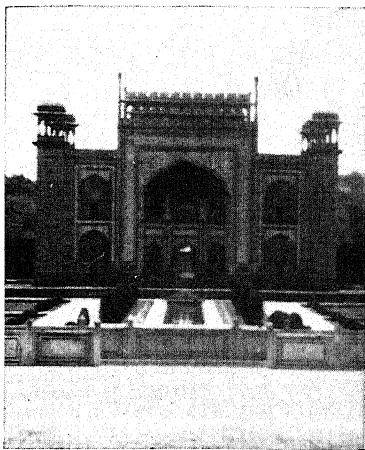
My traveling companions on the "Queta Mail" were part of a band of successful smugglers from Baluchistan.

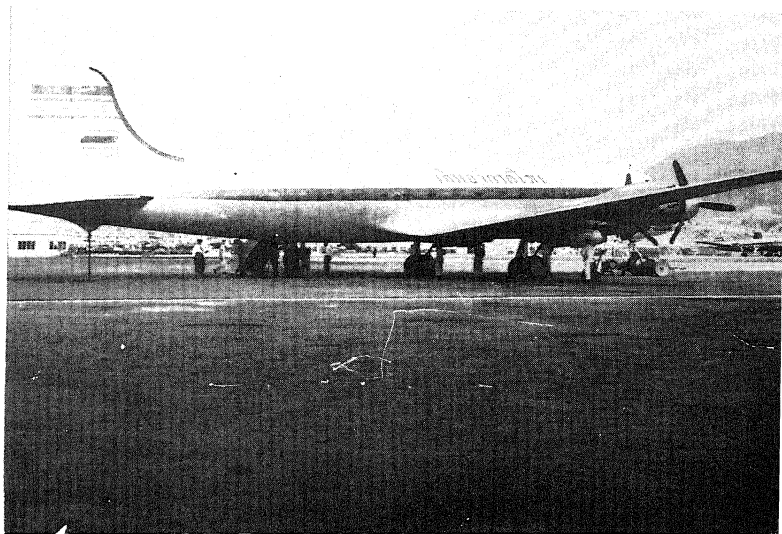




“It is best to see the Taj Mahal first by moonlight . . .”

The above picture of the “Taj” was taken through the front door of this building which faces it.

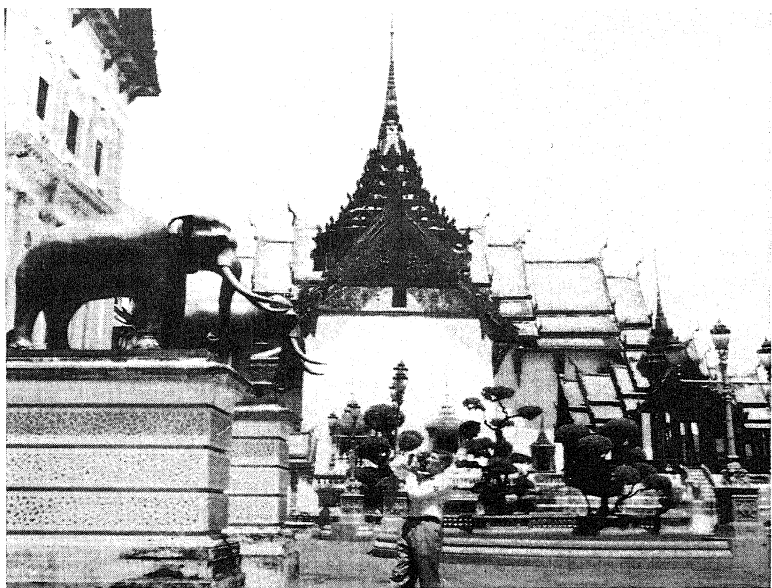




Siam has the most modern airplanes. . . .

. . . And the most colorful architecture.

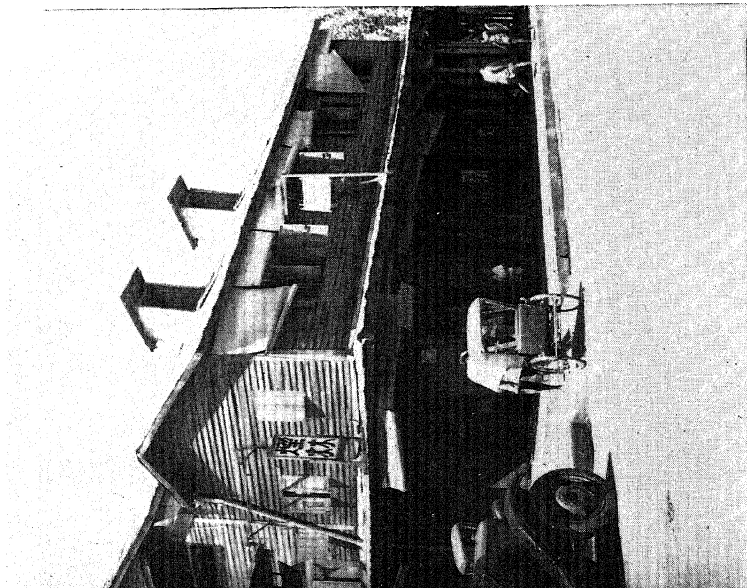




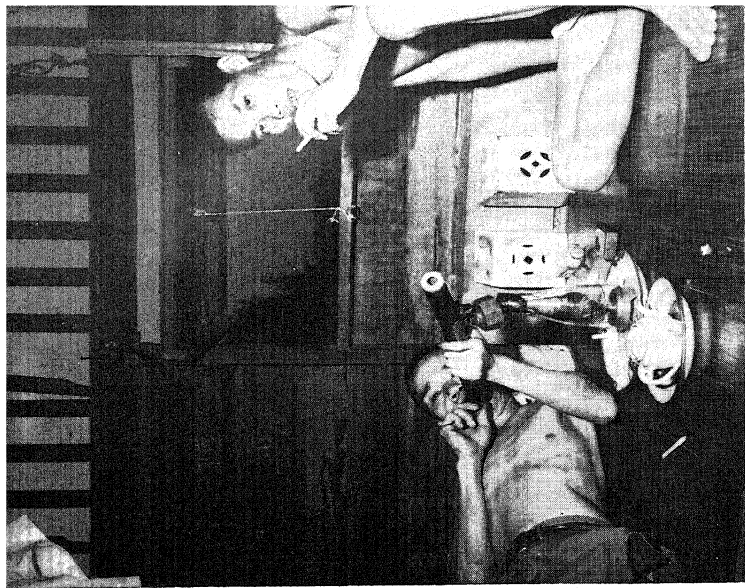
Front yard. . . .

. . . Or back yard the Emperor's Palace
is pretty hard to beat.





I couldn't believe this was an opium den—there wasn't a dark, mysterious alley in sight.



The dope on the right (as you can probably guess) has already had his opium.

eter topped 120 degrees! The exhausted passengers sat motionless on the benches waiting their turns to have the visas stamped. In the center of the room a blind beggar crouched like a dog, his hands waving to and fro, quietly begging food. No one paid any more attention to him than if he were a dog. I had part of a sandwich in my pocket and gave it to him; he wolfed it down as if he were starving. After he had eaten it, he wet the tips of his fingers carefully and picked up the crumbs that had fallen onto the dirty floor.

My visa for Pakistan, issued in New York, was in fine condition, and it certainly would allow me to enter the country, but the customs agent explained I would need another visa to travel *through* the country.

I didn't understand his reasoning at all, but it was too hot to argue. I asked him what I should do about the second visa. "You must write a letter for one," he said. I could see myself sitting in that furnace for a week, waiting for another visa. Fortunately, the man who said I needed the letter was also the man to whom I had to write it. I was much too hot and miserable to think, so he obliged me by dictating the letter to himself, which I dutifully wrote. After it was written, he read it thoughtfully, and then issued me another visa. Nobody else ever looked at the one he gave me, and I haven't the faintest idea what it was all about; it seemed to make him happy, so I suppose it was worth the trouble.

After the fuss I had gone through with the Iranian customs about not having my money noted on my visa, I told him to be sure and mark it down. No, he insisted, in Pakistan it didn't matter how much money you brought into the country, or how much you took out. Yes, he was quite sure; it wasn't necessary.

Three hours later, the train began to show signs that it might possibly start forward again. I was just going back to the hard wooden benches when I caught sight of a man I

had met at the Pakistan consul's party. He saw me at the same time and after we had exchanged greetings, he asked me if I'd like to share his car for the next part of the journey. Mr. Ahmed was the chief conductor of the railroad company, and his car turned out to be a private one with three servants. I wish I could say it was air-conditioned and boasted a supply of ice lemonade, but such was not the case. However, I could strip to the bare essentials, which was some improvement.

After dinner with Mr. Ahmed, I lay down next to the open window and looked out into the night. The moon was almost full; it seemed strange to think that the same moon would be sailing over my Manhattan in about twelve hours. The desert gave the day's heat to the night. Even as I slept, I was conscious of the hot blast of air.

Attention: John L. Lewis

I thought I was dreaming, but even when I opened my eyes I was cool. The train was in the mountains. The early hour and the altitude had cooperated in bringing the mercury down to 80 degrees. The sky was light, but there was still time to sleep; it was even better to stay awake and relax in the luxury of being able to breathe again.

I began noticing some curious holes in the side of the mountain. There were a great many of them. They were about two feet wide, and I wondered what kind of animals would dig their holes so near the railroad tracks. As the day got lighter, I saw men walking up the side of the mountain to the holes. Each carried a rope, a bucket, and a short shovel. Finally I saw a man get down on his hands and knees, put the equipment into the hole, and then crawl in after it. As we rode along, I saw more and more men going into the holes. Some of them had small boys with them. The boys didn't go inside, but crouched next to the opening as if waiting for something.

When Mr. Ahmed woke, I asked him what it all meant. It was almost impossible to believe what he told me. The hundreds of men I had seen, crawling into the holes just large enough for their bodies were coal miners! These men work for themselves, and average about forty cents a day. Sometimes they might dig into the mountain for a week before they find a coal deposit. It is not uncommon for them to die from cave-ins or suffocation. When the workday is over, if one of the men doesn't show up, someone crawls into his hole, ties a rope around his feet, and drags him out. Usually there is a fight to see who will have the dead man's mine. Often these fights result in killings, so desperate are the men to have a mine that is already dug. Those men who have sons use them to pull out the buckets of dirt and coal. Never had I seen or heard of men who earn their bread by such sub-human labor.

I was still eating breakfast with Ahmed when we pulled into Nushki. It was only nine o'clock, but the sun had already banished the cool morning and heated the day to the boiling point again. Unfortunately, my friend had some business to attend to in the village, and his car was taken off the train. I had to go back to my third-class compartment. After the comparative luxury of the private car, it was incredibly and fantastically miserable!

Four Annas, the Lords, a Rug, and an Old Woman

The last few hours the train began to climb. At 5,000 feet, Quetta is the highest city in the state of Baluchistan, and the coolest. When we arrived at four in the afternoon, it was only 80 degrees.

As Adnan and I stepped off the train, the porters spotted me as an American. Adnan had already told me that the standard fee was 4 annas a bag (eight cents). Americans usually give them a rupee (thirty cents). They must have

shouted the Pakistan equivalent of "eureka" when they saw me. Two of them reached me at the same time. Both grabbed my bag and neither one would let go. Finally, they succeeded in ripping a six-inch tear in it. Then, blaming each other, they started a fist fight. Everyone in the station came running to see what was happening, and it had all the making of a riot when the police charged in and broke it up.

One of the men had a bloody nose and looked a mess. Even so, I couldn't help but find the whole situation funny. They thought they were fighting over a rich American, and everyone else on the train probably had more money than I did.

The police settled the matter by giving the bag to the man with the injured nose and he carried my bag the 50 yards to where the taxis were. I paid him the usual 4 annas. Then he really set up a howl, and for a minute I thought I'd be in a fight with him, too. He kept pointing to his bloody nose and screaming how he had fought for my bag. I told him it wasn't my fault that he got into a fight. Adnan explained that *all* Americans weren't rich, and for him to go on his way before we had him arrested for tearing my bag.

Until the fight over the bag, I don't think Adnan really believed I was traveling as economically as I claimed to be. At least, I'm sure that was what prompted him to invite me to stay as his guest that night. But he was a student, and I was sure he didn't have much money, so I declined.

After I left him, the first thing I did was to buy four oranges and wolf them down; then I found some cool water and though I didn't dare drink it, I let it pour over my head until I was practically waterlogged.

I had heard that the Lords Hotel was where Americans always stayed. I went there and got something cool to drink. While I was enjoying an ice-cold coke I met two English fellows who were driving from Burma to London. They knew nothing of Iran, had no maps, and were as scared to enter

the country as I had been. I gave them my very secondhand map of Iran, and they bought me another Coca-Cola. I told them how I had used the Persian for "I am not English," and they insisted I teach it to them.

During our three-word language lesson, Mr. Mehta, the hotel manager, came over to our table. The English boys introduced me, and I told him a little of what I was doing. As a boy Mr. Mehta had done some hitchhiking himself, and he insisted that it was time for me to take a rest and suggested I stay a week as his guest—room, bath, food, and even a car if I wished one. I wouldn't have to pay for anything. Tempting as the invitation was, the monsoon season was getting closer, so I settled for just one night of his generosity.

The two English fellows left to continue their journey west. As I waved them good luck, they both yelled back at me, "*Men Englisha nestern!*"

For a welcome change, I had a big dinner: beef, peas, potatoes, rice pudding, bread and butter, coffee with heavy cream, fruit, *and* chocolate cake à la mode. I was living!

By six o'clock I was taking a look around the city. While I was browsing in a large dry-goods store, I met Arifrashid, son of the store-owner. He had a passion for automobiles and it was his dream to drive a car around the world, so naturally, we had a lot in common. He volunteered to take me sight-seeing. He had to return some books to a schoolmate of his, and it gave me a chance to go inside one of the most beautiful homes in the city. The house was surrounded by a high wall, and as we entered the grounds, I noticed an old woman lying in the thick dust just outside the gate. She was moaning. I asked Arifrashid what was wrong with her. "She wants something to eat," he said, quite casually, as we went inside.

The house was very modern and spacious. Although there were many interesting and beautiful things in the house, I could not take my eyes off the huge rug in the main room. It

was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen in my life. Our young host volunteered the information that his family had paid \$5,000 for it. That is quite a tidy sum for a rug even in the United States. When you consider the living standard in Asia, it was a fortune. A few miles away the animal-like coal miners were working like slaves for forty cents a day.

We stayed only a short time. Our host walked with us to the car. Outside the gate the poor woman was still moaning. I went over and offered her a few coins. She didn't seem to hear me. She was so dirty I didn't dare touch her, so I called to a young boy, put some money in his hand, and motioned for him to give it to her. The boy knelt down and spoke to her. The old woman mumbled something, and the boy got up and started to go away.

Arifrashid and his friend were over by the car, talking. I called to them to find out where the boy was going with the money. The boy said that the old woman didn't have enough strength to get up; she had asked him to go and buy her some oranges and a piece of bread. The two fellows were only slightly apologetic when they explained that after you have seen this sort of thing all your life, you don't pay any attention to it.

I made Arifrashid wait long enough to see that the boy returned with the food, but not long enough to watch her eat it. When I mentioned that I would like to make part of my journey with a camel caravan, Arifrashid said he'd arrange it. He knew the manager of the Quetta Trading Post. As we drove to the other side of town, I saw my smuggler friends walking down the street. I asked Arifrashid to stop. I called to them. They came over to the car and from their enthusiastic greeting you would have thought we were lifelong friends. Arifrashid was dumfounded that I knew such infamous characters. Using Arifrashid as a translator, they invited me to spend the night at their camp outside the city. I

was certainly tempted, but with the prospect of getting a camel caravan in the morning, I declined. As we shook hands, one of the smugglers took off his neckerchief and gave it to me as a token of friendship.

The trading-post manager said that there would be a couple of caravans leaving in the morning for Mach and he would be happy to arrange for me to go along. The caravan was leaving at six o'clock; I went right back to the hotel and went to bed.

My very active sixth week couldn't have ended any nicer. I had spent \$9.38, which brought my expedition funds down to an uncomfortable \$24.37. My daily average was \$1.32; I couldn't seem to bring it down to the dollar a day I had planned on. It worried me.

★ The Seventh Week



Traveling on Camels by Crows

Arifrashid picked me up at six o'clock and took me to the trading post. The caravan I was assigned to had eight camels and six men. None of them spoke English. In fact, they didn't even speak Urdu,* so we had to do all our talking before we left the post. First, I would ask Arifrashid my question in English; then he translated it into Urdu to the trading-post manager; he in turn translated it into Baluchi for the cameleers. Of course, the answer had to come back by the reverse method. I don't know how much was lost in translation, but the facts were somewhat as follows: the man who owned this particular caravan was thirty years old, and had always been a camel driver, even as his father before him, and his father's father. He was paid 6 rupees per day per camel (\$1.80). A camel

*The native language of Pakistan and India.

can carry a load of six hundred to eight hundred pounds. Camel mileage is measured by the *crow*. A *crow* is about 6 miles and a caravan averages 3 *crow*s a day. It is true that a camel can go a long while without food and water. Some said a week, others said as much as two weeks, but usually they are watered and fed every day. If you'd like to own a good inexpensive camel, you can buy one for 150 to 200 rupees (\$45 to \$60). Those are the bargain-basement types, and only last from five to ten years. The best camels have twenty to thirty years' work in them, and they sell between 500 and 600 rupees. Occasionally, an exceptionally fine animal sells for as much as 800 rupees (\$240), which, of course, to those people is a great deal of money.

The cameleer's biggest worry is to keep his beasts in good health and to guard them from being stolen. Camels are very stubborn creatures, but it is wise never to beat them. As a young man, one of the men with the caravan had been foolish enough to do so. Ten years later, the camel got his chance for revenge, and bit a great chunk out of the man's thigh. I've only heard rumors about elephants, but according to those men, a camel will never forget an injustice as long as he lives. I wasn't too surprised that the men didn't recognize the flag on my pack; but I was surprised that they had never even heard of the United States of America! I suppose, however, there are some Americans who have never heard of *their* native Afghanistan, either.

Once having left the trading post, our communication was limited to sign language and pictures drawn in the sand. The caravan was taking jute, grain, wood, coal, and moving a family and their worldly goods to Mach. The camels were very well trained, and would stop, go forward, or kneel down to be mounted on command, but they would not be hurried. They plod along at about the same speed as a man walks. I got as tired riding as I did walking, so half the time I walked.

Early in the afternoon, we came to an oasis, and while the camels rested, we had something to eat. The desert people have a novel way of communication; it is a kind of bulletin board where messages are written out in various arrangements of stones. There was a bulletin board at the oasis. It was just a pile of rocks to me, but the nomads read it with the same interest we give our newspapers.

During the afternoon, we passed two other caravans. Wild screams and laughter echoed across the desert, as the drivers from the different caravans yelled news and jokes at each other.

We stopped at sundown. The camels were unloaded; then, so that they couldn't wander away or get stolen, their front legs were tied together, and bells fastened to their hind legs. Even with these precautions the men took turns guarding them through the night.

At dawn we started off again. We had been losing altitude ever since we left Quetta, so when we arrived in Mach at noon, it was incredibly hot again. The manager of the Mach Trading Post spoke English, and he arranged a ride for me with a truck carrying jute to Jacobabad.

If Jacobabad isn't famous for its heat, it should be. It seems impossible that any human being could ever get used to that kind of temperature. I gained new respect for the stamina of the human body.

Lahore Via Expense Account

I bought a ticket for the next town for 1 rupee and loaded up with oranges, fresh water, and bread. When the train arrived an hour later, most of the passengers got out to stretch, and I overheard some men speaking English. I introduced myself. They were newspapermen on their way to Lahore for a convention.

Hearing my story, they insisted that I travel in their com-

partment. They were traveling second-class and I only had a third-class ticket. They said not to worry; they would fix it up with the conductor. Until we arrived at Lahore the following evening, they didn't let me spend a penny. They insisted that I was a news item and they were putting me on their expense accounts. Considering the hundreds of questions they asked me about America, I think the exchange was probably worth it. They were most interested in what the typical American family was like, and while I gave them a conservative picture of the average family, they shook their heads in wonder at our national wealth.

Having been with so many average-type families in Eurasia, I could appreciate why they were amazed, for certainly our standard of living is fantastically high when compared with the rest of the world.

The train arrived in Lahore at five in the afternoon. Practically everyone was getting off, but there were about twice as many waiting to get on. The New York subway rush hour is mere child's play in comparison. The only way I was able to get out was to throw my bag out the window and then jump down after it. I wasn't the only one who used the window. When I got away, I looked back. Every window and door was a mass of arms and legs and I saw some people actually having fist fights, trying to get a seat. From now on, the subway won't seem so bad.

At the US Consulate, I had the first glass of ice water I had dared drink since the American Consulate in Teheran. After weeks of drinking lukewarm water flavored with Hala-zone tablets, a glass of cold, pure water was a special treat.

The consul suggested that the Y.M.C.A. would be a good place to stay, as it was centrally located and very inexpensive. Arthur James was the manager of the Y. As English as his name sounds, he is, nevertheless, one hundred per cent Pakistani. It's interesting about names in Pakistan. Children do not

usually take the names of their fathers, or in fact, any member of the family. They are given a completely new name—both first and last.

Although rooms at the Y were only 1 rupee a day, Arthur wouldn't accept my money, and invited me to stay as long as I wished. I went to my room, and before many seconds ticked away, I was under the shower where I luxuriated for a solid hour. I did my washing, and put on fresh clothes. I may have been a bit frayed about the edges, but I felt like a human being again.

Arthur gave me directions to a good and inexpensive restaurant, but only after making me promise I would join him at nine o'clock when he finished work, as he wanted to introduce me to some of his friends.

After dinner, I took an easy stroll through the city, using my casual eye, trying not to stare things out of their correct proportion.

The places I remember best, and those which have meant the most, are places where I pretended I would stay indefinitely, and where I tried to adopt the particular rhythm and behavior of the inhabitants. Cities are their people; listening to the heart of the city has always seemed more important to me than looking at its monuments.

At least ninety per cent of the women I saw in Pakistan wore veils, and they were not the silky gossamer affairs I once thought they were. Rather, they are made of a material about as heavy as canvas. The only way they can see where they are going is through a peek hole about two inches in diameter, and even the hole is covered with a heavy mesh. The Pakistanian men refer to these women as "walking tents." It is certainly an apt name for them. Not only is the whole concept of the veil ridiculous, but it is also a factor in the health of the country. It not only puts a great strain on the women's eyes, but because they are so poorly ventilated they must

breathe the same stale air and the rate of t.b. is very high. With such restricted visibility it is not surprising that they are constantly being hit by automobiles and bicycles. Even the short time I was in the country, I saw a half-dozen women knocked down as they navigated their tents across the street. Originally, men were the ones who veiled their women to keep them safe from the eyes of other men, but now the women are the ones who keep the custom going. The ingrained shyness of centuries is passed from mother to daughter, and only a few of the younger, more educated women of the country have had the courage to defy the custom.

Hollywood's Long Shadow

Arthur took me to the Coffee Shop to meet his friends. They work in the film industry, so our conversation dealt mainly with American pictures. They all spoke English and were of the educated class of Pakistan. In all seriousness, they wanted some firsthand information about the cowboys and Indians they had seen in so many Western films. It was difficult to convince them that Indians, at least the way they are shown in the movies, are a thing of the past. It was impossible to convince them that Chicago wasn't the most dangerous city in the world, where every day someone was shot down in cold blood. The cities they most wanted to visit were New York, San Francisco, and Hollywood.

I have never heard of any national group so genuinely eager for criticism as the Pakistani. Everyone I talked to asked me the same questions. What did I think of their country? What could they do to improve conditions? They wanted to know every detail about America, what our problems had been, and how we had solved them. They were wide-eyed at the greatness of our country, and sympathetic with our problems. They wish desperately to improve their country, but have neither sufficient money nor technical knowledge.

Of Rats and Sand

In Asia it is not uncommon to see rats on the city streets. There are so many of them that they put a considerable dent in the already inadequate food supply. There was one rat incident I won't soon forget. As usual, I was wandering down a street lined with sidewalk shops, when I saw a particularly large rat start to run across the street. An automobile swerved and hit it. No sooner had the car run over it when a vulture seemed to fall from nowhere. I looked up, and on top of the four-story buildings that lined the street were dozens of them perched along the edge. The vulture grabbed the squashed rat in his claws and started flying off. His grip was bad, and it fell from his claws. It made my stomach turn when I saw it land on the meat of an open-air market.

The proprietor, thinking the bird was after his stock, made a dash for him. This time the vulture had a better grip on the rat and he carried his prize back to the top of a building.

By ten o'clock I had my visa stamped so I could leave the country. I hopped on a bus to get back to the Y. I planned to be on the highway before noon. It was the one and only time I got on a wrong bus, and I ended up in almost the opposite direction I had intended. As I was walking back to get on the right bus, I went past one of our information centers; I went in for a quick look. The quick look lasted almost two hours. There was a very impressive supply of books and articles about practically every phase of American life. The girl in charge said she thought the service did quite a lot of good in the city. Unfortunately, the people in the country were the ones who needed it the most, and there was little, if any, information available to them.

I was just about to leave when it began to get dark outside. At first, I thought a cloud was passing over the sun.

But then, suddenly, even the air was black. I witnessed my first real sandstorm.

Sandstorms are still another inconvenience which those people have to suffer. Because of the unbearable heat, all buildings have the maximum number of windows, so the frequent storms off the desert have the minimum of trouble infiltrating everything. The city stops. When it is over, there is the formidable job of cleaning up. Sometimes, they will no more than finish when another cloud of sand will fall on them. They come and go with amazing rapidity.

It was almost one o'clock before I picked up my bag and got to the edge of town.

I got a lift in a truck to the border within half an hour, and at about three o'clock I arrived at the Pakistan customs. Their installation consisted of three large tents pitched on the strip of desert that separates Pakistan from India. Two months before, two Englishmen had been caught trying to smuggle \$25,000 worth of watches into India, and so the customs were being extremely careful. They were very polite, but I had to completely unpack my bag, and they gave me a thorough search. My earth samples caused a little concern, but my Pfizer letter satisfied them. Of course, the money I had brought into the country should have been noted on my passport, and though I had practically begged the entrance customs to do so, they had said it was absolutely unnecessary. This necessitated telephone calls to Lahore for clarification, but finally, they decided I wasn't at fault and apologized by explaining it was such a new country that they hadn't as yet gotten together on all their regulations.

Because of the bad feeling between Pakistan and India, there is a no man's land between the two countries. A mile and a half separates the borders. Neither country's transports can go into this area, and the cargoes have to be carried by

porters over the mile and a half. Pakistani porters carry the cargo three-quarters of a mile, and hand it to Indian porters who carry it another three-quarters of a mile to the Indian customs.

At the actual border, the Pakistani bounced my fifty-pound bag from the top of his head to the head of a waiting Indian. I paid him his fee of 1 rupee and continued the journey.

After the rough tents of the Pakistan customs, the new, modern, Indian customs building came as quite a surprise. I gave the Indian porter my last Pakistan rupee. It was worth nine cents more than the Indian rupee, so he didn't object.

By the time I had finished making out the forms and answering their particular brand of suspicious questions, it was a little after five o'clock. The only way to get to Amritsar, twenty miles away, was in the one taxicab that was at the customs. I was the only one who had been checked through the customs that day, and the cab driver greeted me with a happy smile. His smile faded when I told him I couldn't pay the 10-rupee fare (\$2.10). He asked me how I intended getting into the city. I said I would have to wait for the next car or truck that came through. That might be *days*, he told me with evident satisfaction. Then I would have to wait *days*. He had been waiting for me until I cleared customs, and was very unhappy that I wasn't going to provide him with his day's wages. It was too late for anyone else to be coming through; he was going back to the city and hinted I'd better change my mind in a hurry if I didn't want to be stuck there overnight.

I waited for him to get in his car and start the motor before I sprang my proposition. I could afford to pay him 2 rupees for the ride—at least it would cover the cost of gasoline. He shook his head and stepped on the throttle. "Six rupees," he shouted. I shook my head. The car started to

move away. It was like playing poker; each of us knowing we both had lousy hands. I shrugged my shoulders and turned away. Fifty feet away, the car stopped. I heard him shift into reverse. I didn't turn around until the car was next to me again and I heard him say, "Three rupees?" I'd called his bluff; he knew it as well as I did. So, when I repeated my 2-rupees offer, he leaned over and opened the door.

The Gold Roof of Amritsar

Mr. Soni, the manager of the Imperial Hotel in Amritsar, changed \$10 into Indian rupees for me and I paid the taxi driver.

Mr. Soni didn't have to ask me more than once to be his guest for dinner. I wasn't in the peak of condition, but my hearing was still excellent. When I told him that I was continuing my journey as soon as I had eaten, he said he wouldn't allow me to leave his city without first visiting the Golden Temple, the most sacred shrine of the Sikh religion.

The sun was just beginning to set; it was the most beautiful time to see it. As soon as I got back we would have dinner. One of the hotel employees drove me over.

The Temple's golden roof was catching the last of the sun and it was a most wondrous sight, as if the sun were looking into a mirror. The temple is surrounded by a large pool called the Pool of Immortality. I arrived in the middle of the evening service. All around the water's edge people sat silently listening to the sermon which was being broadcast over a loudspeaker; the twentieth-century sound was disquieting and incongruous with the sixteenth-century architecture. Before I went into the shrine I had to take off my shoes and stockings and wash my feet. The marble floor was clean and cool, and it was pleasant to walk about barefoot. Although it is the Sikh's main temple, it was only large enough to hold a hundred people. I know absolutely nothing about the religion, but like

other places of worship, it had the atmosphere of peace and good will. Had it not been for Mr. Soni's civic pride, I would have missed seeing a strange and beautiful sight.

On the way back to the hotel, we drove through the market section. It was almost dark. Tiny candles, like fireflies, danced inside the hundreds of pigeonhole shops along the way.

Amritsar is a wealthy and commercially important city. Almost everyone I saw there was well dressed, and it was good to see women's faces again. Unlike Pakistan, very few Indian women wear veils.

After dinner, Mr. Soni drove me back to the Grand Trunk Road. I waited almost an hour before I got a hitch with an Indian Army officer who was on his way to Panpat.

He had a friend with him, and it was odd to hear them speak in a combination of English and Hindi. One would say something in English and have it answered in Hindi, and vice versa—most confusing. Even more strange, all Indian road signs are in English.

We arrived at Panpat at four in the morning. Luckily, I got a train almost immediately and managed an hour's sleep before I arrived in Delhi.

Playboy of the Eastern World

The train I was on went to the station in the old city of Delhi. As usual, I didn't know a soul, and had no idea of where to go. Having met so many wonderful, generous people so far, I couldn't help wondering if my luck might be due for a change. A young fellow, about my own age, was standing on the train platform. I asked him the best way to get to the new part of Delhi.

He had come to the station to meet his mother and father, but they hadn't shown up, and he was just leaving to go back into town. After introducing himself as Som Parakashuri, he offered me a ride in his car to the New City.

He didn't believe me when I told him I was going around the world on \$80. He said, "That's impossible! I spend that much in just a week!" I had met a Playboy of the Eastern World.

He had just started a month's vacation, and by the time we reached New Delhi, he had offered to be my guide.

We stopped at his house long enough for me to get cleaned up, and then he took me to an air-conditioned restaurant, and bought me a huge breakfast. I don't know if it was because I was a "poor American," or whether I just looked hungry, but everyone always figured I was starving (which I was) and seemed to get a special joy out of feeding me.

The rest of the day was dedicated to sight-seeing. Even Som saw things he had never seen before. I was the first American he had ever known, and he was vastly pleased at my awed reactions to the wonders of his city.

"I don't understand it," he said with a British accent, "I always thought you Americans were all rich and didn't appreciate any country but your own." It may seem hard to believe, but I found that idea is pretty generally believed in both Europe and Asia. I am personally convinced that if we could correct that belief, it would gain us more world friendship than we could buy with all the gold in Fort Knox.

It was late when we got back to his house. After an enormous Indian dinner of a dozen different kinds of curry, I went directly to bed. I don't know whether it was the food or the day's sights, but that night I slept a double feature of Technicolor dreams.

Som's mother and father arrived home the following afternoon, and there wasn't enough room for me. They wanted me to stay in a hotel as their guest, but I didn't want to impose on them further, and planned to spend my last night at the New Delhi Y. As Som was driving me there, we passed an Indian Army barracks; on a hunch, I asked him to let me

out for a minute. He didn't understand what I wanted in an army barracks, but he said he would wait. I went in, and told the sergeant in the front office that I was looking for a place to sleep that night, and I thought it would be interesting if I could stay with them. He was surprised, but very agreeable; the Indian Army would be very pleased to have me as a guest.

I hadn't intended keeping Som more than a minute, but the sergeant was a talkative fellow, and the first thing I knew, fifteen minutes had gone by. Som appeared on the scene. I explained the arrangement I had made for the night. He shook his head in bewilderment and inquired if all Americans were as crazy as I. In all honesty, I had to confess they weren't, but it seemed like such a good idea, I thought it needed investigation. And as long as it had worked out, it wasn't such a crazy idea after all.

By that time, several soldiers had gathered around; Som and I were asked to lunch. I could see my friend was not too comfortable under the circumstances, and so I declined, saying we had another appointment. Before we left, they assigned a locker to me, and showed me where I was to sleep.

We had lunch at the Iceland Restaurant which was an excellent name for it. I could almost see my breath. Every air-conditioned place in India (at least the ones I was in) apparently felt that if they were going to use the machine, they might as well run it full blast! Besides being uncomfortably cold, when I went outside it was like stepping into a furnace.

That afternoon, we met some friends of Som's and drove to a beautiful pool outside Delhi, where we spent a cool, relaxing hour in the water. We had just gotten back into town when a sandstorm hit the city. We ducked into an ice-cream parlor, and waited out the storm, enjoying ice-cream sodas. The sandstorm continued for an hour; no sooner had it passed than it was followed by a rainstorm. How they keep the city clean is

a miracle, because with the combination of sand and rain, everything was mud.

The rain must have gotten into the car's motor because Som had some difficulty starting it. We limped into a garage to have it repaired.

It Seems to Me

The incident afforded me a most interesting talk with the garage owner. He believed the most blatant Communist propaganda, and everything he said had a too familiar ring. He asked me in all seriousness why America had gone so far and to so much trouble to invade North Korea. He was well acquainted with the worst aspects of the American Negro problem, the exploitation of migrant workers, the Ku Klux Klan, in fact every soiled page in American history, no matter how ancient it might be. He also showed me photographs, clipped from magazines that *proved* we had dropped germ bombs in Korea. Of course, everything I said to refute or correct his statements, he simply dismissed by saying my mind was poisoned with "war-mongering, Wall Street propaganda." It made me wonder how many other Indians the Russians had seduced with their lies and promises.

Before traveling on the far side of our earth, I held the belief that the true facts were all that was necessary to convince the world of our sincere wish for universal democracy. But *truth* can be an arbitrary thing, and *facts*, by their very nature are cold and impersonal. The Russians, giving nothing, make their successful inroads by inventing interesting stories—colorful enough to attract attention and simple enough to understand. The Communists well know that one *belief* is worth a million *facts*! No one will read facts when he can listen to exciting stories and look at pictures.

If we wish to win the hundreds of millions of minds in Europe and Asia, we must give them the true facts that will

excite their interest as much as the Communist brand of lies. Democracy is the true revolutionary spirit of the age—not communism! We are a nation of magnificent salesmen, and we have few if any qualms about exaggerating anything from breakfast foods to automobiles; as long as we capture the interest of the prospective American buyer, there are no holds barred. But, when we have our very existence at stake, we underestimate the credulity of the rest of the world, as if they were super-beings who would reject us with the first deviation from statistics. Stuttering with shyness, we back into the defensive corner and apologize with handfuls of money. Dreams and imagination discovered America, found its wealth, and built it to be the greatest nation on earth. No amount of money could have built such a bastion of freedom and plenty. Neither can we duplicate ourselves with gold. Nowhere did people ask me how much our freedom and liberty had cost in money; nor did it ever occur to me to explain our abundance in terms of dollars. Always it came down to the dream, the imagination, the ambition, and the work! I think my trip is a good example of money being secondary to a dream, and if I had had the “proper” funds to make the same journey, I know I would not have seen so much, nor would I have felt such personal gratification in its accomplishment. The oppressed people of the world are not so poor in money as they are poor in the knowledge that their lives could be richer by their own efforts and through the peaceful revolutionary means of democracy. We and our fathers dreamed great dreams and then made them come true. We have a greater wealth of industrious imagination than we have of money. That is what we should be giving, and in the true meaning of brotherhood, rather than the foolish throwing away of our limited bullion, which is, after all, not the cause, but the result of our abundance.

That night at the army barracks, I made an important discovery: Indian GIs snore just as loud as American GIs.

Beyond the Himalayas

Som had promised to take me out to the highway. He arrived at the army mess just as I had finished breakfasting on mush, bread, fruit, and tea.

After saying good-by to my army friends, we started toward the Grand Truck Road. We had almost reached the highway when he asked, "How would you like to take a look at Tibet?" To ask that of anyone who likes to travel is like offering water to a man dying of thirst.

One hundred and sixty miles north of Delhi, there is a hill-town called Mussoorie; there, one can see the Tibetan Himalayas. Although I had intended to be far to the south by nightfall, I was quite willing to go north. He turned the car around and went back to pick up a mechanic friend of his; the roads are not the best, and there were no garages along the way.

I was waiting in the car for him when I felt someone behind me. I turned around and lost ten years! Not more than six inches in front of me was the head of a huge *python*! I was so startled I couldn't move. The snake was over 3 inches thick, and it was wrapped several times around the body of the man who was standing next to the car. As if the python wasn't enough, he also had a *cobra* draped around his neck. He twisted his pock-marked face into a grin, and asked for baksheesh (tip).

I took all the change I had and threw it out of the car. Luckily, it was only about ten cents. If my whole fortune of \$21.52 had been in that pocket, I'd have given that to him, too. If that man ever brought his little playmates to America, he would be a millionaire within a week.

Som and his friend Gurchiran both laughed when I told them my experience. I shouldn't have been afraid, they explained. The snakes obviously had no poison in them. I didn't pursue the matter; I'm sure I'd never be able to make them understand my feelings about pythons and cobras.

Monkeys hung like fruit in the trees that bordered the road to Mussoorie. The road was a circus of traffic—oxen, horses, camels, occasionally even wolves and wildcats.

Sixteen miles past Dehra, and 20 miles from Mussoorie, we came to a roadblock. The policeman in charge explained that from there on, it was a one-way road, and the road was open for one hour going up, and then closed for an hour to let the traffic come down. Naturally, we had just missed the going-up hour. We drove back to Dehra and had lunch.

By the time we got back to the roadblock it had closed again. The policeman had neglected to tell us it was only open for the first fifteen minutes of the hour, because cars that start up after the first quarter-hour wouldn't arrive in Mussoorie by the time the hour was over. If we waited the full hour, we wouldn't arrive until after dark. We drove back to Dehra for the second time and got a special permit from the chief of police to go up the mountain against traffic.

We reached the hilltown at sundown without having met a single car. The mountains to the north held the last of the day's sun. There they were, the Himalayas of Tibet, the beginning of the most mysterious country in the world. I wondered if I would ever be able to travel to the other side of those mountains.

Mussoorie is a strange little town. Its streets are narrow and there are no sidewalks. Automobiles are not allowed in the town. Except for a few bicycles, the only form of transportation was in a strange kind of ricksha. Because the streets are very steep, it required four men to propel it: two in front to pull, and two behind to push.

That night, for the first time since I left Greece, I slept under a blanket.

At the end of the seventh week, I was a long way from where I should have been. Partly because of Som's generosity I had spent only \$2.85 for the whole week. It brought my daily average down to a new low of \$1.19. I had \$21.52 to get me home, but I planned to get a job on an east-bound ship out of Calcutta. I felt pretty confident that I had my trip "made."

★ *The Eighth Week*



The Gift of Morning

I was still half asleep when I staggered to the open window. My eyes were astounded into focus. Before me in all their majesty, the world's most fabulous range of mountains! Above the rising mist of dawn, the white Himalayan range was floating in the sky. Some things you see are more than pictures on the mind; they have a meaning which no words can tell.

After breakfast we took a long walk through the forest that surrounded the hill station. As usual, I gathered soil samples as we walked along. The *last* one I dug was from under a bush; I had just put the spoon into the ground when I was conscious of a snake about a foot from my hand. For once, at least, the whole body was quicker than the eye; I sprang back as the thing reared, its hood spread. I didn't stay around to observe its alleged beauty. Som and Gurchiran didn't care to stay in the neighborhood either.

After a leisurely lunch, we started back to Delhi.

About halfway to the city, we had to stop to let a train cross the road. Sitting on top of the train, in postures very much like that of humans, were hundreds of monkeys. Besides being a surprising sight, it was also very funny. Neither Som nor Gurchiran were particularly interested in the unique sight. It was an old story to them. For years, that particular type of monkey has gone north during the monsoon season. Until the railroad had been built, they had walked, swung through trees, or however else monkeys usually travel. Finally, one day, one of them got the bright idea of bumming a ride on the train; today they all avail themselves of the service. The conductors have long since given up trying to collect fares, or to get them off.

I won't soon forget the humorous sight of those little bums, dressed in their fur coats, the wind blowing through their hair, as they headed for their summer homes.

The Gift of Night

When we got back to New Delhi, it was too late to take a chance on trying to hitch. I wanted to see the Taj Mahal by moonlight. Som took me directly to the railroad station, and I bought a fourth-class ticket on the Bombay Mail.

India is the only country I know of where they have four classes. The third class is called "Inner" class, and the fourth is called "Third" class—but there are still four classes. The fourth, with its wooden benches and windows without glass, must be ridden in to be appreciated.

I got out at the first stop to stretch my legs; while I was admiring the new streamlined engine that was pulling the train, the engineer called down and asked if I was an American. After answering in the affirmative, he proudly told me that his new locomotive was an American, too. Seeing the opportunity to fulfill a childhood ambition, I asked him if I could ride in

the engine. He told me to climb aboard, and until the next station he at least let me believe I was at the throttle. Twenty years ago, I know I would have gotten a thrill out of it, but I'm sure it wouldn't have been any greater than the one I had!

The train pulled into Agra at ten o'clock. The moon was almost full. There wasn't a cloud in the sky. It was a perfect night. I hired a tonga to take me out to the most famous building in the world.

It is best to see the Taj Mahal first by moonlight, for then your credibility is assuaged that the moon, the night, and your imagination have conspired to trick your senses. It is the forever of past and future. With silent eloquence, it proclaims man to be more than flesh and blood, more than a moment of consciousness. I watched it through the night, past the dawn, and into the full light of day; it did not surrender to any change of light, but kept inviolate to moon and sun—the climax of man-made beauty.

Miss Justin

The sky was clear and it was obvious it would stay that way for the rest of the day. Early afternoon is best for color pictures. I lay under a tree and had a few hours' sleep.

As the sun arose, it carried the tree's shadow with it; I woke from the pain of heat. I was hungry and thirsty. Just outside the Taj Mahal grounds there is the usual group of concessions; they sell miniatures of the great structure and other mementos, but there wasn't any food which could have served as breakfast. All I was able to do was quench my thirst with a bottle of Coca-Cola.

I looked around for a lift into town. Seeing a man hitching a horse to a cart, I inquired if he were headed that way; he was, and said he'd take me. Just as I was getting into the cart, seemingly from nowhere the man's entire family of eight started

climbing in. The conveyance was originally intended for a maximum of four; as long as they could manage eight, they saw no reason why it couldn't take nine. While the 2-mile ride wasn't exactly comfortable, no one could say it wasn't intimate.

A great many Americans who visit Agra discover another treasure besides the Taj; that treasure is Miss Justin, who is in charge of the Methodists' Holman Institute. It is a school for low-caste children of India, who, because of their low birth, cannot attend the better schools. After living and working in India for thirty years, Miss Justin knows the people a great deal better than most Westerners, and she was generous in her constructive faith for the future of the country under native rule. She was generous in her hospitality, too, and while it was late in the morning, she had her servants fix my breakfast.

I went back to the Taj and got my pictures—it was 107 degrees in the shade and it was impossible to stay in the sun for more than a few minutes at a time. There might be many differences of opinion regarding the problems in that vast country, but no one will ever disagree about its heat—it is stupendous!

Back again at the Institute, I cooled off with a shower and then joined Miss Justin and her amiable assistant, Mr. Pollock, for a chat. The visit didn't last long. The fatigue of my all-night tryst with the Taj Mahal caught up with me, and I retired for a nap.

When I woke, it was time for tea, and time for me to be on my way. Mr. Pollock took me to the train, and as I got aboard, he handed me a box lunch that Miss Justin had prepared for me. It was a comfortable feeling to know that such fine people were representing America in as faraway a place as Agra.

My ride was only to the first stop, which I had been told

would be the most likely place to catch a ride going south. I got a ride with a truck carrying rice. I stretched out on top of the load and finally bounced to sleep.

Indian Sunday

Dawn was just breaking when the truck came to the end of its trip. It was Sunday, May 4. The complete silence of Cawnpore was almost frightening. As I walked through its silent, lonely streets, my own foot sounds tricked me more than once into thinking someone was following me. Presently, I came to the square. It was jammed with tongas. Almost all of them were occupied with their drivers, sound asleep.

After the strenuous business of pedaling passengers around all day, I wouldn't think sleeping in such cramped quarters would be very satisfactory. I thought of the luxurious mattresses we of the Western world demand so that we can get our proper rest. I suppose, if we navigated tonga-taxis for twelve hours a day, we wouldn't have much trouble sleeping either.

As I left the square and continued to the highway, I saw a very old man curled up in a doorway. He was sleeping like a newborn babe. The similarity did not stop there—he was just as naked as one, too. After you've been in India a week, nothing surprises you; I assumed the old gentleman was one of the holy men who live as they were born—*sans* anything.

I saw dozens of sleeping people in Cawnpore before I met one who was awake. He was an Indian Army officer on his way back to the barracks after a night of romance. I inquired if there was any place where I could get something to eat. It was Sunday; it would be hours before any kind of eating place opened. He said he was hungry, too; if I would care to join him, we could go to his army mess hall and get something. While we ate, we discussed the problem of transportation. There was very little traffic through town on Sunday.

However, a small truck came through every Sunday about noon; it went 300 miles southeast to Gaya.

Not only would it probably be the only car through, but it was also painted a bright red. I couldn't miss it.

It was still only eight o'clock. My Army benefactor went off to bed. Having nothing better to do, I went back to the Grand Trunk, and started my vigil. The road was waiting; there was a chance some car other than the red truck might possibly use it. I watched the city while it slowly came to life; groups of people passed me on their way to church. Tonga drivers looked at me hopefully, as they started pedaling through another day.

Until about ten o'clock, the shadows of the buildings held the relative coolness of the night. But soon the shadows obeyed the sun and vanished into the sides of the buildings. I sheltered myself under an inadequate tree, and prayed the heat wouldn't be as miserable as the day before.

A tiny band of men came down the road and stopped in front of me. They were a group of jugglers. They carried no paraphernalia, but used whatever objects that could be found in the vicinity. One such object was a wooden cot, and one of them managed to balance it on his chin. The little show was for my sole benefit. Unfortunately, none of them spoke English, and I was unable to explain that I couldn't pay for the *non-command* performance.

Happily, just after they started their act, the white-clothed groups started coming past on their way home from church. By the time the show was over, a good-sized crowd had gathered and I didn't feel too badly about the 5 annas (seven cents) I contributed.

There were three young Anglo-Indians (Indian mother and English father) in the crowd, and they seemed to find me more interesting (or unique) than the jugglers. I had noticed them staring at me through most of the show.

When it was over, they moved to within easy speaking distance and waited. I asked them if they spoke English, and with a triple grin, they all admitted that they did. They tempted me to go home with them and have dinner. I explained I was waiting for the red truck, and although I was very hungry, I would have to decline their invitation. They were quite sure it wouldn't arrive for at least an hour. My stomach was very pleased with the suggestion, and with growls convinced me that the boys knew what they were talking about. While one of them led the way, the other two carried my bag, and we started across a field.

The Red Truck

Just as we were about to enter their little house, I looked toward the Grand Trunk. There in the distance, immediately followed by a great cloud of dust, was a spot of red—my truck! Screaming for the boys to bring my bag, I raced back to the highway. The timing was almost too good, for when I ran out into the middle of the road, the driver had to jam on his brakes and swerve to avoid hitting me. After waiting for six hours, a little thing like getting run over wasn't going to stop me.

By the time the kids got my baggage to the truck, the driver had firmly stated he couldn't possibly take me such a distance for less than eight packs of cigarettes (I had started the discussion by confessing I had no money). I was standing firm for three packs of cigarettes—one pack for each hundred miles.

The Army officer had warned me that the truck was "red" in more ways than one. The driver was a devout Communist and used his vehicle for delivering Communist newspapers and other Red propaganda. When it looked as if he wasn't going to budge on the eight-pack routine, I implied that he was trying to exploit the poor masses—namely, me. I could hardly keep a straight face, but it hit a nerve somewhere, and he took the three packs.

If someone had told me the day before that I would suffer heat greater than any I had been in before, I would have said it was impossible. My ride in the red truck was beyond description. I wore only my shorts for the entire trip; several times I felt myself slipping into unconsciousness, and only the fear of falling out of the door-less truck kept me awake. The few times it was possible to get ice, I would wrap it in a towel, and put it between my ankles. It would melt almost immediately, but those few precious moments were memorable.

Most of the villages had deep wells of cool water, but I didn't dare drink any. The temptation was almost overpowering, but the warnings I had received against unboiled Indian water were frightening enough to overpower my temptation. I compromised by pouring buckets of it over my head, but always I had to wait a half-hour for the Halazone tablets to purify the water before I dared drink it. The hot water wasn't very satisfying. At practically every stop, I washed out my socks and the sun would completely dry them in five minutes. The temperature stayed a constant 120 degrees the entire day.

Keep the Home Fires Burning

When we find ourselves complaining at the amount of aid we give the undeveloped areas of Asia, it might be well to consider the fantastic difference between our standards of living. The use of animal dung is perhaps one of the best examples to illustrate the subhuman conditions that millions of human beings have to endure. Dung is much too precious to be used in fertilizing their impoverished land; its major use is for fuel. They are fortunate if they can manage to find or buy enough of it to warm their houses; usually it is reserved for cooking. Sometimes it is even used to build their adobe-like homes. It is not uncommon to see a woman waiting in the fields to "gather the harvest." This particular prod-

uct is not used because of its superior burning properties, nor is it cherished for the pungent smoke it produces. It is used because there is nothing else to serve the purpose.

Besides delivering Communist newspapers, the driver also provided bus service between the little towns. He undercharged the government bus company enough to insure a full complement of passengers. He was such an enterprising businessman that he would have done well in America. I told him so, and he said he would gladly give up being a Communist, if I could arrange for him to live in the US; until such time, he would work for what he was sure would be the winning side, at least in India.

A Circle of Black

After a countless number of villages, and an equal number of bucket shower baths, the sun sank mercifully below the treetops; the temperature dropped to a cool 100 degrees.

Just after the sun had gone down, we came upon a strange scene. Squatting in the middle of the road, a man was cutting the hide off of a dead cow. Around him, forming a huge black circle, several hundred vultures trembled at the sight of blood. The hundreds of heads were stretching toward the bloody carcass as if they were hypnotized. The sun I had so recently cursed for staying in the sky so long, I wished up there again. With some good light it would have made a great color picture. The impending feast so magnetized the carrion creatures that they were oblivious of the car. When I looked back, more than a dozen of them had canceled their plans for dinner.

The truck arrived in Gaya in the middle of the night. The thought of traveling another day in such heat made me decide to take the night train to Calcutta. It was only 200 miles more, and it took less than six hours.

When I stepped into a fourth-class coach, some of the

passengers started pointing forward where the better classes were located. One of them spoke to me in English and explained that I was in the wrong class. After I assured them I had not made a mistake, they welcomed me with smiles and even showed concern for my comfort.

The trip was a nightmare of heat and flies. Rather than criticize the Indians for lacking in industry, they should be given high praise for the very fact that they are able to stay alive. I arrived in Calcutta feeling like a dried-up prune. I had never been half as tired in my whole life. But I was at the end of my 12,000-mile trek overland; soon I would be on a ship heading for the Golden Gate—no more hitchhiking until I was home in America. At least that's what I thought at the time.

Operation Pants

The first thing that had to be done was to have the seat of my pants fixed. The countless bumps had taken their toll. It was a major rip and quite revealing. I hired a porter and told him to lead me to the nearest tailor. It was only nine o'clock, but already very warm. He took off down the street at such a clip that I almost had to run to keep up.

White is practically the only color the Indians wear. The only thread the tailor had was white. It wasn't exactly an invisible job of patching, but it did wonders for my sense of modesty. The tailor's place of business was the sidewalk, and of course, I had to take my pants off. By the time I got them on again, there was a crowd of over fifty people staring at me. They weren't concerned that I was only wearing shorts, for that was a good deal more than some of them had on, but they were amazed that a Westerner should choose such a casual way of having his trousers mended.

The mission accomplished, the porter tossed my bag to the top of his head again and trotted off. When we reached a main

street, he stopped by a taxicab and waited for me to catch up with him. After asking the taxi driver the direction of Thomas Cook's Travel Bureau, I instructed the porter to take me to the bus stop. He had carried my heavy bag around for almost an hour, yet his fee was only 1 rupee (twenty-one cents).

Fifteen minutes later my plans for getting aboard a ship were completely shattered. There wouldn't be one going east for at least two weeks. There were two or three leaving that week for New York, but they were going west via Europe. My fifteen dollars which had seemed so adequate was now frighteningly meager. The additional information that I had "only missed a Frisco boat by two days" didn't help change matters. As I had run out of land the only thing I could do was to try and get an airlift out of the city.

Singapore, Manila, Hong Kong, or Tokyo would all be acceptable destinations. I was sure any of those four ports would have plenty of ships heading for the western coast of America. The agent gave me a list of airlines in Calcutta, and marked the ones that had east-bound flights. Before I started tackling the five possibilities, I went and had something to eat at the inexpensive restaurant which he had recommended.

Six Indian College Boys

The place was quite crowded; some students at one of the large tables, seeing I was a stranger, made room for me. They were very much like young college people in the States, and we had an interesting discussion about India and their problems.

They beseeched me, as an American, to let my countrymen know that, rather than loans of food, what they really want and desperately need is instruction from our skilled technicians who could give them the great American know-how of getting things done. Not only were they aware that America couldn't possibly feed them, but they don't want us to. They were con-

fidant that, once they had the knowledge, they could harness the great resources of their vast country and become self-supporting. Once they can raise enough food to feed the nation, they can start building heavy industries. As it is now, India must spend a great part of its income to import food to keep its people alive.

It is hard to comprehend a country that has over 450,000 villages, but such is the case in India. A vast percentage of these villages have no facilities for teaching the people how to improve their conditions, either in health or agriculture.

India is the largest country outside Communist-dominated territory. There is no doubt that, if something isn't done to alleviate their starving hunger and the misery of disease, they will turn to Russia, in hope that their lot might somehow be improved.

I heard many people call the Indians "children"; it is true, they are. But, we are all children until education teaches us to be adults. The Soviet Union is wooing them, ardently and successfully. The seduction is not far off. That is, unless the West does something constructive and does it fast!

One Straw of Hope

After getting cleaned up at a nearby hotel, I checked my bag and set off to see what I could do with my list of airlines. The first four I visited resulted in complete frustration. Either the manager was out of town, or the main office was in some other city. The Thai airline was the last on my list. Again it was the same old story—the main office was in Siam; no one in Calcutta had the authority to give me a ride.

I could see all my work of the past two months going down the drain. The ticket agent must have sensed my grief, for he suggested that the captain of the plane that left the following day was a very nice fellow, and just *might* take me along. At that point, I was ready to clutch at any straw; I asked where

I could find him. He was flying in from Bangkok late that night, and I wouldn't be able to see him until the next morning. He gave me the captain's name and the hotel where he stayed; as we shook hands he wished me luck. "Luck"—there was no doubt about it; I was going to need a lot!

Though it was only a slim chance, I wanted to be prepared. I went to the British Consulate and got permits to enter both Hong Kong and Singapore, just in case I should be able to get the ride into Bangkok, and then on to either of those two British possessions. The English were very considerate and even waived the usual permit fee.

Pressed Duck

The Thai airline agent had been fairly optimistic but it wouldn't be wise to put all my eggs in that one basket. I was on my way to the US Consulate when I remembered that some of the oil companies have private planes that occasionally make trips to and from the US. I found a telephone book and looked up the large oil companies. They all had planes, but none of them were going to the States in the foreseeable future. At the Cal-Tex oil company I met Bill Connell, one of the executives in the Indian office. He was very interested in hearing about my trip and he asked me to join him for a cold drink. We went to an air-conditioned ice-cream parlor and he ordered me a wonderful coffee-and-cream mixture topped with whipped cream. It was a beautiful concoction and I wish we had them in America.

As we were talking, a friend of Bill's came in and joined us. He was Ralph Mizner, who worked as a security guard in the American Consulate. Ralph asked me if I had a place to sleep; when I assured him that I hadn't the faintest idea where I would spend the night, he invited me to stay in the consul guards' house. They had more room than they knew what to do with; I could move in permanently if I wanted to. At

least I had a place to stay; the way things looked, I might be there permanently, at that.

After *forcing* another of the rich drinks on me, Bill took me for a drive through the city.

Calcutta is quite impressive, for it has many modern buildings, all of them quite handsome. Bill had to go back to the office, and after inviting me to have dinner at his house that evening, he let me off at the American Consulate.

There were several letters waiting for me. I hadn't heard from home in almost a month—I couldn't wait to read them. I went across the street to the security guards' house, where they assigned me a huge room all to myself. I lay down on the comfortable bed and devoured my letters. I was reading them through for the second time when I fell asleep.

Ralph woke me when he got off duty. He took me to the hotel in one of the consulate station wagons, and I picked up my bag. Most of the Americans in Calcutta live in the vicinity of the American Consulate, and Bill's house was just a few minutes' walk. He had a wonderful cook who had prepared pressed duck for dinner. It was completely "out of this world." The duck, accompanied by wild rice and several kinds of curries, was one of the high spots of the whole trip.

After dinner we discussed India. His feelings were practically the same as the Indian students I had talked with. I left early so I could answer my mail. Only after I arrived back in my room did I realize there wasn't much point in writing—I couldn't afford to mail the letters anyway.

Captain Twee

Except for the eggs, which had a slight flavor of curry, my breakfast was strictly American.

Ralph went off to work, and I set off for the Imperial Hotel to take up my vigil until the time I could see Captain Twee Buddhinan. He had arrived late, and left word not

to be disturbed until ten o'clock. One minute after ten, I sent up a note to his room, saying I would like to see him at his convenience. He sent word back that he would be down in a few minutes. The newspapermen I had met in Pakistan had used me as a news item; when the captain came up to me, I started to introduce myself, but he said he had read about me in the newspapers.

I sat with him while he had breakfast. I was encouraged by his interest in my journey and was just about to broach the ticklish subject of hitching a ride with him when he said he hoped I was going to include his country in my round-the-world trip. Of course, he knew what I wanted to see him about in the first place, and this was his way of being gracious and making the request easier for me. I told him my balance was only \$14.30, and that the transportation picture out of Calcutta was so dismal that I had begun to despair of completing my project. He claimed that even the prospect of being so far from home with ten times that amount of money frightened him, but if a ride to the capital of Thailand would in any way help me, he would be happy to have me along.

Ever since reading about Anna and her problems with the king of Siam, it had always been high on the list of countries I wanted to visit. If I were going to go bankrupt, Siam might prove to be a very interesting place to do it.

The plane was taking off at one o'clock; I had scarcely two hours to get ready. Promising Captain Buddhinan I would definitely be there, I started a mad dash to the police station to get my permit to leave the country. Outside the hotel, I stopped the first car I saw. Fortunately, the driver spoke English.

I told him it was an emergency; I had to get to the police station as soon as possible, and would he take me? He told me to get in and we raced off to the station. On the way, I explained in a little more detail what the emergency was. He

was very obliging, and when we got there, he offered to wait and take me to the consulate. As I handed my passport to the officer, I realized I didn't have the entrance permit I had received when entering the country. It was impossible to get an exit permit without surrendering the entrance permit. I rushed out and got into the waiting car, and we dashed to the consulate. Halfway there, the car started to sputter, and in a few moments, it came to a miserable stop. It had run out of gas. By then, the driver was caught up in the spirit of my frantic haste; he yelled out at four idle fellows sitting on the curb to push the car to the gas station.

Of all the hundred or so cars I had ridden in across Europe and Asia, it was the first time one of them had run out of gas, and it was the only occasion where time was quite so precious. At the end of the first two blocks, we were not making very much speed; I started to open the door, saying I was going to help push. The owner of the car was an Indian, and he restrained me, saying it was not dignified for a white man to do such work. To reassure me, he shouted at two other men along the way, and they joined the four. The six, with frequent shouts from the driver, made a little better time, and at the end of the longest quarter of a mile I had ever traveled, we rolled up to a "petrol" station. While the attendant filled the tank, the driver paid off the men, and they thanked him with loud protests that they hadn't been paid enough. My new-found friend paid not the slightest attention to them. When I dug into my pocket to add to the contribution, he told me he had given them enough. It was just the custom; they would protest, no matter how much they received. We started off again, this time with a good deal more speed.

At the consulate, I thanked the driver profusely and dashed into the guards' house. Fortunately, Ralph was off duty, and while I found the entrance papers and jammed things into my

bag, I explained my problem. He telephoned for a car to pick me up. While we waited for it, he wrote a note of introduction to a friend in Bangkok. The ride to the airport normally takes about forty-five minutes, but the car took me to the police station, where it took ten minutes to get the permit, and arrived at the airport in less than forty minutes. Exactly seven minutes before one, I dashed into the administration building, clutching my passport, money control book, and exit permit.

The currency control officer took a very dim view of the fact that I had entered India with only \$21.90 and, eight days later, was leaving with \$14.30. His reminder that there was a \$5,000 fine for making a false financial statement was rather pointed. I told him I was very familiar with currency control laws; I had been plagued with them all across Europe and Asia. When he inquired how I could have lived and traveled in India for eight days on only \$7.60, I told him I had lived and traveled like a native. He pointed out that *he* was a *native*, and it would be quite impossible for him to travel on such an amount. I said, "If I had known that, I probably wouldn't have done it—but I didn't—so I did."

He obviously didn't believe me, but the papers were all in order, so there was nothing he could do but pass me through.

The Bronx—Yet

During our conversation, two American girls came up to have their control books stamped and they overheard the conversation. They were most concerned and lost no time inquiring how my funds had shrunk to such a sad state. Not having seen an American girl for the last several weeks, their complete candor shocked me a little. For the first time, I realized what a vast difference there is between our women and the women of Asia. It was wonderful to talk to women again

as equals. Reena Levy and Evelyn Lissiansky were both from the Bronx, and they were all set to make me a loan so that I could get back home. Once I'd explained about the \$80, they both expressed the opinion that I was "nuts!"

The girls had worked in Japan for a year, and this was their first vacation. They had visited Siam and India, and now were flying directly back to Tokyo. By the time we parted company at the Bangkok field, they made me promise to drop them a card if I actually made it.

After all my rushing to get to the airport on time, the plane was delayed a half-hour. Captain Buddhinan had offered me the ride before I had a chance to offer my standard photo payment; nevertheless, I took out my camera and went to work.

Fortunately, there were two cute little American kids on the plane, Kathy, aged eight, and Karl, six. With their mother, Mrs. Reiersen, they were on their way back to Burma, after a vacation in India. I took several color pictures of the pretty Siamese stewardess, serving them their lunch. Although modern planes are quite spacious, the space is very limited when you are trying to take a decent photograph. With my climbing around on the tops of seats, and getting the children to smile, the rest of the passengers were considerably entertained.

Burma Briefly

As we circled the Rangoon airport, the sun was just setting. Only the tops of the trees showed green, floating like tiny islands on a purple pool of shadows. In the distance, the capital city lay under a shimmering cloak of heat waves.

As the plane put its wheels on the field, Mrs. Reiersen said, "Thank God, we're home!"

Kathy and Karl jumped up and down with joy, screaming,

"We're home, Momma, we're home!" Three Americans from Portland, Oregon, happy to be home in Burma—what a strange world.

The passengers and crew went into the dining room to have dinner. Captain Twee invited me to join him at his table with the rest of the crew. As I was searching the menu for the cheapest dish, the captain smiled across the table at me and said that I was a guest of the airline, and he was sure they would like me to have a nice dinner.

We were on the ground for two hours; I had the chance to get some samples of Burmese earth. It was dark, so I got one of the airport workers to go along with me and carry a lantern. He spoke no English, and I had to explain what I wanted of him in sign language. Finally, I got through to him and he found a lantern and followed me off across the field. The first time I emptied a teaspoonful of earth into a cellophane bag, my helper just seemed startled, but as I continued to dig into the earth, every 50 feet or so, he began to look about apprehensively, as if he were in on some dastardly plot of espionage. Once back at the airport building, I paid him with a package of cigarettes. I don't know whether he was pleased with the payment or not, for he gave me a curious look as if I might possibly leap on him, and quickly moved away into the night.

It would be interesting to know some of the interpretations that had been put on my earth-sampling activities across Eurasia; I have no doubt that the Charles Pfizer Company has put my sanity in doubt over a considerable part of the world. I know that science puts no value whatsoever on superstition, but I never once finished collecting samples from any area that I didn't cross my fingers and make a wish that one of them might contain the spore which would result in a new wonder drug.

Mrs. Reiersen and her children claimed that the Burmese

people were the friendliest in the world. The only experience I had with the Burmese did not contradict her. Like most travelers, I always like to have my passport stamped in every country I go through, but as the plane was just stopping to refuel and allow the passengers to eat, there was no point in the customs checking our passports, so they had gone home. I asked one of the airport guards if there was any way I could get it stamped. The guard called another guard and told me to follow them. The office was locked, but it was one of those partitioned affairs where the walls go up about 8 feet, and has no ceiling. The first guard lifted the second, and he climbed over the wall. In a moment, the customs stamp sailed over the partition. The guard stamped my book, but the stamp didn't have any ink on it; calling his friend on the other side a fool, he threw the stamp back again. I heard a bang on the other side of the wall and the stamp came over the top again, this time nicely inked. In the States such carryings on would probably have landed them in a federal penitentiary, but in Burma it seemed like the natural thing to do.

Siam Is Thailand

We arrived in Bangkok at eleven o'clock that night. As each person stepped off the plane, he was handed an ice-cold Coca-Cola, and welcomed to Thailand. I hitched into town in an airport truck and it let me off at the Bangkok Y.M.C.A.

The Y was completely filled, but the manager fixed a cot for me on one of the balconies overlooking the garden, and put a mosquito netting over it. When it isn't too hot, a mosquito netting can be very cozy. There was a nice breeze that night. I stretched my weary bones, a little surprised to realize I was actually in Anna's land. The thought that Siam might be my Waterloo started to worry me, but I pushed the thought away and sank into a peaceful sleep.

The Oasis

After breakfast at the Y, I walked to the American Consulate which was only about 200 yards away. The first person I saw as I walked into the consulate was Norman Thomas, the ex-leader of the Socialist Party. That was the beginning and end of Mr. Thomas, but it did seem an odd place to see him for the first time. I didn't go to the consulate for anything in particular, but I had learned from experience that consulate employees were usually very friendly, and more than once some rewarding friendship had started there.

One of the Siamese office girls took me to a little coffee-house and insisted on treating me. You couldn't possibly know what an extraordinary gesture that is, unless you know women of the Orient. When she learned that I had come overland, all the way from Germany, she was very excited. A friend of hers was going to make the same trip with ten Siamese boxers. Knowing nothing of the road conditions, her friend was very worried about the journey. She wrote out his name and address, and said I must see him immediately. His name (the last I never was able to pronounce) was Thong Suktantiprasut, and he was the owner of the Oasis restaurant.

He was very excited when he learned the reason for my visit, and when he found out about my \$80 business, he offered to feed me all the time I was there, if I would give him a detailed description of the area, and a set of maps.

Strangely enough, the Esso Oil Company has better maps of Asia than the Asians themselves. Having been the recipient of Esso's generosity since the age of ten, I knew I could count on them, so we made the deal.

Thong was a most ambitious fellow and could match any American on that score. The Oasis was not only a soda fountain and restaurant by day, but a modern supper club at night.

He had an appointment with his dentist, and invited me to take the ride with him. On the way we passed six or seven Siamese Buddhist temples. As the dentist's office was only a short distance away, I asked him if this was the section where all the temples were located. He laughed and told me there were over three hundred temples in the city, and it was much easier seeing them than not seeing them. As far as religious buildings are concerned, Bangkok must have more per capita than any other city in the world. My camera was back at the Y, and each new temple made me itch to take its portrait. They are more like buildings you would expect to see in science fiction rather than in real life.

Promising Thong I'd see him the next day, I left him to the unpleasant task of facing the dentist. Just for the record, the Siamese don't like dentists any more than Americans do.

The note that Ralph Mizner had given me in those last hectic moments in Calcutta was to David Workman, chief architect of the new American Consulate building. It was about a mile from the old building and I had no trouble finding it. They were just quitting for lunch when I arrived at the building site, and Dave asked me to have lunch with him and his wife.

I was sitting in their comfortable living room while his lovely White Russian wife supervised the preparations for lunch. I had just finished telling him I'd very much like to stay with a typical working-class Siamese family, and he had just promised to arrange it, when I was startled by something plopping in my lap. I looked down into the tiny, quizzical face of a little macaque monkey.

After the little creature finished exploring me, he climbed down my leg and sauntered out into the kitchen. After lunch, I went back to the building with Dave, and he introduced me to Mr. Manraktham who actually seemed pleased at the prospect of having an unknown guest. After these arrange-

ments were completed, I took my camera and spent the afternoon in a photographer's paradise of Siamese temples.

I met Dave again after work, and he drove me to the Y to get my bag and then out to the Siamese family. The family consisted of the man and his wife and three servants. Siam has a most unique custom. Whenever it is possible, they hire their relatives to work for them. It seems a very practical plan, for it serves the double purpose of having servants and providing for one's poor relations at the same time. They were all girls in their twenties, and from the northern part of Thailand. After dinner, Mr. and Mrs. M. asked me to be their guest at a nearby outdoor movie theater. The Siamese admit quite frankly that their movies are terrible, and I completely agree with them; the one we saw that night was absolutely the worst film I'd ever seen.

As we walked home, I wondered where I was going to sleep; I had not seen any extra sleeping room. When we arrived, I found that a mat had been put on the floor in the living room, and after an Asian bath (scooping dippers of water from a bucket, and pouring it over one's self), I retired to the floor. As I went to sleep, I remember thinking that though the Manrakthams and I had laughed together and even exchanged ideas, neither of us understood a single word of the other's language.

The King and the Actors

A big bowl of the "Breakfast of Champions" (good old Wheaties) greeted me at seven. I confess I was a little shocked.

I went into town with Mr. Manraktham. In Bangkok, as in most foreign cities, you pay for the amount of distance you travel. By the time I had reached the American Consulate, I had gone through three zones, and the conductor had punched my transfer an appropriate number of times, not with a puncher, but with his sharp thumbnail. I discovered

later that all the conductors used the same kind of punch.

If it were possible to get an airplane out of Bangkok, I wanted to find out about it as soon as possible. The consulate loaned me a car and driver for the morning, so I visited the airlines as quickly as possible.

I went to the Thai Airline first and found that the only man who could authorize a pass was out of town on a holiday. He wouldn't be back until Monday and their one flight a week to Tokyo was on Tuesday. It meant waiting six days, and without any assurance of getting a ride. It didn't eliminate the company, but it didn't glitter with promise either. One by one, I checked off the other lines; either their trips were all filled, they were going in the wrong direction, or their headquarters were located in another country. By eleven o'clock, I had covered all the airlines; Thai Airways remained my only chance. I would be in Siam a week, whether I wanted to or not.

The driver of my borrowed car told me King Phuniphol Adjudej was attending a special religious service in the Temple of the Emerald Buddha, and suggested I might find it interesting. I decided it would at least take my mind off my troubles.

He let me off at the entrance to the great piles of beautifully colored stones, and then took the car back to the consulate.

The temple was crowded with quiet and respectful subjects watching His Majesty at worship. He was dressed in his colorful ceremonial robes and went through the ritual with great dignity. He governs his country with great wisdom and his subjects are devoted to him. The king occupies his leisure time with fast cars, skiing, and writing popular (American-style) songs. Considering that his subjects employ the styles and customs of both the Orient and the Occident, it seems quite fitting that the king should have such diverse talents.

After the impressive and age-old ceremonies, my problems didn't seem quite so important. I left the temple grounds and wandered through the streets, watching the people live the business part of their day. I had just passed a modern gas station when I came to an open doorway that led into a small court. Inside there was a tiny temple (which I later discovered held only three people at a time), and in the small courtyard, around the temple, about a hundred people sat watching a classic Siamese play. The actors, as well as the audience, seemed pleased that an Occidental would be interested in the show, and presently I found myself sitting within the informal area which comprised the stage. There are many of these small theatrical companies in Siam, and for various amounts of money, you can hire them to perform any of a long list of classic Siamese dramas, or if you can't afford a whole play, they will perform a part of one for you.

The performance I witnessed seemed very involved, but the audience all wore smiles, so I concluded it wasn't a serious play. When they reached a part in the drama which necessitated the heroine being tied up, the villain had some trouble with the rope. He couldn't get behind the girl because the audience was in the way. Under such trying circumstances it seemed only fair to give him a hand. The heroine had practically been thrown into my lap; I had only to reach out, pick up the rope, and tie a knot. Jimmy Durante spoke words of wisdom when he said, "Everybody wants to get into the act." In all modesty, I must report that I stopped the show. The audience beat each other in their hysterics, and it struck the actors even funnier than it did the audience. There was a good five-minute wait while everyone enjoyed my improvisation. No one has to translate laughter, so a good time was had by all.

When the play was over, I visited with the actors a while and then resumed my getting-acquainted stroll.

The elongated shadows reminded me to look at my watch. It was after four; I had completely forgotten about lunch. Considering it would have been "for free," it was quite an oversight. A thick Oasis milkshake filled the void until dinnertime. After arranging to meet Thong the following morning for some sight-seeing, I went to the corner to wait for the bus. A car stopped, and the driver asked me if I wanted a ride. I had been told that Thailanders were very generous in giving Americans lifts about the city; I was beginning to get firsthand proof. When I told him where I was going, he insisted it was right on his way. The Manrakthams lived way out in the suburbs, and he took me right to the door. After a friendly good-by, he turned his car around and went back toward town. As I suspected, he had gone out of his way to take me to my destination.

My first day in Siam only cost me twenty cents, but even at that ridiculous amount, I couldn't stay for very long. I had \$13.85 left, and New York City was a long way off.

★ *The Ninth Week*



Moving Day Again

I didn't know how I was going to get there, but one way or another I would have to land in Japan on my way home, and I'd need a visa. On my way to the Japanese Consulate, I first stopped by ours. One of the attachés I had met previously introduced me to Mr. Richard Bushner, the adviser on political affairs. He had heard about my adventure, and invited me to stay at his place. His house was right in the middle of the city, and he had plenty of extra room. It would be much more convenient than making the long trip to the suburbs. I asked his advice on how I could repay my Thai family for their hospitality. He had lived in Thailand for two years and knew the Siamese very well. He very definitely told me not to try and pay them in any way, as they would undoubtedly be offended. After arranging to meet later that evening, I went on

to the Japanese Consulate, picked up my visa, and then hurried to keep my appointment with Thong.

We spent the morning inspecting his favorite temples. There are so many temples, and all of them so colorful, that I oftentimes had the feeling I was attending some wonderfully bizarre world's fair. Having been accustomed to Byzantine and Gothic-style churches all my life, it was difficult to believe that these gaily colored buildings were places of worship.

Back at Thong's restaurant for a fast lunch (one hour), and off we went again. Thong was going to show me some Siamese boxing.

His boys were working out at the Radadamn Ern Stadium. Siamese boxing can only be described as *amazing*, and it is as different from our boxing as knitting is from football. They use every part of their bodies to hit with, and that includes elbows, knees, feet, and all of the other movable parts. It's incredibly fast, and they appear to be in the air as much time as they are on the mat. After watching several workouts, I was completely exhausted. It is one of the few sports I had seen that I hadn't the least desire to get mixed up in.

Thong drove me out to the Manrakthams so I could pick up my bag and thank them for their kind hospitality.

Mr. Bushner had notified his servants that I was coming, and they had a big, beautiful room prepared for me. After cleaning up as well as I could, I went back to the Oasis for dinner.

Mrs. Thong Suktantiprasut must have been the busiest woman in Thailand; that one occasion, when the three of us had dinner, was the only time I ever saw her when she wasn't working. Thong's friends kidded him that his wife did all the work and he took all the credit.

Bushner was waiting for me when I arrived back at his house. I recounted my whole trip in detail, and we pored over the maps of the area until it was time for bed.

Elephant Farm

After breakfast, I walked Bushner over to the consulate. There was a message for me from the American Information Center, asking me to come to their office that afternoon; they wanted to do a story about my trip. I called the Thai Airline again just on the chance that the boss might have come back earlier than planned, but no such luck; he definitely wouldn't be back until Monday.

I walked over to the Oasis and Thong greeted me with a great idea. We would drive 150 miles to the north and go tiger hunting. After 17,000 well-traveled miles, a 300-mile side trip, even to hunt tigers, was not my idea of good clean fun. Instead, we compromised and went about 20 miles out of town and visited an elephant farm. It was a strange place; at least I thought it strange to see elephants being used for farm work. They were also hired out for tiger hunts, but Thong claimed it would be a waste of time to hunt in that area. The biggest and best tigers were in the north. Strangely enough, they were the first elephants I had seen since the last time I was at the Central Park Zoo in Manhattan. I had a ride on one of the huge beasts. The top side of an elephant is a lot higher than it looks from the ground.

Enter the Princess

After lunch with Thong, I set off for the American Information Center. There was plenty of time, so I walked. Suddenly, there was a cloudburst; the monsoon season wasn't many days away. I ducked into a doorway and while I was waiting for the storm to run its course, a big chauffeured car pulled up to the curb. The back window rolled down, and a handsome woman called to me and asked if I wanted a ride. I admitted it would be a very fine idea, and got in the car. Before we had reached my destination, I learned, somewhat

to my surprise, that she was the Princess Athipurn Ksemsri!

It is forbidden to take photographs inside the Royal Palace grounds. I had admired them greatly, and wanted to take some color shots. I asked the Princess if she knew whether such permission was ever granted. She said that her husband might be able to arrange it. His office was nearby; we went to see him.

It was Saturday, and the government offices were closed. He couldn't do anything until Monday. The permit might possibly be rushed through by Tuesday, and he promised to do what he could. All I could do was pray that Tuesday would be a good day for color. The Princess dropped me off at the Information Center, and I went through my story again. I was beginning to get awfully tired telling about my trip. I wondered how anyone could find it the slightest bit interesting. That is, the story that lay *behind* me; I must admit the story that was *yet to come* was far from uninteresting—I could hardly wait to see how it was going to work out.

Bushner had arranged a double date for us that night. Happily, he and I wore about the same size clothes, and he lent me some of his for the occasion. The way my own clothes looked, I wouldn't have taken a girl to a dog fight.

They were charming young ladies, spoke excellent English, and, much to my disappointment, wore Western-style clothes. After a good dinner, we saw a classic Siamese dance drama. The girls interpreted the story as it went along, but it was so involved in oriental history and mythology, that their explanations only added to the confusion. After two months on the road, the sudden change into a suit and tie, and a lovely young lady on my arm was almost too much for me; I felt about as awkward as the first time I took a girl to a high school dance.

Wao Chula and Wao Pakpao

The next day was Sunday, and Bushner took me to see the kite fights at the Phranean grounds. I had never heard of such a thing.

There are two main types of kites; the male kites (*wao chula*) which are quite large, and the female kites (*wao pak-pao*) which are tiny little things. Bamboo poles separate the two sides of the field. On one side are the operators of the male kites, and on the other side the operators of the female kites. The object of the fight is for one of the kites to catch one of the opposite sex, and pull it over the bamboo dividing line. If the large kite succeeds in bringing the small kite into its territory, it gets one point; if the small kite manages to ensnare a large one and bring it over to its side of the field, it gets two points.

The kites are flown by men, and the strategies and manipulations they put the kites through are really quite amazing. I would never have guessed that kites could do such intricate maneuvers. The crowd followed their favorites as avidly as we follow our favorite race horses, and the betting was just as enthusiastic.

All Hail, Thai Air, and the Prince, Too

Bangkok has been called the Venice of the Orient. Early Monday morning, I went for a ride in a gondola and watched the shopping on the water. The canals have as much traffic as the streets; they are lined with houses and jammed with floating stores. The canals are used for bathing, swimming, and the family wash, as well as for transportation. It was funny to see the housewives haggling with the various sampan merchants as they bobbed from door to door hawking their wares. I spent over an hour watching the river activities, but by nine o'clock I was waiting in the Thai Airline office. Shortly after-

wards, Mr. Broome Chakrabandu, the anxiously awaited director of traffic, came in. He had received some communication about me from Captain Twee, so he wasn't exactly surprised at finding me there. He must have guessed my intense anxiety, because almost immediately he volunteered that he had a couple of empty seats on the next evening's flight to Tokyo, and saw no reason why I shouldn't have one of them; that is, of course, if I cared to accept. I was more than a little nonplused by such courteous generosity. When I said I would take some color pictures of their plane and services, he thanked me as if *I* were doing *them* a favor! Amazing people, the Siamese.

When I left the office, I was walking on air. If I couldn't get a ship out of Japan, I'd swim home!

I called Prince Athipurn Ksemsri. He had been successful in getting me the special pass to photograph the palace grounds; it would be at his office in the morning. Having gone to such trouble, it occurred to me to tell him I thought he was a "prince," but I thought better of it and just thanked him instead.

Snake Farm

I was waiting to catch a bus to go out to the snake farm when a big Packard pulled up and a gentleman called out to ask where I was going. I told him, and he said it was too hot to take a bus; he would be glad to take me. The gentleman turned out to be Major General Prayun Pamon Montri, the Deputy Minister of Finance of Thailand. When he learned that I was only going to be in the country one more day, he had his chauffeur take him to his office and put the car at my disposal. It was the third time such unusual courtesy had been extended to me in less than a week. Had anyone told me that such things could happen in any large city of the world, I would never have believed him.

Things were quiet at the snake farm, but I did see them draw venom from one of the cobras, which is used to make anti-snakebite venom. I admit it was interesting to watch, but it was one job I'm sure I'd never completely enjoy.

As long as I had a car, I went and said my good-bys to the Thai family, Mr. and Mrs. Workman, and the Y.M.C.A. manager, all of whom had helped make my stay such a wonderful and rewarding experience.

It was almost five o'clock when the driver let me off at Bushner's.

Bushner brought home a newspaper friend of his who wanted my impressions of Thailand for his paper. Mr. Manas Manasputr and I hit it off immediately, and when Bushner apologized that he had a previous dinner engagement, Mr. Manasputr called his editor who invited us both to his home for dinner.

Editor Somphan Khantajavana has a large, lovely house and we had a fine Siamese dinner. I talked to them about Thailand and they talked to me about America, which pleased everyone, and our conversation overlapped all evening. Before we said goodnight, Mr. Khantajavana had offered to take me out to the airport.

The day couldn't have been more perfect if it tried.

Memo: Go Back to Siam—Soon

The sun that beat through my open window was so strong I could almost hear it. There wasn't a cloud in the sky. I couldn't have ordered a better day, at least photographically speaking. It was already hot and promised to be a scorcher, but I certainly wasn't going to complain about a little heat. On a chair across the room my clothes lay in a neat pile. I had worn Bushner's clothes the day before, and it had given his servants time to clean and mend everything I owned. I faced the future, patched, but clean!

When I presented my pass to the police guard at the Royal Palace gate, I was assigned a special guide. Considering the number of golden treasures lying around the place, I had a hunch my guide was more of a guard.

The Royal Palace and the Temple of the Emerald Buddha were even more fantastic than any of the others I had seen. I am sure that for a long time to come, carnivals are going to seem awfully drab.

By twelve o'clock, I was dizzy from focusing so many brilliant scenes into my camera's ground glass.

After lunch at the Oasis, I thanked Thong and his wife for their great kindness and the many meals they had provided, and promised that on my next trip, I'd be a paying guest.

The festive buffet supper which Bushner gave that evening was just the right note to end my stay in that make-believe land.

At eleven o'clock, the editor, his wife, and three children picked me up and they drove me to the airport. Mr. Khantajavana gave me a beautiful piece of Siamese silk and a good-luck charm "so you will be safe and successful at your home."

There were two captains on the long flight to Tokyo. My old friend, Captain Twee, was one of them. We left the field exactly on schedule—a most unusual occurrence in air travel.

Below us (like tiny antique mirrors), the rice fields of Thailand glittered in the bright moonlight. I wondered when I would return to the land of temples and tigers, gondolas and dancing girls, elephants and ice cream sodas—and most of all, the kind, generous people.

The quartette of airplane motors sang me to sleep.

Opium Smells Sweet

Shortly after we landed in Hong Kong, we were told the take-off would be delayed; the weather on the next leg wasn't

up to par. I asked Captain Twee if it would be all right for me to go into the city for a quick look. He said the weather couldn't possibly clear before noon, and if I'd be back by then, I wouldn't have to worry.

I caught a ride and was in the center of town by ten o'clock. I suppose everyone with a camera who has visited Hong Kong has wanted to take a picture of the inside of an opium den. I was no exception. I knew that a taxi driver would probably take me to one, but I couldn't afford the fare. As I was thinking how I could locate one of the dens of iniquity, I passed an old man selling newspapers. Having nothing to lose, I asked him if he knew where one was. With a smile, he held out one of his newspapers. I assumed he meant, "No buyee, no talkee"; I bought a paper. (At the airport I had exchanged about fifty cents' worth of a mixture of Indian and Siamese coins for its equivalent in Hong Kong money.) The paper vendor quite casually directed me to the nearest "opium club." He was so matter of fact about it that he might have been telling me how to get to a drugstore. I was pretty sure he was pulling my leg.

In a few minutes, I came to a rather ramshackle three-story building. It did seem to be a sort of club; still, I couldn't believe that it was an opium establishment. There wasn't a dark, mysterious alley in sight.

While I was studying the place, two men went to the door; without knocking, they opened it and went inside. I leaned against a building and waited. Shortly afterwards, another man appeared; he, too, went in without any preliminaries. I looked at my watch. It was ten-thirty. It would have to be now or never. I went to the door, opened it, and walked in.

There was a small entrance hall, and, just beyond, a medium-sized room where I could see several men sitting at

tables; some were reading papers and the others were talking or drinking tea.

It seemed like a regular club, which indeed it was. There was one noticeable difference, however—nothing that I could see, but one that affected my nose. I had never smelled anything like it before, but no one had to tell me that I was, at last, in an opium den.

I had hardly stepped into the club room when a little boy about twelve came forward with an opium pipe and started to direct me to a crib. I shook my head. Presently, the manager came in and spoke to me. I asked if it would be all right to look around. He said to make myself at home, but warned me that it was forbidden to take pictures. Hoping he wouldn't notice the lump in my rolled-up jacket, I assured him I wouldn't think of such a thing.

The main action was in the rear of the establishment where there were about two hundred small cubicles. Each had a wooden platform about two feet off the floor, on which the smoker lay. A young boy brought the opium pipe, a candle in a hurricane lamp to heat the pipe, and a supply of opium. A wad of opium looks like a piece of chocolate.

I was just about to take a flash bulb shot when I heard a very cultivated voice with an English accent say, "You'd best not take any pictures in here, young man." Surprised, I looked around. Of the five or six smokers who could see me, there wasn't one occidental face. Then, a little, old, wizened-faced Chinese smiled at me. "They don't like that sort of thing, you know." I must say I was shaken to hear such flawless English coming from such a flawless Chinese.

The club had three floors. Being as inconspicuous as my light complexion would allow in a place filled with Chinese, I slipped up the stairs to the top floor.

Fortunately, it was almost empty. I didn't even have to ask

the two men in one of the cribs if I could shoot them. As soon as they saw my camera, they both grinned like children, and one pointed at the camera and then at himself. Obviously, he wanted his picture taken. I obliged.

I had just snapped my fourth picture when I noticed one of the opium delivery boys stick his head in the doorway. As soon as he saw what I was doing, he turned and ran down the stairs again. The boy wasn't down ten stairs before I was following him.

Just as I opened the front door, I saw the manager running toward me; behind him were a couple of his henchmen, looking about twice their probable size. As I slipped out, one of them caught my shirtsleeve. I'm keeping that ripped shirt as a souvenir.

The street was comfortably filled with traffic, so I slowed down to a fast run!

After an hour in Formosa, to refuel the plane and feed the passengers, the plane took off into the night sky. With a war so close by, I was just as happy that it was dark.

At two in the morning, we landed at the Hanida Airport. Thai Airlines had completed another uneventful flight between Bangkok and Tokyo, but I doubt if any flight before had included such a grateful passenger.

Buddha Smiles

After saying good-by to the crew and pledging my life-long love for Captain Twee, I changed \$2 into yen* and went out to get a bus into town. Just in front of the terminal, a truckload of Japanese workmen were getting ready to leave. I asked them if I could bum a ride, and the driver said, "Sure, jump in." There were about ten in the truck, and they were all eating ice cream. One of the workers said something in Japanese to the driver, jumped off the truck, and a couple

* 360 yen=\$1.

of minutes later, got back on again and presented me with an ice cream.

At the very beginning of the Korean war, I had worked as a purser with an airline flying soldiers and casualties between California and Tokyo. During that time I had spent a couple of months in Japan, and had learned to be very fond of the people. It gave me a very warm feeling to receive such a nice courtesy on my first contact with them again.

The truck went out of its way to put me in front of the Y.M.C.A. I had slept most of the way from Siam to Japan, which was fortunate. If I had been tired, I'd have fainted when the desk clerk told me the room rate was \$2.25 a day. Things had certainly changed since the last time I was there.

I briefed the clerk on my situation, and he suggested that I leave my pack there and go to a nearby Buddhist temple, which was a sanctuary for travelers.

He drew a map to show me how to get there. I had forgotten the Japanese and their maps. Instead of telling you how to get to a place, they almost invariably draw a map. Sometimes, they even go so far as to draw in trees, cars, people, or whatever else strikes their fancy. The added details are, of course, their way of being humorous.

It was almost 4 A.M. The night-duty priest heard me, got up, and showed me where I could put my sleeping bag. The temple was open on three sides and it was comfortably cool. There was a tiny lantern which offered a feeble light. About a dozen people occupied the temple's floor. I crawled into my sleeping bag. The last thing I remember was Buddha's solemn golden face; as the swinging lantern rippled shadows over his face, he seemed to be smiling.

At nine in the morning, a pressure on my shoulder woke me. Squatting next to me, wrapped in his golden yellow robe, a priest was looking down at me. He greeted my awakening

in Japanese, indicated the cup of hot tea beside me, and silently removed himself to other temple business.

I left 100 yen in the poor box, and caught a streetcar back to the Y. After I bathed and shaved, I went to the GI snack bar. Though it had been two years since I last was in Tokyo, I found I had no difficulty in remembering my way around. The Japanese are industrious people, and what signs of war ruins I had seen two years before were completely gone.

At the snack bar I had a good breakfast of coffee, toast, and eggs for thirty cents.

Gentlemen of the Press

While I was eating breakfast, I got to talking with the fellow sitting next to me; when I mentioned what I was doing he became very interested and the first thing I knew I was hurrying down the street with him. Of all the soldiers in Tokyo, I had struck up a conversation with one that worked in the *Stars and Stripes* newspaper office!

The editor was quite excited over my story, and said that he was going to run it on the front page with pictures. After *Stars and Stripes* finished with me, they turned me over to a United Press correspondent who promised that the story would be in over a thousand US papers the next day. I was glad he thought I was a news item. I hadn't been able to afford stamps for the last four weeks; the UP story would let my friends at home know that I was safely in Japan.

A Japanese news syndicate got wind of the story and called the *Stars and Stripes*, and asked me if I would come to their office when I had the time.

I was in the middle of my interview with three Japanese reporters, representing the major papers of Japan, when the phone rang; it was the Armed Forces Radio wanting to inter-

view me on the radio that afternoon. Such attention might have gone to my head, but my clothes were in tatters, I had lost twelve pounds, and I had less than \$9 to get me across the Pacific Ocean and 3,000 miles to New York.

Neither the newspaper stories nor the radio interview helped in getting me a ship; but they did succeed in making me famous enough to supply most of my food, lodging, and theater tickets while I was there.

The fellows at *Stars and Stripes* invited me to lunch. They were a little astonished by my extravagant praise of their Army mess—I never thought food could taste so good. Probably the fact that I hadn't had an American meal for such a long time had something to do with it.

During the time the *Stars and Stripes* photographer took pictures of me in front of various Tokyo landmarks, I telephoned my old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Kondoh. The Japanese are a most hospitable race and it was with pleasure that I accepted Mrs. Kondoh's invitation to be their guest while I remained in their city.

The last photograph was in front of the Ernie Pyle Theater; I saw that there was going to be a performance of *Madame Butterfly* that night. It was being sung in Japanese by a Japanese cast; it sounded interesting. I went in and found the manager, a lieutenant colonel, and he presented me with a fine orchestra seat.

I dashed back to the Armed Forces Radio, just in time to make the program. The announcer, Corporal John Blashill, put me completely at ease—but the day was not far off when I would have cause to regret that interview.

My Friends, the Kondohs

When I arrived at my friends' little doll house, I remembered to duck my head, not because I am so tall but because the

doors are so short. We greeted each other in the Japanese custom of bowing to each other; then we shook hands in the American fashion.

After the usual cup of tea, we went out into the garden, where, midst the flowers, we brought each other up to date on our respective lives.

They were very happy that their country was independent again, and gave high praise to America for the good and just peace treaty. Mr. Kondoh observed that it had been a strange war, for although they had lost, the Japanese people had more liberty now than they had ever had before. How strange the world runs! Sometimes good things come in badly wrapped packages.

In practically every Asiatic home in which I had stayed, there had been at least one servant. They are, of course, incredibly cheap, and anyone able to afford a roof over his head can afford one. Sometimes even the servants have servants.

The Japanese serving people make their work an art. At dinner that night, about a dozen courses were served. Before each course, the woman begged us to eat her unworthy food (delicious, of course); after each course, she would thank us for having eaten it. While such service may sound servile, it is nothing of the kind. She did her job with such grace and simple dignity that it demanded admiration and respect.

After entreating my hosts not to wait up for me, I dashed for the theater; I had just slipped into my seat when the curtain went up.

The theater built in memory of Ernie Pyle, remembrance of photographing the Japanese surrender on *Big Mo*, and the beautiful performance of *Butterfly* being sung in Japanese, all conspired to make the lush Puccini music even more poignant than it actually is, and there were times when it was all I could do to keep tears from blurring the scene. It

was one of those rare times in the theater which takes a place in your memory, never to be forgotten.

Mr. and Mrs. Kondoh were waiting up for me, and insisted that it was their normal custom to stay up so late. I did not have to pretend I was tired. Soon the house was dark, and I was lying on my firm but comfortable *tatami* (straw mat).

In the quiet moment before sleep, I heard tinkling music outside. A gentle breeze was nudging the glass bells that hung in the garden.

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The Tenth Week and The Eleventh Week

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An Offer—of Sorts

After a breakfast of tea and biscuits, Mr. Kondoh and I took the commuter train into town. The only difference between commuter trains in Japan and in America is that the passengers are shorter.

After bowing to each other at the station, we both looked forward to the evening when we would meet again.

When I went into the office of the Armed Forces Radio to pick up the record of my interview which they had promised me, I was greeted with broad grins. Corporal Blashill told me the good news.

Shortly after the radio interview the day before, a man had telephoned to offer me a trip back to the States. It wasn't exactly what I was looking for, but it was funny. The man was building a 32-foot boat, which he intended sailing to

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San Francisco. I must confess I would have been interested except for the disconcerting fact that the boat wouldn't be finished for another three or four months. I really couldn't afford to wait.

And Love Walked Down the Street

Over coffee and doughnuts at the snack bar, I had a conversation with a GI who had just arrived from Korea on a five-day pass. He was waiting for his wife to arrive from the country to spend his holiday with him. He reported that the morale was very good in the battle zone, and gave most of the credit to the Army's efficient system of leaves and rotation.

I was just about to leave when his wife came in. They rushed into that close embrace reserved for lovers. She was a small, lovely-looking girl, her hair a glistening black, and her skin was as smooth and fair as the proverbial flower petal. As the GI from New Jersey turned back to pick up his bag, he smiled and wished me luck.

I watched them as they went off down the street; they were oblivious to anyone else. I couldn't help wondering how the New Jersey family will accept their Japanese daughter-in-law.

I spent most of the afternoon calling on steamship lines; after the fourth company gave me the same story, I decided that I was wasting my time in Tokyo. They all insisted that I would have to go to the port in Yokohama and talk to the ship's captain in person. It was too late to make the trip to Yokohama and back, and still be at my Japanese friends' home in time for dinner, so I put it off until morning.

When I had said good-by to my friend Mr. Workman in Siam, he had given me a letter to some friends in Tokyo. They had a big new house, and he was certain they would be happy to put me up. Although I didn't have to worry about food and lodging, I called to give them Workman's greetings.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Scott were home; they had heard my radio interview, and were a little startled by my call. Having learned of my circumstances via the radio, they invited me to be their guest. By the time I had hung up, I promised to be at their house the following afternoon. I warned them I might only be able to stay an hour, or I might be there for years—it all depended on when I could get a ship. They were agreeable to either condition.

That night we spent over three hours at our fifteen-course Japanese dinner. Our taste buds furnished the evening's entertainment.

After dinner we continued drinking tea in the garden. The flickering candle, in the ancient stone lantern, transformed the trees and flowers into nervous silhouettes.

There were two ships in the Yokohama port headed for San Francisco. The first was going to do it the hard way, stopping at several islands along the way, and taking six weeks. The second ship was *The Flying Spray* of the Isbrandtsen Line, the same company whose *Flying Enterprise* was lost in spite of the heroic efforts of Captain Carlsen. It was leaving at dawn the next morning, and scheduled in San Francisco fourteen days later; just the kind of ship I'd prayed for.

The only ones aboard were the first mate and the ship's purser. The ship had a full crew, so there wasn't any chance of getting a paying job. As far as taking on a work-a-way, that was up to the "old man." They didn't know when Captain Sloan would be back; probably, around noon.

I had \$4.50 left. If I was lucky enough to be signed on, I was sure I'd have my trip *made*—the \$4.50 would last me across America, if I had to walk all the way.

At noon, Bert Breuer, the purser, invited me to have lunch in the ship's mess.

The captain came aboard a little after one. He was quiet

and dignified, but there was no doubt that he was of the sea; his eyes had seen more miles of ocean than they had of land. Though his face didn't show the slightest trace of humor, I know my desperation amused him. After proper consideration, he allowed the bos'n could probably find something for me to do.

Sheer joy was the order of my day! I could disregard all thoughts of swimming the Pacific.

After the purser added my name to the crew list and the captain signed my papers, I dashed off to get a ride back to Tokyo. I had twelve hours left in Japan, and then I'd be heading home!

My Overworked Guardian Angel

I was in luck (I thought), for a big gasoline truck was just leaving the port for Tokyo and offered me a lift.

About halfway between the two cities, and while the gas truck was going at a considerable speed, some maniac came tearing around a curve in front of us, so fast that he couldn't stay on his side of the road. Truck drivers are usually excellent drivers and that one was no exception, in spite of what happened. In order to avoid a head-on collision, he pulled the truck to the left side of the road, just missing the car by a hair. Before he could turn back again, another car came around the curve. The only way of avoiding the second crash was to continue to swerve to the left. Unfortunately, the road's edge was only a couple of feet wide, and then dropped off about two feet. Even before it left the highway, I had the door on my side open. As it started to turn over, I jumped.

As I hit the ground, I saw the truck's wheels in the air; then they disappeared as it completed its roll. Even before I was able to get off the ground, I saw the driver's head emerge from the wreck. He pulled himself out and jumped down. We both ran a respectful distance away and silently watched

to see if the truck was going to catch fire. Even before we were certain that the gasoline was out of danger, the place was milling with people.

It was over an hour before my version of the accident, via half-a-dozen translators, had been given to the police. The interpreters seemed at odds about exactly what I was saying, but I think I managed to make them understand that the truck driver had been completely blameless and had in fact, through his good driving, averted what might have been a tragedy.

I signed several papers. Aside from the fact that the Japanese printing was very decorative, I haven't the faintest notion what they were about. By that time, over a hundred cars had stopped along the highway, so I had no trouble getting a ride the rest of the way.

It was after four o'clock when I arrived back at the Kondohs' house. I called the Scotts and explained that I would be a little late. Mrs. Kondoh and I relaxed over a pot of tea; it was only when I was sitting quietly that I noticed I was shaking. I had been a very lucky fellow. But for my guardian angel, the story of my trip might have been limited to the obituary column.

The Scotts were adding a new terrace to their home. When I arrived, Mr. Scott, his son Richard, aged fourteen, and ten of his friends were hard at work building the foundation. Mr. Scott had briefed his son that I was the "world explorer" they had heard on the radio. Obviously, Rich had double-briefed his young playmates, for as soon as I arrived, and after the minimum of conversation with Mr. Scott, I was confronted with eleven eager young faces. The kids had dropped their work and sat down in a circle, waiting for me to tell all. Mr. Scott tried to get me "off the hook," but there was a half-hour before dinner, and time for a couple of stories at least. Their attentiveness was almost grim, and when

I got to the part about the opium smugglers, I had the distinct impression they were a little annoyed that I hadn't called on them for their personal assistance in dealing with the culprits. That half-hour seemed like a minute. With such an audience, I completely forgot I was tired of talking about the trip.

The Scotts made me feel like I owned the place. They had prepared a room for me, and seemed genuinely disappointed that I wasn't going to use it.

It wasn't until after we had started dinner that I discovered what Mr. Scott's work was. Outside in the hall, my bag was full of samples of dirt for the Pfizer Laboratories. Mr. Scott was the Japanese representative for Lederle Laboratories, Pfizer's biggest competitor in antibiotics!

Mr. and Mrs. Scott had a date with friends to go dancing and urged me to go with them. I wanted very much to see a Kabuki play, and they agreed that would be much more interesting than spending my last night in an American club.

Before we left, young Richard gravely confided in me that he, too, was going to hitchhike around the world, but we both agreed that he should wait for at least two or three years.

The Scotts insisted that I should leave my bag at their house; they would meet me after the theater, and take me to my ship in Yokohama.

The Kabukiza Theater was completely sold out; there wasn't a seat left. When I told the manager I had been visiting theaters all around the world and would be greatly disappointed to miss the Kabuki, he asked if I were the person he had read about in the papers. Naturally, I didn't deny it. They took a large chair from the lobby, carried it down the center aisle, and put it right in front of the stage. I felt a little foolish sitting there with everyone staring at me, but as soon as the play began, I was quite unconscious of where I was sitting, or that anyone else was in the theater.

The Scotts were waiting for me in front of the theater. We

stopped at their house for a snack, and then, off to Yokohama. I wished them goodnight and good-bye at two in the morning.

I crawled wearily into my bunk. The day had been overcrowded with living.

Turn to, and Other Matters

We were only three hours out of Yokohama, but being on an American ship, technically I was already home. A floating piece of America skirting the Japanese coast, heading east. The size of the breakfast told me I was home, too: hot and cold cereals, coffee, toast, jam, muffins, fruit, bacon, and eggs fixed in any style and in any amount.

At eight o'clock, the boatswain's mate yelled, "Turn to!" I was one of four ordinary seamen, and we were assigned to deck duty. The first order the bos'n gave me was to "grab a line and batten down the port booms on the after port of number two"; at least it sounded something like that. I understood each of the words he said, but what he meant was completely incomprehensible. I thought I had finished with language problems, but the bos'n and I had to revert to sign language.

After we had secured a number of things about the deck, we were given some red lead paint and mop of brushes. The messy stuff is scrubbed into the deck to loosen rust, and it is hard, back-breaking work. By the time the lunch hour came around, I was so exhausted I slept half of the hour.

After lunch, we went back to work on the deck, and by five the whole port side of the 425-foot ship had been covered with the red goo. At dinnertime, I was so tired I could hardly eat. There were thick steaks smothered in onions, potatoes, several kinds of vegetables, ice cream and cake for dessert. Whether it was the day's work or the sudden switch to American food, I don't know, but I felt a little sick. The crew

seemed like a nice bunch of fellows, a little rough around the edges, perhaps, but friendly.

The Little Man with a Mind to Match

Friendly, that is, except for the bos'n. The first morning, he made a point of asking me if I were the same Christopher he had heard interviewed on the Armed Forces Radio. When I admitted I was, he let me know that he wasn't in the least impressed. As he had brought up the subject in the first place, his remark was a little uncalled for. I wasn't quite sure what he was trying to get at, but I did know he wasn't out to win my lifelong friendship.

If I had known what a rough time the bos'n was going to give me I probably wouldn't have signed on the *Flying Spray*. I got the hardest and dirtiest work on the ship. The first three or four days it was pretty tough to take. I was far from being in top shape, and I came pretty close to keeling over a couple of times. I knew he was itching for an excuse to report me to the first mate, but I'd have died before giving him that pleasure. I had promised the captain I would do any kind of work if he would take me on, and I wasn't going to let anyone as petty as the bos'n say I wasn't living up to my part of the bargain.

I don't believe in fighting between countries or between individuals. In the bos'n's case, I would have been happy to make an exception. I confessed my feeling to some of the crew at chow one night; they set me straight about the bos'n. Several of them had challenged him when they had been on land, but he refused to fight, no matter what insults they gave him. "If a guy won't put up his dukes, and fight, what can ya do?" was the way one of them put it.

Whatever he was trying to prove, I hope he did it to his own satisfaction; certainly he didn't succeed with anyone else. Half of the crew wouldn't even speak to him.

There are little people everywhere, and I shouldn't have been surprised to find one on the ocean. He did little credit to the ship, the officers, or the crew. Happily, he was the only exception; the rest of the crew were men, and it was a pleasure to work and live with them.

Fog

The morning of the third day out, the ship sailed into a great bank of fog. I was scraping deck under the captain's bridge and I had a good view of him. He paced the bridge, glaring forward into the muck; he turned his head only long enough to see that the other lookouts were attending their watch.

The fog horns blared their earsplitting cries every few seconds, and I had to stuff my ears with cotton to keep from going deaf. Even at only 15 knots, two ships can come together in a very short time; a matter of seconds might mean avoiding a crash.

It seems incredible that in the vast space of ocean, two such relatively tiny objects could ever hit one another, but the year before, there had been six such accidents. The crew told me the captain would stay on the bridge twenty-four hours a day, as long as the fog kept down. Like a worried mother, he paced the bridge, chain-drinking countless cups of coffee. Several times during the day, I wanted to relax, but I knew if I did, the captain's eyes would choose that moment to look down at the deck. I didn't want him to get any idea I wasn't fulfilling my promise.

The fog lifted a little the next afternoon. During that time, we passed a Russian ship headed for the Russian port of Mysloptka, on the Kamchatka Peninsula. The ship was loaded with landing barges. Everyone on our ship who owned binoculars got them out and we all had a good look. The Russians were doing the same thing and their deck was lined

with binoculars pointed at us. Shortly after, the fog lowered again. I could appreciate the captain's caution; in that one hour, we had seen a ship, and it was less than a mile away. I wondered how many other ships we might have passed in the fog bank.

Wind, Rain, and Ice

On the fifth day, freezing wind and rain replaced the fog. The rest of the crew didn't seem to mind it too much, but after two months of living in an extremely hot climate, my blood must have thinned out. One of the crew loaned me some heavy clothes; still I thought I was going to freeze to death.

The whole day I alternated between chipping rust off the deck and chipping ice from the ship's rails. The ship tossed and rolled simultaneously. The sea was doing a bad job of luring me from my life as a landlubber.

Days and hours usually go by much too fast, but those days at sea were notable exceptions! The only things I looked forward to were food, the wild and improbable stories the crew told every night, and my bunk.

The sixth day out it was Friday. It was going to stay Friday for forty-seven hours. During the day we crossed the International Date Line, and were put back twenty-four hours, but we would travel east far enough in the two days to lose one hour.

The second day of Friday was more miserable than the first. Roaring winds whipped down from the Bering Sea and added extra force to the high seas that washed across the deck. I was the only one the bos'n sent out on deck, and I spent a lonely day chipping ice and grabbing for something to hold onto when the wind and waves were particularly violent. The Pacific was as cold as India had been hot—as far as I'm concerned, that sums it up.

The Union Meeting

It was finally Sunday, the first day of rest. I got up at the usual time; I wanted to enjoy *not* working all day.

That afternoon the crew had a union meeting. I asked my two Brooklyn friends, Mickey and Joe, if they could fix it so I could go. I was interested to see what a union meeting would be like aboard ship, especially with such colorful characters. The meeting was in the mess hall, and they told me to wait outside; they would vote on it the first thing. The vote was unanimous that I could sit in.

While it is hardly probable that their selection of words would ever be heard in the halls of Congress, the meeting stayed reasonably close to parliamentary procedure. Old business included a discussion on whether the ship company should be held responsible if a seaman became ill due to venereal infection. (A greatly abridged translation.) It was agreed that the company should be held responsible only if certain preventive medicine kits were not available in the ship's medical supplies. Whatever the meeting might have lacked in decorum, it more than made up for in vitality. It was one meeting I will never forget.

For seven days the sea ran high. It is unbelievable how many directions a ship can go at the same time. The ropes and cables that held the deck cargo were broken, canvas hatch covers were ripped loose, and even some of the porthole glasses were broken in. The storm grew until it was only one degree less than a hurricane. Even the crew had to admit it was a rough one.

I can't say I would like to be a seaman, but I must admit the sea can offer a lot of excitement.

When I climbed in my bunk the night of the twelfth day, the sea was beginning to behave itself. One thing I could be thankful for—I hadn't gotten seasick.

Down the Home Stretch

The first day out of Yokohama was sunny; now, one day out of San Francisco, it was sunny again. The days in between were for the birds—seagulls! My friend, the bos'n, had given me such hard work that I had developed a tremendous appetite, and had gained back all my lost weight; in fact, I was in better condition than when I left New York.

The pilot boat out of San Francisco was scheduled to meet the *Flying Spray* at seven-thirty in the morning. I went to bed early so I could be up at six. I was so excited I could hardly go to sleep.

The Twelfth Week



Land on the Horizon

At ten minutes after six, I opened my eyes. Ten seconds later, my head was out of the porthole. There ahead, and to the port, were the Farallon Islands. It was the only land I could see, but it told me that we were close enough to see the mainland.

I pulled on my clothes and went up on deck. The sea was calm, and the sky clear. Across the water, the western edge of America was just beginning to show above the horizon.

I had had many exciting experiences on my trip, but that quiet moment of seeing my homeland again gave me a special kind of thrill. A feeling of well-being covered me against the chill in the early morning air. I was glad to be alone on deck.

It was noon before the ship had docked and the crew re-

leased to go ashore. I had paid my respects to the captain and first mate, and thanked them again for taking me on as a crew member. I had said good-bye to the crew and was going down the gangway when one of them ran after me, and put his hand in my side pocket, saying, "Here, have yourself a couple of beers!" I reached in my pocket and pulled out a five-dollar bill. It was a lot of money; I was tempted, but I handed it back to him. He refused to take it, and when I reminded him I was making the trip on \$80, he said, in all seriousness, "I won't tell nobody, honest!" I put it back in his pocket. It was a wonderful gesture and meant more to me than the money, which, believe me, is saying a lot.

My Official Family

As a child I had been adopted so many times and with so little success, I gave up the idea of ever having a mother and father. Six years ago, I met Jim and Juventa Martin; I was a little too old to adopt, so I adopted them instead. Their son, Bob, and his wife, Shirley, are all part of my chosen family. It took me a long time to acquire one, but now I have a family I love. They live across the San Francisco Bay in Oakland. The first thing I did was to spend ten cents on a phone call. While I waited for the bridge train, I had a cup of coffee—another ten cents. The train fare was thirty cents. By the time I reached the Martins', I'd spent fifty cents! There was no doubt about it; I was back in the USA.

Bob and Shirley came over to dinner and we had a real family reunion.

By the time the night was over, I had talked myself hoarse, and Juventa and I had beaten Bob and Shirley badly at two games of canasta.

Before I fell asleep, I had to remind myself that my journey wasn't finished yet; there were still another 3,000 miles to go.

The Last Lap

I slept luxuriously late. Everybody stayed home from work and the whole family spent a wonderful day in the garden, visiting and enjoying the California sun.

I had planned to get on the road by mid-afternoon, but Juventa had bought a big steak for dinner. By the time the family had driven me a long way out on the highway, it was nine o'clock. The night was warm and windy, and it looked as if it might rain. The family wanted to take me back home again, but after two weeks on the stormy ocean, the mere threat of rain wasn't going to worry me. After much kissing good-bye, and refusing their request to "wait down the highway, until we're sure you get a ride," Jim turned the car around and headed back for Oakland.

I had made up a sign reading "Around the World on \$80"—it got me a ride in less than five minutes. The car that stopped was filled with mother and father and their three kids. It is very unusual for a full car to stop, but the man had read the UP press release, and couldn't resist stopping to see if I was the same one he'd read about.

It was only another eighty miles to Sacramento, so after the man told Mary to sit on Tommy's lap, and to shut up, and give the man room to sit down, I got in.

The trip took less than two hours; the new super-highway was very different from the ones I'd been traveling of late. In the short time the ride took, I saw at least as many cars as I'd seen on my entire trip.

It was Friday night, and there were a lot of kids racing along the highway in fast, shiny cars; in spite of the fact I had done the same thing not so very long ago, I found myself resenting them. I felt like yelling out, to ask what they had done to deserve such a carefree life. I had seen too much poverty, too many people working like animals, too many who

had never had enough to eat. Every American, rich or poor, should give unending thanks for his happy accident of birth.

In Sacramento I stepped out of the car in front of the Hayes Coffee Shop; there was a chill in the air. I went in and ordered a cup of coffee. Hayes Henderson himself was working behind the counter. He saw my sign, and naturally the questions started. I had a map of Eurasia with my route marked on it; that, with a couple of newspaper clippings saved me a lot of talking. Anything I wanted was on the house; unfortunately, I had eaten such a huge dinner with my family that I could only manage coffee and a couple of doughnuts. Just as I was about to leave, a couple of state policemen came in, and I had to brief them, too.

They were very doubtful if I'd get a ride into Reno so late at night. Everybody who was going there would have left a long time before. They drove me to a better place to hitch from—a gas station a block away. (Hitchhiking is against the law in California.) The gas station attendant said there was only local traffic coming through the station, but suggested I get some "shut-eye" on his cot in the back room of the station. If a car came through during the night with either Nevada or Eastern license plates, he promised to waken me. I'd rather have gotten a ride, but the next best thing was to get a good night's sleep so I could start fresh in the morning.

I lay down on the cot and immediately was joined by the station's pet cat. I never heard a cat purr so loud—he kept me awake for almost a full minute.

Five Down and Six to Go

It was seven o'clock; I got up and washed and shaved in the comfort station. I usually don't eat a large breakfast, but my two weeks of making like a sailor had re-educated my stomach. When I had finished what seemed like a very small meal, I had spent seventy-five cents.

If you want to hitchhike fast, you have to work at it. There were two hotels nearby; at the first one, the desk clerk told me that none of their guests were checking out early. Meaning: it was unlikely that anyone in the hotel was going to be traveling any distance that day. At the second hotel, the clerk gave me the information I wanted. A Mr. John Morris had just checked out, and he was in the hotel coffee shop having breakfast. There was only one man at the counter and so I didn't have to make like Sherlock Holmes. I invested ten cents in a cup of coffee, and presently Mr. Morris found himself in conversation. By the time I finally broached the matter of helping him drive, I had already intimated that I was only going as far as Reno, Nevada. I used this ruse so as not to scare him into thinking he would be stuck with me for too long, and also to give me a graceful out in case he was a bad driver, or didn't believe in a certain amount of speed.

We stopped by the gas station for a second while I picked up my bag.

Before we were halfway to Reno, we had both decided we liked each other's company, and I had broken down and confessed that I was going all the way to New York. His car was wearing California license plates, so I had no idea where he was going. When he said Minneapolis, Minnesota, I practically fell out of the car—that is the kind of hitch you dream about! We agreed to take turns driving, and to make the trip as fast as possible.

It was just after midnight of the third day when we arrived at the little town of Missouri Valley in Iowa. John was turning north, and I was staying on the Lincoln Highway. We had had some motor trouble, but still we had made quite good time, and I had gotten across five states and into the sixth. I was well over halfway home, and only six more states to cross.

After we wished each other luck, the car turned and headed

north; I watched the tail light disappear into the darkness; there wasn't another car in sight. I had exactly \$1.70 in my pocket.

A Man's Best Friend

The only light in town besides two lonely street lamps was a sign in front of a small hotel, "Rooms, \$2.50 and up." I was dead tired, but I could hold out for another half-hour. If I didn't get a ride by then I would go into the fields and climb into my sleeping bag.

I waited next to the stop sign. If a car did come through I'd at least have a chance to speak to the driver. By the dim light of the street lamp I saw something coming down the road toward me—it was a huge police dog. When he was about 10 feet away, he stopped and studied me. I love dogs, especially shepherds, but usually they are one-man dogs, and can be very unpleasant if they don't like you. It was neither the time nor the place to get mixed up with an unfriendly animal. I greeted him quietly and introduced myself, then slowly squatted onto my heels and held out my hand; he didn't move. I had just about exhausted all the subjects which I thought might interest a country dog, when his tail started to wag. He approached me cautiously, and after his sixth sense told him I meant no harm, he returned my greeting by licking my hand. I had met several dogs around the world, but he was the nicest of the lot.

When I saw a police car coming, I threw my pack on my back and started hiking down the road. The dog followed at my heels. The cop must have been satisfied with the man-with-his-dog scene, for he didn't even slow down. After the car was out of sight, we went back to the stop sign. The half-hour was almost over; other than the police, there hadn't been one sign of a car. Then, in the distance, I saw a faint glow

approaching. Within a couple of minutes I could see its headlights; they were spaced quite far apart and high off the ground; it was a big truck.

I stepped into the road so he could get a good look at me. Even truck drivers don't usually like to pick up people in dark, isolated places.

The police dog had become so attached to me that the driver said he was sorry, but he couldn't carry a dog.

When I explained the dog wasn't mine, the driver warned me that he was transporting dynamite in the truck. At that point, I wouldn't have cared if he was carrying rattlesnakes. He wasn't allowed to pick up anyone, but he would take me if I would lie on the bunk in the back of the cab where I couldn't be seen. He couldn't have suggested anything I'd rather have done. I gave my four-legged friend a farewell pat and dragged my knapsack into the truck. The truck wasn't up to full speed before I was sound asleep.

Sometime during the night, I was half awakened by a flashlight shining in my face; I heard someone say something, but I couldn't make it out. The light went out and I heard the truck starting again. At the time I thought it was a nightmare and promptly slid back into sleep. The next morning the driver told me it wasn't a dream. An inmate had escaped from a nearby insane asylum, and the police had put up roadblocks and were searching every car that went through. "Boy, for a minute you had me scared," he confessed. "I thought I'd gone and picked me a nut."

The end of the line was Cedar Rapids; it was ten o'clock. About a hundred yards down the road there was a highway diner. It had several promising-looking cars parked in front. When I was less than 50 feet from the place, another car pulled in. It had Michigan plates. An old gentleman and his wife got out of the car and went into the diner. I ended up

next to them at the counter. I had hot cakes and coffee for breakfast; they were filling and cheap.

The seventy-year-old couple were quite happy to have someone drive for them. They had started from California not too long after I'd left Japan. When we arrived in Chicago in less than five hours, they were amazed. I put their car on the best highway to Michigan, and waved them good-by.

The last foster family I lived with in Chicago, and my favorites of the lot, are Mr. and Mrs. Terdy and their young daughter, Audrey. I called them, and then caught a streetcar out to my old home. It was the first time I'd been able to take a bath since California. I needed one.

It was one o'clock in the morning when they drove me out to the Lincoln Highway at Junction 41. I felt considerably better with a good big meal in my stomach. Except for the fact that little Audrey wasn't little anymore, everything at the Terdys' was about the same I had remembered it seven years before.

I waited on the same spot where, when twelve years old, I had made my first hitch. Then, it was to the Indianapolis Auto Races; now, it was the last leg of my trip around the world. Still hitchhiking—at least my latest trip was more ambitious.

A couple of cars stopped, but they weren't going far enough. I wanted a ride that would carry me through the night. At last, three soldiers on their way to Lima, Ohio, picked me up. They were sitting in the front, which left me the whole back seat. They were all just back from Korea, and I had the unusual experience of being sung to sleep with Korean battle songs.

The Last Day

It was seven o'clock; the car was still moving when I awoke. Instead of three, there was only one soldier in the car.

He had let his two buddies off at another little town on the way. Unfortunately, he had turned off the Lincoln Highway. I got off at the next service station and caught a lift back to the highway.

Six hundred miles to go. With good luck I could be home before midnight. Before I got my final ride, several cars slowed down enough for the drivers to read my sign and shout, "Turn back—you'll never make it!"

There was a gas station next to the stop sign where I was waiting. A car with New York plates pulled up to a pump. Two young fellows got out of the car; they both were wearing Navy uniforms. I felt as if I had a paid-in-full ticket in my pocket and my bus had just pulled into the station.

It was a few minutes before eleven when I saw my Manhattan in the distance, her jewels sparkling in the clear night sky.

There is nothing like coming home.

There are a great many evil people in the world, and it doesn't spin too smoothly on its axis, but there are good people around the earth. They speak different languages, eat different foods, worship God by different names—but everywhere I was a brother, and as a brother, my needs, whether they were small or large, were fulfilled.

Let evil do its worst; it cannot prevail; there is too much goodness in the world!

When I arrived back in New York, it was eighty-four days older—the legendary Mr. Fogg had beaten my time by four days, but I still had sixty cents left.

My last ride ended in Manhattan at Seventy-ninth Street and Henry Hudson Drive. My fingers were sore from pinching pennies. I hailed a *taxicab*. The ride came to forty-five cents. I had fifteen cents left, but all I had to do was walk up four flights of stairs. I tipped the driver fifteen cents.

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Appendix
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A. SUPPLIES

CLOTHING:

- 2 white nylon shirts
- 2 sport shirts
- 5 pairs nylon socks
- 3 pairs nylon shorts
- 3 ties
- 1 pair of shoes
- 1 pair gray gabardine pants
- 1 army shirt
- 1 sweater
- 1 army field jacket
- 1 pair gloves
- 1 scarf
- 1 beret (for Europe)
- 1 woolen cap
- 1 trench coat
- 1 pair hiking shorts

- 1 sport jacket
- 6 handkerchiefs
- 1 belt
- 1 pair pajamas
- (the above includes the clothes I wore)

MISCELLANEOUS:

- 1 plastic sign (20 inches by 30 inches)
- 1 marking pencil
- 1 rag for wiping sign
- 1 shoe polish and rag
- 1 windproof lighter
- 1 harmonica
- 1 flashlight
- 1 ball-point pen

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- 1 notebook
- 1 address book (for new friends)
- 500 cellophane soil envelopes (including cards for data) (500 were also sent ahead to Baghdad)
- 1 teaspoon
- Writing paper pad
- Envelopes
- 3 pencils
- Sun glasses (plastic)
- Drinking cup
- 1 first-aid kit
- Halazone tablets (to purify water)
- 1 small box aspirin
- 2 plastic bags (to keep food fresh and for clothes that didn't have time to dry)
- 80 one-dollar bills

EQUIPMENT:

- 1 sleeping bag
- 1 ski-trooper pack
- 1 air pillow
- 1 canteen
- 1 money belt
- 1 army mess kit
- (the above were all army surplus)

TOILET ARTICLES:

- 2 combs
- 1 tube hair oil
- 1 tube tooth paste
- 1 tube sun oil
- 1 can (pressure) shaving cream
- 1 toothbrush

- 1 razor
- 2 packs of blades
- 1 nail file
- 1 steel mirror
- 2 large bars of soap
- 1 wash sponge
- 2 face towels

CAMERA:

- Rolleiflex—F.3.5. Schneider lens, 1/500 sec. self-timer
- 60 rolls Super XX 120
- 35 rolls Ektachrome 120
- 50 #5 flash bulbs
- 20 #5 flash bulbs for color
- K-2 filter
- Red filter
- Heiland flash gun
- Folding tripod
- 5-inch telephoto lens — F.2., Schneider
- 1 inexpensive camera (for emergency)

MAPS AND PAPERS:

- 1 detailed map of Europe
- 2 maps of Asia (Near East and Far East)
- International driver's license
- Passport
- Visas for each country where required
- Letter from N.Y.C. Police Dept. showing no criminal record
- International Certificate of Inoculation and Vaccination including: cholera, typhus, typhoid, tetanus, smallpox, and yellow fever

10 extra passport photographs
Youth Hostel card

Seaman's papers

6 letters from Charles Pfizer
Company explaining soil-col-
lecting activities (English,
Turkish, Greek, Persian, Ara-
bic, and Urdu)

1 book: *Adventures of Marco
Polo*

Note: All the supplies, with the
exception of the clothes I was
wearing and the varying amounts
of dirt, weighed a few ounces
over fifty pounds.

B. EXPENDITURES

	EXPENSES	BALANCE
FIRST WEEK:		
Transportation	\$ 1.05	
Food	7.07	
Lodging	2.10	
Cigarettes (4 cartons)	4.80	
Museums (3)	.30	
Check bag (2 times)	.20	
	<hr/>	
	\$15.52	
Sold one carton cigarettes	3.20	<hr/>
		\$67.68
(Used 2 cartons, 6 packs cigarettes)		
SECOND WEEK:		
Transportation	9.01	
Food	3.05	
Lodging	.50	
	<hr/>	
	\$12.56	<hr/>
		\$55.12
(Used 4 packs, 15 cigarettes)		
THIRD WEEK:		
Transportation	2.85	
Food	1.32	

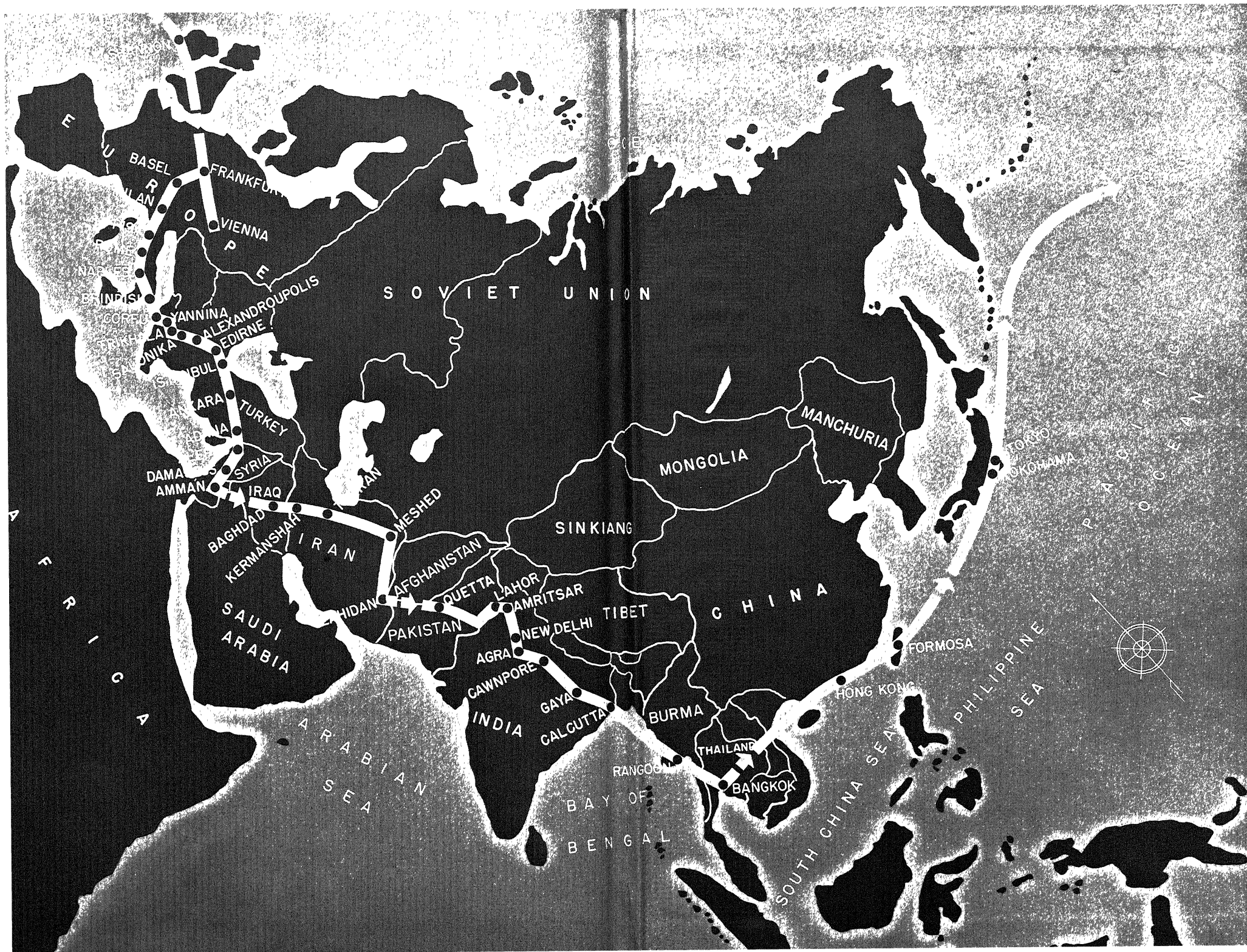
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	EXPENSES	BALANCE
Supplies (food and cigarettes)	3.50	
Haircut	.20	
Shoeshine	.05	
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$7.92	\$47.20
(Used no cigarettes)		
FOURTH WEEK:		
Transportation	1.00	
Food	1.21	
Porters (2)	.04	
Shoe laces	.05	
Ball pen refill	.60	
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$2.90	\$44.30
(Used 7 packs, 4 cigarettes)		
FIFTH WEEK:		
Transportation	3.70	
Food	3.00	
Lodging	.20	
Supplies (food)	2.80	
Stamps	.60	
Museum	.25	
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$10.55	\$33.75
(Used 6 packs cigarettes)		
SIXTH WEEK:		
Transportation	5.30	
Food	2.05	
Beggars (5)	.50	
Aspirin	.05	
Porters (2)	.28	
For servants	1.00	
Food for old woman	.20	
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$9.38	\$24.37
(Used 10 cigarettes)		

	EXPENSES	BALANCE
SEVENTH WEEK:		
Transportation	1.18	
Food	.65	
Porters (2)	.60	
Beggar	.07	
Haircut	.25	
Snake man	.10	
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$2.85	\$21.52
(Used no cigarettes)		
EIGHTH WEEK:		
Transportation	4.37	
Food	2.47	
Lodging	.25	
Check bag	.05	
Jugglers	.07	
Check bag and clean up	.15	
Porter	.21	
Tailor (sew pants)	.10	
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$7.67	\$13.85
(Used 4 packs, 3 cigarettes)		
NINTH WEEK:		
Transportation	1.20	
Food	2.75	
River boat	.20	
Temple fees	.28	
Japanese visa	.80	
Temple (overnight)	.30	
Newspaper man	.02	
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$5.55	\$8.30
(Used no cigarettes, all gone)		
TENTH WEEK: (First three days)		
Transportation	2.30	
Food	1.50	
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$3.80	\$4.50

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	EXPENSES	BALANCE
ELEVENTH WEEK:		
Nothing (aboard ship)		
TWELFTH WEEK:		
Transportation	.30	
Food	3.50	
Telephone call	.10	
Taxi	.45	
Tip	.15	
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$4.50	Nil



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